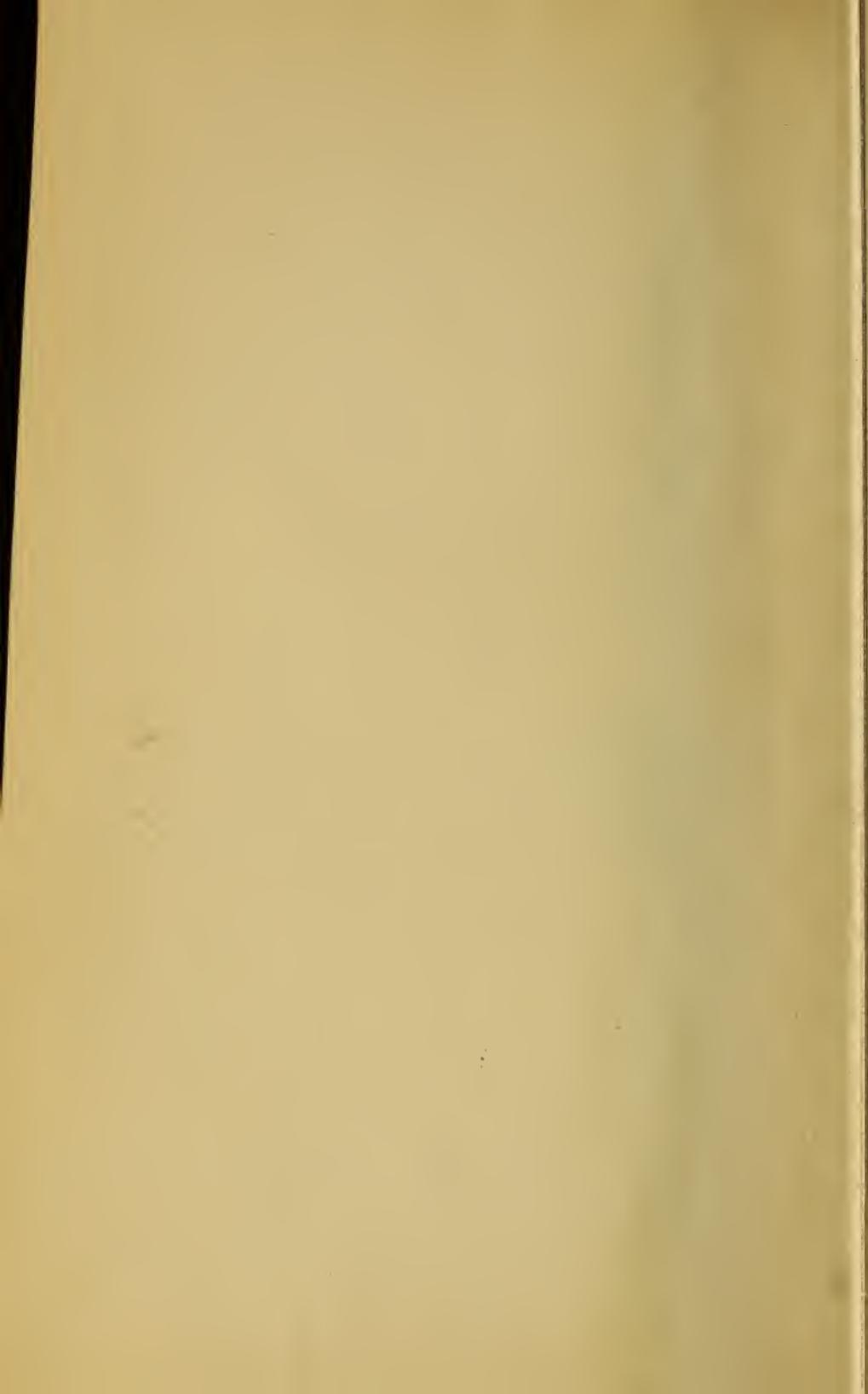


Class PR 4797

Book .Q 8

1861



1252
3708

WT Jim



"QUIPS AND CRANKS, AND WANTON WILES,
NODS AND BECKS, AND WREATHED SMILES."

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

BY

THOMAS HOOD.

"



LONDON:

Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, Farringdon Street.

NEW YORK: 56, WALKER STREET.

M DCCCLXI.

PR 4797

Q 8
1861

Recd 9.4.1875

TO THE
LADY MOLESWORTH,
OF PENCARROW.

MY DEAR LADY MOLESWORTH,

I HAVE ventured to inscribe this book to you rather in the hope that your good-nature would invest it with a value in your eyes, than in the belief that it is at all worthy of such a dedication.

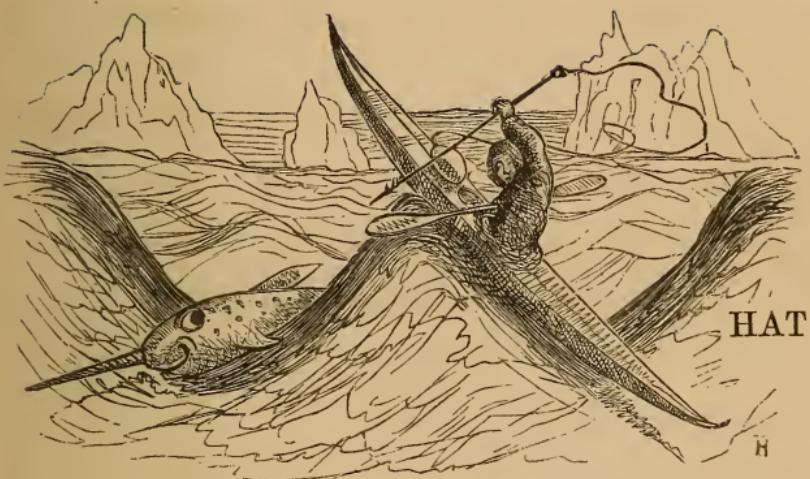
To myself it is a great satisfaction thus to render, in return for the friendship and the many kindnesses you have extended to me, the best proof of my gratitude that it lies in my power to give.

Such as the book is, whatever its merits or demerits, I feel certain that it will have a welcome at your hands.

I have the honor to be
Your Ladyship's very grateful Servant,

THOMAS HOOD.

PREFACE.



my aim is in the following pages it is not very difficult to state. To kill a passing moment, and that not perhaps without profit to the reader, is the purpose for which I put forth my literary canoe on the waters of public opinion.

Little excuse can be needed for such an undertaking in these days of much reading. And if it be urged that the collection is of too slight materials to be worthy of publication, I would respectfully

suggest that as we have "Half Hours with the Best Authors," there is no reason why we should not have Five Minutes with less exalted writers.

Such five minutes occur in the lives of us all. Five minutes, when we would fain escape from the pressure of business or trouble. Five minutes, when we are desirous of not feeling how "the world is too much with us"—or against us. Five minutes, that we despairingly devote to the mysteries of Bradshaw or the supplement of the Times in order to interpose a barrier of type between our minds and meditation.

For such twelfths of an hour, or what you will, this little volume may serve to divert, if not the reader, at least his mind, and so prevent his plodding round and round for ever in the same dull circle of thought like a horse in a mill—or that melancholy dog—the dog that runs after his own tail.

It is an old saying that men often entertain angels unawares. I trust it may be my good luck to entertain my readers, and unawares instruct them too. For I take it no author does—or should—write, without a hope of doing this, even though he have not sufficient self-confidence to enunciate such an

intention deliberately. If I am so fortunate I shall indeed be proud and gratified.

I am encouraged to publish this volume, moreover, by the kind welcome accorded some years since to "Pen and Pencil Pictures," to which the present collection is somewhat similar.

A few of the papers have already appeared in the pages of Household Words, and Chambers' Journal, and elsewhere. I take this opportunity of thanking the respective Editors for their kind permission to republish.

The remainder make their bow for the first time. For the caprioles and curvets of my pencil I have thus much excuse to plead. The drawings were many of them made to give the hand a little variety from the monotony of scriptorial up and down strokes. Unlike the illustrations of my friend Sanderson, for whose assistance I am most grateful, they cannot be considered as artistic works.

To be a draughtsman indeed I dare not pretend. But even if I could, I doubt if finished pictures by one of my name would be so welcome to the public as those peculiar combinations of Hood and Wood that made the old Comic Annuals favourites.

Such as they are, however, I modestly offer my blocks to my readers. I have affixed them somewhat at random to the prose and verse articles, in tolerable profusion, in the belief that a book, like a boy, is often the more lively for a few cuts.



"HIS BROW WAS BENT—HIS EYE WAS GLAZED—
HE RAISED HIS ARM, AND FIERCELY RAISED—"

CONTENTS.

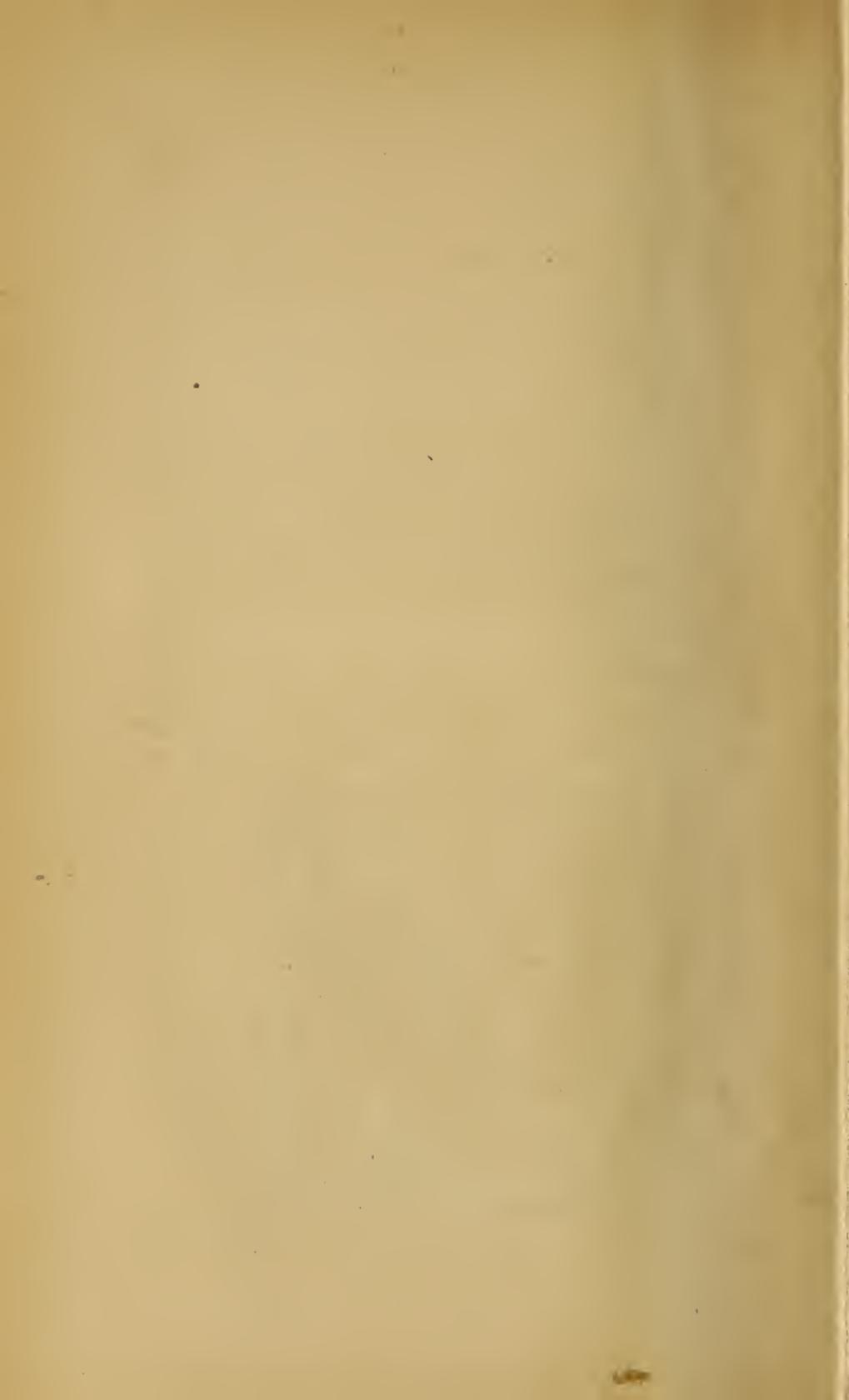
	PAGE
MY SONG	1
A POET'S BEQUEATHING	41
UNDER THE CHESTNUT BOUGHS	42
A HANDFUL FROM HORACE	43
HOW MR. KEITT OF SOUTH CAROLINA STUBBED HIS TOE	48
THE DEAL SHUTTER	55
THE PRAYER OF THE WORKERS	76
THE GRAVE IN THE WEST	78
THE PRODIGAL	79
ELEGIACS	82
THE WIND'S ERRAND	84
A VOLUNTEER'D REVIEW IN 1858	86
FAREWELL TO THE SWALLOWS	97
BY THE RIVER-SIDE	99
A KING WITHOUT A CROWN	101
A LETTER FROM PRUSSIA	101
AMY MORTON	104
A LAY SERMON	106
ÆNONE'S VIGIL	118
DRINKING SONG	119
CYPRESS AND LAUREL	121
MEMORY	125
ON THE WATER IN SPRING	127
"THE MAKER AND MODEL OF HARMONIOUS VERSE."	128
A BRASENOSE BALLAD	169
SAUCY ADELE	176
THE POACHER	178
THE HOLY GRAIL	181

	PAGE
PEACE AND LOVE	181
DEATH AND THE LITTLE CHILD	186
AN IDLE TALE	193
IN AN ALBUM	194
THE VOLUNTEER	196
A FABLE	197
A TALE OF THE HORSE-SHOE FALL	202
MORN AND NIGHT	224
RECOVERY	225
THE SARACEN LADY	226
A SONG TO THE RIPPLES	227
A QUESTION	228
MY DOMESTIC'S MEDICINE	230
FRIENDS	241
GRAINS OF GOLD	246
ALL IN THE DOWNS	250
LOVE AND PITY	252
THE GOVERNESS	254
THE FAIR MAIDS OF CORNWALL	256
THE SECRET OF THE STREAM	286
TO * * *	287
PRÆRAPHÆLITE RHYMES TO A PICTURE OF MY NATIVE SEAPORT	289
SO FAR AWAY	292
AUTUMN	293
THE OLD YEAR'S RECORD	294
READING ALOUD	296
THE BRACELET	306
IN THE TRENCHES	307
THE TWO TWILIGHTS	309
AN UNTOLD STORY	311
A GATHERED BUD	312
"CHILDISH LITERATURE".	313
THE BIRDIE	325
THE LAST OF THEM ALL	326
TO MY DOG	327

	PAGE
SONG	329
HER FOOT-STEP	330
THE TIDE-LINE	331
DYING LOVE	338
OXFORD BY NIGHT	338
DEATH AND SPRING	340
LIFE	340
THE SHELL	342
PROFESSOR STEINHERZ	343
LONG AGO	364
SONNET	365
BEYOND THE SEA	366
THE DAYS OF POWDER	366
A VERY REMARKABLE DREAM	368
LITTLE KINDNESSES	386
A PARTING SONG	387
A CONSTANT MIND	388
L'ENVOI	389



NECK OR NOTHING.



QUIPS AND CRANKS.

MY SONG.

THE PRELUDE.

"Alas!

Now the most blessed memory of mine age."

TENNYSON.



HEY learn
in suffering
what they
teach in
song," was
not meant,
I take it, to
apply only
to those
whose an-
guish has
wrung from
them a me-
lancholy

melodious utterance, which the ancients may have called Nenia. I do not know that I have any right to

bring forward this statement, being only a poor organist in a country church, but perhaps I may be allowed to explain what I mean.

From my earliest youth I have been devoted to music: it has been my mistress: she, who in my dreams visited me, and in my waking hours strengthened and comforted me: as far as I know, she is better than any human mistress, for she has never given me a cause of grief or jealousy, as a woman might have done. Yet in this latter case, you must know, I do not speak from my own experience, but only because I have been the receptacle of the lovesorrows of many men—*younger men than myself by many years*—who have confided the stories of their attachments to me, for a reason I am almost ashamed to write, but which I must write, because I am determined to speak the whole truth, now, at last, when, after so long a time, I take up the pen.

Well, then, because they have a sort of love and confidence in the old quiet organist of St. Etheldred's, who has neither chick nor child to steal secrets from him. Who has, mayhap, (God knows) a warm heart that feels for other hearts, which are not content with a selfish warmth (if you will so call that which has a nook for every sorrowing soul, and is not so wrapt up in its own well-doing, as to grudge shelter to another), but will spend their brightest gleams in scintillating, like fireflies, around eyes, women's eyes—brighter to mortal ken than their own steadfast fires—to immortal vision, possibly, how

much less purely brilliant! However, the boys here, in this town of Lancarret, have a habit of coming to me and telling their love-tales. But all this has no more, that I can see, to do with my Song, than the unmearing preludes of many composers have with the words they desire to give musical utterance to. What I intended to say is, that Music ever has been my faithful and kind mistress, and I have never had experience of any other.

I am only, as I said before, the organist of a country church—only a man wholly devoted to his art—looking upon it, it may be foolishly, as that by which this great harmonious universe of ours is directed and governed, but still, looking at it in that way, finding it not altogether to disprove his theory. I may tell you how hereafter; at present, I am only speaking of myself.

The composer, before he adapts his poet's words to music, gives you a few introductory bars, from which I—and I say “I” humbly, as prefacing merely an opinion of little worth—always endeavour, and if I fail, believe that I ought to perceive the impression which the poem conveys to the composer's mind. It is for this reason that I am saying, and shall say, so much about myself, in order that you may see what solemn chords my subject awakes in me, and may judge of it accordingly.

I believe as a writer, author, essayist (I am so ignorant that I do not know the right term), I am acting totally in opposition to all rule and precedent,

in talking so much of myself, and divulging what is called the plot.

I am not so ignorant as not to see that people may ask, how it is that I use Latin or Greek words in the beginning of my Song, and so I shall* at once account for it, by the foolish love of music that I have. Will any one believe that, when I was thirty, I began to study the classics, for the sake of the treatises on music they afforded? To be sure I had spare time that might otherwise have been irksome—and as my father was a clergyman—only a poor curate, howbeit—he had given me a grounding in the dead languages when I was a boy. Latin I merely read as a stepping-stone to Greek. It was made a stepping-stone to everything in my younger days. (I am seventy-two now, so I may speak of thirty as my younger days.) Well, I learnt Greek, in order to read the treatise of the great philosopher Udamus, *περὶ τῆς μουσικῆς τεχνῆς*. Besides this treatise, which I found of little use, I read much of Plato, who had a great, glorious, golden ideal of *Ἄρμονία*, which I reverence, and shall make use of some part of it in this—one of the saddest songs this present age has known.

Being only an organist in a country church, I believe I am, perhaps, over-bold in my last assertion; but I have read Milton, Shakespeare, and other great writers of ancient time, and some among modern men of letters, but I do not think that they have written a more sorrowful song than this of mine; mark me, I say one *more* sorrowful, for I have not pride enough

to place my facts, even, in rivalry with their godlike fictions ; but only say that, did they know this Song of mine, they could not do more than give it miraculous and wonder-stirring accompaniment of artistic treatment, which I cannot do. And I am quite aware too, that much very much, depends upon this adaptation—this musical translation of feeling or fact. I am quite well aware, that in this I may fail signally ; that is, as far as black and white go ; but I know my theme is perfect, and to that I trust.

There are people who aver that Handel and Mozart, after conceiving a piece of music, would have been able with dots and lines, with the assistance of feeble words, such as *affetuoso*, or *pianissimo*, to convey in black and white, all those glorious melodies that were surging in their souls—could give their mantle of inspired song—a sheet of white paper, forsooth, smeared with the imprint of a bleared copper-plate,—alike to the school-girl, who has music driven into her at two guineas a quarter (I have taught at less), and the eager soul that drinks in music from pure founts of inspiration with awe and reverence. Now, I, always with a due sense of my unworthiness, being what I am, feel that this cannot be true ; that the great music which the mighty composers conceived, is not to be conveyed by the mechanical means of rests, minims, pedals, and such directions as *con expressione*—can only be approached and rightly construed by the heart, which sees beyond the scroll of paper into the emotions that gave rise to, and the

feelings that find utterance in the melody. And this I will hold by to the death, because if it be otherwise, you reduce music, my adored, my immortal mistress, to a mere automaton, a mechanism, a science, and not a soul-inspiring art, and would have me believe that with a pattern before you, you can weave music as a poor, ignorant, factory-operative weaves a carpet or a curtain,

I was saying before this came into my mind, that a great writer, knowing the story of this Song, might, with his higher knowledge of the instruments and appliances of his art, give it to you more artistically and eloquently, yet *he* could scarce do it as the subject requires. As for me, I can only give it to you as I felt it, and only by means of pen and ink, and words —mere words, here, before your eyes, cold and lifeless ; but you must awaken your soul, reader,—

“ Make thine heart ready with thine eyes.”

and then shall be revealed to you what this scroll cannot show, the infinite pathos, the sublime, sad melodiousness and rhythm of this my mournful Song.

THE FIRST VERSE.

“ It has caught a touch of sadness,
 Yet it is not sad ;
A dim sweet twilight voice it is,
Where To-day’s accustomed blue
Is overgrayed with memories,
With starry feelings quivered through ! ”

LOWELL.

I THINK it was about twenty years ago that my sister died, and bequeathed her child to my care. Her husband had left her for another world, long before ; and she had lived amid great struggles and privations, unknown to me, because “ she would not become a burden to her brother,” she said. When dying, she sent for me, and I went to her. I need not tell you how it pained me to think of her unkind concealment of her distress from me, for I think we have a claim upon those near and dear to us to be allowed to share their sorrows, and struggle by their side. I know it gives an indescribable sort of happiness to do so. What her struggles had been, I even then did not know, but afterwards, when Phyllis had lived with me some years, I began in some dim wise to see what those sorrows must have been, that had tuned the chords of that child’s heart, which unwittingly awoke at times to such inexpressibly sad Aeolian murmurings. When I received her as a gift

at her mother's death-bed, she was barely nine years old ; yet, she was subdued, and silent, and most unlike a child.

The day after my sister died, I returned to Lancarret, bringing her body with me, and I buried her on the south side of the church ; so close to it, that when I played my favourite anthem on Easter Day, the flowers that Phyllis had planted on the grave, almost trembled at the gush of triumphant music that gave wings to the words—

“ He has arisen—arisen from the dead !
Captivey is captive led !
Where—oh Death !—where is thy sting ?
Grave !—where is thy triumphing ? ”

I cannot tell why my sister called her child Phyllis ; it is not a name that is common, is not even particularly pleasing. All she said to me was, “ Phyllis is the name we have given her ;” and so Phyllis was what I called the child. Child ? ah me ! how many years ago ! Not a child now ; and yet I cannot tell, for in some of the old masters' paintings angels are represented as children, ever beholding the face of our Father in heaven. I cannot tell !

It was my custom to go every evening and spend an hour or so of the twilight with the grand old organ in the church : calling from it memories of solemn hours of praise or prayer recorded by the great masters of my art—or feebly, blindly, reaching toward their majestic thoughts with my poor voluntaries—or, it may be, sometimes, when by the slowly

brightening stars I beheld mourners among the graves in God's Acre, sinking the tones of the instrument to low notes of sorrow and pity—thinking that, if my divine mistress' voice could bring tears to some of those eyes, she would give them a relief they had not known for long.

At these times Phyllis accompanied me ; and often in the dusk—when the pathos of such melody as that of the Lord's despairing cry in the oratorio of The Cross, wailing out in anguish, made the darkness tremulous with awe—I used to feel a little timid hand rest upon my shoulder, and sometimes a low sob would tell me that my child's heart was like mine, that we both loved music with that reverential love, which resembles only the memory of a mother, gone from earth to heaven : far removed above our humanity and its weaknesses !

Well, so she grew by my side, from the quiet meek girl, to the woman : sharing all my little pleasures, and not shrinking from my cares. She moved about with a grace and sweetness that I can compare to nothing but music, and that was why I called her “Ditty.” It seems an unmeaning name perhaps ; but it grew out of the one her mother had given her as a baby—“Dot,”—which fitted her tiny frail figure, even when I first knew her. But she was such music in my home, that it grew to be “Ditty.” I daresay it does not sound well to other ears ; but to mine !—Oh, what would I not give if I dare utter it—dare whisper it only to myself. I feel as if it were almost

a sacrilege to write it. Ah, my child, my child! your name has never left my heart, or passed my lips, since you were taken from me: since the last note of my song died into silence—was borne away to join a divine harmony, that never wearies or ceases.

I may be told perchance, that in speaking in this way, and babbling so, I am destroying the effect of my story; but I tell you I am writing from my heart, and cannot think of cold rules and formalities, when I speak of my darling, my child; and the heart, that is attuned to mine and sounds in unison, will have seen from my prelude prophetically, and knows this history ere it is written.

She was very pretty: I cannot describe her: I should but fall into old commonplace phrases. Only ask of any of those in this town here, and they will remember her, and tell you how lovely, and how loveable she was; this last quality, I take it, is a great component part of beauty, and I will tell you why I think so. The poor fellow, who used to blow the organ-bellows here, was an idiot; he could not speak more than about twenty words, scarcely sufficient indeed to express his wants, and they were not many. He lived here with me in this old house, and would go to market, and on errands for me, and was the only servant I had, except poor old Anne, who had been Phyllis's nurse, and was another legacy left me by my sister.

Well, this poor idiot adored Ditty. He would face any danger, undergo any labour at one word from

her, and understood far better what was said by her, than by any one else.

It was wonderful to see his love and devotion !

Once as I was looking from my window, I saw Ditty come out of a house a little way down the street, where she had been visiting a sick child. It was getting near my tea-time, so she came away hurriedly, and, running down the steps (the side walk below my house, on the other side, is ten feet above the road), she trod upon a large dog that was lying asleep at the bottom.

My heart stood still, and I could not speak for terror, as I saw the great brute spring up, bristling his back, snarling, and showing a row of long white fangs. He made a rush at Ditty, who, pale as a lily-leaf and as tremulous, had sprung back to the top step, and feeling she could go no further, had turned and faced the animal. All this passed as quickly as light, but not less quickly did poor Joe fly across from our door, and in an instant I saw the timid idiot, who usually skulked through the streets, trembling at every child, and every half-starved cur he met, throw himself upon the dog with such frenzied strength and fury, that the surprised animal, instead of attacking him in turn, only exerted its power to make its escape. This Joe suffered it to do as soon as he saw his mistress in safety, and then came slouching over to the house in the same listless way as ever.

Now on the other hand there was a young man (of

whom you will hear more in the course of my song) who was the handsomest man I ever saw. He was not unkind to Joe ; he gave him money often ; yet still the idiot, with some peculiar instinctive perception, hated and feared him intensely ! I can't tell whether philosophy or physiology can account for this antipathy, but I think that Joe's mind, or soul—I know not what—was impressed by the shadow of an evil, which that young man was to bring upon all the household Joe loved, and more especially upon her for whom he had so intense and marvellous an affection.

This young man, Guy L—— (I will not mention his surname, for he is, I believe, still alive), was, when first our acquaintance began, living with the Vicar here, who superintended his studies with a view to preparing him for the Civil Service in India, in which he had been promised an appointment.

He was a fine, tall, hearty lad—selfish, I thought—but all boys are selfish and vain for a time, and I think it a good probationary trial they have to pass in being so.

The Vicar had a bronze of Antinœus which he had brought from Italy, and I was much struck with the likeness it bore to Guy. His hair fell on each side of his forehead in thick, strong, wavy curls, and would have fallen on his shoulders if he had suffered it to grow : his eyes were full and black ; his colour rich in a well-rounded cheek, and his lips were classically carved but rather full ; indeed, the lower

part of his face was like that of Alexander on some Macedonian coins that I have seen. That which, I daresay, helped these resemblances to the classic heads, was the calm cold expression of his face. You read mind and intellect in his eye ; you saw the innate strength and power of his nature, but they seemed marble, motionless, lifeless, not to be waked. You saw too the depths of passion and fire in him, but they were slumbering, like a waveless, inscrutable ocean asleep.

You looked upon him as you do at a strong fortress standing by the sea ; you perceive the gaping cannon peeping from its embrasures, or looking over its battlements ; you are aware that half of its interior is a magazine of powder and deadly shells, and you know that that calm glassy sea is the same which engulphs whole navies, and bursts asunder the bars the land raises against its approach. But you feel secure ; you do not expect the silence to be broken, which envelops fortress and sea alike with a mighty calm, as the moon floods them with liquid silver. So you knew all the latent fire and fury, the ungovernable passions and desires that were concealed beneath that calm face of Guy's, but yet you never dreamt of seeing them called into action--of beholding the fortress clothed in all-devouring flame, and spreading death around--the sea seething, lashing, and writhing, as if it would swallow up the earth, and mingle with the sky !

Only since the time of which I speak, have I begun to know that all that passion, that grasping, thirsting,

selfish strength, if quiescent apparently, was yet not slumbering, and was not the less dreadful, baleful, and destructive, because, instead of bursting out, and raging madly and ungovernably, it was a slow consuming flame, burning its way like a fever steadily, and devouring all things alike, on the altar raised to self ; careless of the bleeding hearts, of the miserable victims it destroyed, if only the fragrance of these sacrifices was pleasing to the nostrils of the hideous idol of this fearful worship.

Among his other refined tastes, Guy had a great liking for music, and to all instruments preferred the organ--and I think very rightly. There is such power, such scope in an organ, as is not found elsewhere subservient to one musician ; and there is a holiness and sanctity, as it were, in it, that leads me to believe that it was not mere chance which made it the vehicle of sacred melody, but that it was appointed divinely as the highest and best medium between this world and the harmony of heaven, that could be obtained by man.

Guy's love for music brought him often to my house—in fact, he became pupil of mine, and a beloved pupil too ; for I saw (or thought I saw) that his better self refreshed and cheered him with the soft, tremulous strains of the organ, when the evil spirit troubled him, as David did of old for Saul.

Before long, my evening reveries in the organ-loft were never without two sharers : as Ditty and I crossed the churchyard, we used to see Guy throw down his

books (his study looked out on the church), and he was sure to join us by the time I had unlocked the door of the tower, of which the key always hung in my bedroom.

We used to speak very little together, for Guy quite understood that it was a privilege to be allowed to accompany us, and as he saw that Ditty and I seldom spoke, he thought it right to follow our example. Once or twice, when I looked round as it was growing dusk, I saw his eyes fixed upon Ditty, who was looking out of the window at her mother's grave. There was, I fancied, a strange sort of fascination in that fixed look ; but Ditty did not see him, and I, knowing how lovely she was, did not wonder at his admiring her. If she turned towards him, his looks fell ; yet, though their eyes did not meet, it seemed as if Phyllis instinctively felt that long, steady gaze, for I saw her often raise her hand to her head, ~~or~~ move uneasily, as if under some strange inexplicable influence. Perhaps I ought to have given more attention to this, but I was so carried away upon the wings of my beloved melodies, that I hardly thought of it—it may be, I was not loth to see that the boy I loved admired my child, and did not care to prevent him from trying to win her heart.

One thing I learnt at this time, namely, that when Phyllis went out, Guy would join her, but she never accepted his invitations to stroll out into the country, although she was very fond of the green lanes, and I could seldom take her to wander, in their shade.

But by degrees the two came to a better understanding ; a friendship grew up imperceptibly. Guy used to bring flowers, and show Ditty how to arrange them, and sometimes he would copy some happy combinations of the bright blossoms for her work-patterns ; in short, he exerted, quietly and unostentatiously, all those thousand little pleasing arts and attentions, which seem to spring up spontaneously in a man, when the strings of the heart vibrate at the first touch of Love.

And so, at last, Ditty's manner changed—at first she had seemed to fear him—to have a sort of involuntary shudder when he came, as an *Æolian* harp trembles prophetically before the storm awakes. But now her eyes met his frankly, and her little hand came out and laid itself confidingly in his, when he came, and when he went ; I cannot say that, finally, it did not linger somewhat in his grasp.

Time passed on, and of an evening, in the old organ-loft, less often did Phyllis' eyes stray out of the window to watch the waving flowers on her mother's grave. And now the timid hand did not seek me in the dark, or rest upon my shoulder, when the organ lamented almost articulately, in unison with the cry, “Why hast thou forsaken me?” I think that the little hand had found another resting place—a hand that pressed it cheerfully, and caressingly, and held it closely, that it might not tremble!

And thus, at last, it fell out that, although Ditty had declined a walk in the lanes when they were

green, and rich with violet-odours, and white with flowering May, she did not refuse to stroll along them when the green was changed to gold, to russet; when the sere foliage was flittering slowly down, and there hung in the air “the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves;” nay, not even when the hedges began to be white with snow.

From this time Poor Joe, the idiot organ-blower, began to show a settled melancholy, sometimes exhibiting traces of ungovernable rage. His avoidance of Guy was not noticed by anyone save myself, but it was not the less marked. He would creep in by the belfry of an evening, and stay concealed behind the organ, till we left the church, and I once caught his eyes in the dark, peering round the screen, fixed, with a look of hatred and dislike, upon Guy, who was thinking of nothing but Ditty; they had a fire in them, a gleam, a spark, such as I never saw elsewhere, except in the eyes of animals. Often too, when I turned in crossing the churchyard on our way home, I saw by the light of the moon, or when the stars were many and bright, the face of Joe gazing down on us from the belfry window, looking weird and ghastly and wretched, in the cold white light.

Ditty was much altered now; she had lost some—yet not all, for it was almost a part of her nature—of that silent, subdued sadness, that I have described as surrounding her childhood. And so now, towards the end of the first verse, my song rises to a more cheerful tone, and its notes are bolder and louder,

but still, through all, there runs the old air, hidden perchance for a time, by gayer variations, but not lost; as we hear the moan of the sea at night, distinctly above merry laugh and jest, as it rolls its dim sad music through the open windows into brilliant saloons filled with happy, careless rejoicers.

“No more, ah nevermore!
Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore.”

Meanwhile Guy came more and more often to see me, and would on some evenings come from the organ-loft home with us, and sit by the fire till midnight, talking. On such occasions Ditty and I used to listen to him with great pleasure and interest, for he was well-informed, and told us much about many things—about India, his destination; his future duties,—and something of himself.

He was an orphan: his uncle was his trustee. His father had died very rich, but had extended his son's minority until he was six-and-twenty. He had three years to pass before he could claim his property, and he had accepted the Indian appointment as a pursuit, an employment, which would keep his mind from stagnating. He was to leave for Calcutta before the spring.

The evening after he told us this, we went as usual to the church. It so happened, that I stayed musing over the keys, for a longer time than was my wont. At last, after many other airs, I began that beautiful one, arranged to Ruth's words to her mother-in-law.

As I came to the words, “Thy people shall be my people,” I heard a little short sob. I turned in wonder, for it was a sound I had not heard for a long time—not since Ditty’s autumn walks.

There sat Guy, looking flushed, and happy, and so proud: and poor little Ditty was encircled with one of his arms, and had hidden her face on his shoulder.

“Mine?—oh, yes—mine?” exclaimed Guy enquiringly, looking at me, and speaking with a strange, unnaturally-check’d voice, as if he could hardly refrain from crying out aloud.

I grasped his hand in silence, and we went out, Ditty clinging to me, as if she feared I should be hurt that she could love anyone but me.

It might have been the echo of Ditty’s sobbing, but I fancied, as we left the church, I heard a low cry—a faint moan come from behind the organ.

That night we sat long over the fire: the lamp was not lit, but by the dim, flickering flame of the logs, I saw Guy’s arm steal round my child’s waist again, and in the dusk, I almost fancied that her head was leaning on his shoulder. So sitting, we talked of what should be done. Then Guy told us that three years must elapse before he could make Ditty his wife; for one of the clauses of his father’s will debarred him from his property, if he married during his minority, without the consent of his guardian.

“My father,” said Guy, “married unhappily: he married at four-and-twenty, against the wishes of all who knew and loved him. My mother was a danseuse

—of French or Italian extraction, I believe. Of course, when my father married her, he withdrew her from the stage ; but the quietness of a private life in the country, was irksome to one so accustomed to excitement. Disagreements arose : they finally went to reside at Kensington, and there my—my father's wife met with a Polish count, with whom she had been acquainted during her public career. Well, it is a sad story, an old story ! In a word, when I was but three years old, I had no mother : that was a name unrecognised in the house. And so you see my father inserted those clauses in his will.

“ My uncle and I do not agree. I daresay there is blame on both sides, but I think—sincerely believe, that our first difference arose from his anger at the disappointment of his favourite scheme, which was a marriage between myself and his daughter ; but I did not like her, nay, did my best to avoid her, although he threw her in my way at every opportunity. She is beautiful, they say—not unamiable, certainly. I don’t know how it happened that, boy as I was, I did not fall in love with her. Perhaps the Fates reserved my heart whole, that it might be an offering not altogether unworthy of my Phyllis’ acceptance ! ”

The end of our evening’s chat was, that the lovers must wait patiently until the three years were over, and that Guy was to resign his Indian appointment.

A week, it may be, passed quickly by in happiness. Guy and Ditty were seldom separated. But at length

came a cloud ! Guy's uncle had speculated in mines and railways, not only with his own property, but with the whole of Guy's also—whether with honest intentions or not, is uncertain.

At all events, one or two serious failures, following close one upon the other, alarmed him, and fearing for the safety of the rest of his own money, and thinking that his misappropriation of Guy's would come to light, he sold up everything he had, realised an enormous sum, and was miles away on his road to Australia, before Guy heard of his losses.

This calamity had a terrible effect upon us all. It broke up our plans for the future, and increased the time that must elapse before the marriage, nay, rendered it very uncertain as to how many long years must pass, before there was a chance of the union.

Upon none of us, however, had this disaster a greater effect, than upon Guy. I am not speaking of his feeling hurt at his uncle's wickedness, or the loss of his property, but I am speaking of an effect upon his character.

He stayed another month in Lancarret, and by the end of that time I distinctly saw the change, and trembled ! Accustomed to have every comfort, and to deny himself nothing, he could not bear the slightest privation. He grew peevish and morose—not with Ditty though, and only very, very seldom with me.

This was the first time I noticed how utterly selfish he was. That Ditty was to suffer all the uncertainty

of a procrastinated engagement, seemed to affect him less, than that he was obliged to deprive himself of his horses, his wines, his dress, and such selfish animal pleasures and luxuries.

Of course, now, the Indian appointment was the only chance left him of marrying in any reasonable time; so it was resolved he should go to Calcutta without delay, and that, in three or four years or so (unless he was lucky enough to get on in the interim by other unforeseen aid), when his salary was increased to a sum which would warrant his marrying, he was to return to England on leave, and make Ditty his wife.

Poor Ditty! The loss of wealth was little to her: if enough had been left to enable them to live ever so humbly, she would not have murmured; but she knew that now Guy must leave her; must journey so far over the sea, and, amid all the evils of the tropics, and the dangers of a scarcely subdued province, strive on alone, for years, before he could make her his: this was more than she could bear. She began to droop again. And so the original melancholy of my song returns once more, to grow ever more and more intensely sad, until its close.

Then came the departure. Guy left for Southampton; we could not accompany him, for Ditty was very ill. I only went to London with him for a day, to help him to get his outfit, for which I lent him what little money I had saved.

The letter he wrote to Ditty the day before his vessel sailed, found her still very ill, and was opened by weak, trembling fingers, that, as she held it up to the light to read it better, were so thin and wasted, that I could hardly bear to see how transparent and bloodless they looked, against the flame of the candle.

Thus, then, concludes the first verse of the song with a low, tremulous wail, dirge-like, prophetic, ever-deepening, to die at length into silence and gloom.

THE SYMPHONY.

“God, strengthen thou my faith that I may see
That 'tis thine angel, who, with loving haste,
Unto the service of the inner shrine,
Doth waken thy beloved with a kiss.”

LOWELL.

I FIND that being unused to composing—being indeed utterly ignorant of the artistic rules—I have not explained what I started by saying about those words : “they learn in suffering what they teach in song.” I will try to make my meaning clear ; but I daresay you may have judged from the first verse of my song, what it was my wish to prove—that sorrow attunes all human hearts (joy does the same), but that the heart does not always find utterance for its song in the rhythmical—that, in a word, the song, by which it teaches, is not necessarily the actual poet’s flying words, or the composer’s plaintive notes, but may find expression in life and actions.

Thus my Ditty, having, in that early childhood of which I know so little, undergone many privations and more griefs (seeing the struggles and sorrows of the mother she loved so dearly), learnt that patience, that affection, that tenderness, that subduedly-cheerful spirit which formed her song—her life !

Wretched I might be ; sometimes almost despair-

ing, but when Phyllis was by me, she taught me “in song”—in her gentleness—her long-suffering—her love and trust—

“ —how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.”

With such sweet music, my heart could not jar—could not break forth inharmoniously, amid those low sweet tones. And that is what I mean, by saying that, “they learn in suffering, what they teach in song,” applies as much to every man and woman, as to the poet; who, after all, is but, says the Greek scholar, the *doer*, the *maker*, which may mean the framer of a life, as much as of a poem.

My life, too, is of this description now; it is a dirge; so sad, so melancholy, that between myself and the world, it is like a mourning veil,—looking through which I see a gloom upon all things; while I in turn, to all eyes that view me, am shaded, darkened, concealed; and, apart from the rest of the world, chaunt my last song before I die, like the cycnus of the Greeks.

Chaucer says that this

“ Swan, ayenst his death that singeth,”

is bewailing his departure from the reedy lake that he has loved so long; but Plato tells us it is not so, and argues well that nature’s music is not sad. But man, toiling amid the thorns and thistles to earn his bread with the sweat of his brow, makes the merry wild creatures sharers of his woes.

I am sure that this is true ; I feel that as we are in sorrow or happiness, we construe the music of the universe. I do not think two people would give exactly the same meaning to Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Have you not noticed when travelling by a coach, that, as the colour of your thoughts happens to suggest, the rattling and jingling resolve themselves into either a lamentation, or a lively dance-tune ? Why, take that melancholy last waltz of Weber's, and you would find that Terpsichore would dance a *deux-temps* to it, while it would bring a flood of tears to the eyes of Thalia ;—and these two are sisters !

Thus, then, now after my great sorrow, all sights and sounds awake in me some thrill of sadness, awake some sleeping lament, and bring the tears to my eyes. If the sun shines, it has shone as brightly on Ditty ere this ; if the wind whisper, it has waved her hair long ago ! Oh, sorrow ! queen of the world, that art able to turn the earth, which He made and “saw that it was good,” into one vast instrument, whose every note is part of the dirge for my child—oh, my child ! my child !

It is strange, ah, how strange ! that poor humanity should thus attune all things to its own key-note.

Sights and sounds that I once thought cheerful are now most melancholy in my ears, and to my eyes. But so has it ever been since the world knew sorrow. The forsaken lover, wandering by night in dismal gloomy groves, that suited well his sombre thoughts,

was the first who called the nightingale the bird of melancholy (ah, I remember a time when I thought it as merry as the lark). The suicide, forgotten of man and forgetting his God, as he hastened to the river's brink, first discovered wailing voices in its waves, and cries and moanings in the gale.

We set our own words to nature's music, giving to unmeaning sounds, words that belong to our own woes ; and so when a little brown bird cheers its brooding mate with song, we interpret it to be a gushing of melodious tears from a broken heart.

A FUGUE.

SOMETIMES however, when I feel saddest, this same thought of which I have just spoken, appears to me in a different light, and it seems as if wind, and water, and merry bird, were all alike too gay ; that nature cannot lend a single tone of sadness to blend with my lament.

Oh, silver river,
That flowest on for ever,
Nor break'st the mirror'd heaven of thy breast !
I cannot borrow
One note of sorrow
From thy low music, murmuring of rest !

Oh, gentle breezes,
Whose whisper never ceases
To waft the praises of the perfumed flowers !
I cannot borrow
One note of sorrow
From your soft voices in the summer-bowers.

And thou, who chantest,
Amid the groves thou hauntest,
Sweet Philomel—mis-named Disconsolate !
I cannot borrow
One note of sorrow
From thy fond serenade unto thy mate.

Oh, heart that failest
Through grief, and ever wailest
Thy bleeding wounds in mournful monotone !
Thou canst not borrow
One note of sorrow
From any, save thine own sad self alone !

THE LAST VERSE.

"Singing—in her song she died!"

TENNYSON.

SPRINGS passed by, and summers grew, and waned to dreary autumns, and on to drearier winters, and yet no news from India! Paler and paler grew Phyllis, day by day, paler and ever paler! Night after night in the dusky church, we spent hours together, with Music, my beloved mistress,—and with us she mourned, with us she lifted up her voice, and cried aloud. The tattered flags, that hung from the chancel walls, trembled at the agony of those dim strains, that wailed and moaned so wildly!

Poor, poor Ditty! Her light footstep became so light, you could scarce hear it, though you listened for it, as I did, oh, how often! I used to wait for it of a morning, and yet my ears, intent as they were, did not catch the sound of her tread. She seemed to glide, and, oh, so frail, so ghost-like did she look, I almost feared that she would fade away.

Old, cold, relentless time still stole onward, and still no news!

Once or twice the Vicar heard of Guy; but the Vicar did not know of Ditty's engagement, and so said little to us,—indeed it was little that he knew,

for he only heard indirectly of him through friends. "He was doing well," the worthy old clergyman told us, "but," he added, "I think gratitude might prompt him to write to his old tutor." How little did the Vicar think, that Guy's neglect of him was nothing, compared with his neglect of that true, trusting, loving heart, which lived only for him, which, failing, and growing feebler daily, still only beat at the thought of him. For all this time, my Ditty hoped that he would return; still looked forward to his coming; believed he was only silent in order to surprise her by his swift and unexpected success, and intended to fetch her very soon.

All this she believed, and did not believe. I mean she did not really believe it, but persuaded herself to entertain these ideas. I cannot tell: I could not altogether understand her. At all events she did not wholly *despair*; and yet she hardly hoped! Despair came afterwards; a new note was struck then, and one there was no mistaking!

I can hardly tell whether I was grieved, or glad, at what happened about this time—the last illness of poor Joe. I think it was as well for him, poor fellow, to close an existence only half-lighted by reason, darkened by sorrow, poverty, and persecution, to begin a life in a better world, where are no clouds, either of sky, or mind!

To Ditty this illness of Joe's was of great benefit; it roused her from the settled melancholy, which was closing around her, and employing her with the

sorrows of another, made her half forget her own !

Poor Joe had latterly become very weak, and had seldom been able to attend me to the church, but I still continued his pay as organ-blower ; and his brother, who was an ingenious fellow, with a turn for mechanics, contrived some very excellent machinery, which could be connected at pleasure, by a crank, to the works of the clock, and would blow the bellows by that means very evenly and well. I fear it rather injured the correctness of the clock, but, as its regularity was not very great at the best of times, the Vicar did not complain.

But to return to poor Joe. At length he became seriously ill, and confined to his bed. One morning Ditty told me the Doctor believed he could not live through the day. I went to see him. He was worn to a skeleton.

The surgeon, who was present, explained to me what his treatment had been ; but allowed that the phenomena of the case were peculiar, and that he hardly knew what course to pursue. " You know," he said at last, " I daresay, that a new Physician has come into the town. A very clever man I hear. He was with the army in Egypt. Perhaps you are not aware, that the men, while there, suffered much from the heat of the climate, which brought on a peculiar mania or phrenzy, terminating always in an exhaustion, almost comatose, similar to what my patient here labours under. Now, do you mind sending for

the new Doctor? I think he might be acquainted with the symptoms, and possibly do something for the poor fellow."

I sent off at once, of course; thanking the surgeon for the suggestion. He said he hoped his advice might be of use, and added, as he rose to go, "Send for me when he comes, or if Joe gets worse. I don't think that it is much use though; I don't think he can live out the day."

Joe was awake by this time, but we spoke without reserve before him always, imagining that he could not understand us. At these words of the surgeon, however, he sat up in the bed, and to our surprise asked in an anxious voice:—

"When must I die, sir? Oh, tell me, tell me, please!"

We were speechless with astonishment! I looked at his face,—it was altered utterly! The suspicious, restless, movement of his eyes had disappeared with the dullness, which used to shade them; the drooping of his lower jaw was gone: his mouth was closed firmly, and altogether he looked as intelligent as any one I ever saw; although he had that happy, innocent, yet astonished, look we see in a child, when it wakes suddenly out of a strange dream.

"Die!" he murmured, "Why I seem only just to be alive; it is hard, oh, very hard to die now, just when I am alive! I know I've been very strange and odd—mad isn't it; I think that is what the boys used to call me,—'Mad Joe.' I'm not mad now

though, really! Am I?" He lay back in the bed, looking at the ceiling thoughtfully. The surgeon shook his head; for he saw this was the beginning of the end; so, whispering to me that he was going for the new Doctor, he went out.

Ditty bent over Joe, and arranged the pillows under his head. He looked at her earnestly for a long time; took her by the hand timidly, and thanked her for all her gentleness and kindness.

At last, in a faint, eager voice, he said—

"Will you be angry with me for asking you to promise me a greater kindness than all the rest? Please forgive me for asking it! Will you promise?"

He saw assent in Ditty's face, for she could not speak.

"No, don't promise, though!" he continued, "but, if you do not think I am asking for too much—when—when I am dead—and I know I am dying—shall die soon, but I'm not afraid; when I am dead, just put your lips to my forehead, please,—once, only once—before they bury me—only once!"

In an instant Ditty bent over him, with tears in her eyes, and kissed him on the lips—a pure, pitying kiss. Such an one as a mother gives her child before it falls asleep—and thus poor Joe fell asleep for ever on Earth, but in Heaven awoke to join in the ceaseless Music of Praise, with lips sanctified, it may be, by that last kiss of pity and mercy.

Before long, the surgeon returned with the new doctor, who was much interested in Joe's history,

and staying with us, sat down for some time, and listened to my account of the poor fellow.

When he had heard me to the end, he said, "It may be some comfort to you, perhaps, to know that it is my opinion that no one could have saved him! From your description of him, I should think that some great emotion or passion had awakened the sleeping reason within him, and that this, striving to assert its powers, and assume its reign, had been too powerful for the body—the blade was too keen for the sheath—it is not an unusual thing, I fancy; and so nothing could have saved him."

"Mental ailments, Shakespeare tells us, are not to be minister'd to by man's art, and I really half think he is right. Moreover, they often superinduce physical diseases which are apparently as incurable as the malady which caused them."

His words struck me very forcibly; I wondered and pondered. All Joe's actions came before me. Did the poor creature love Ditty? It might be so, certainly; no one could help loving her. And this intense love, awakening reason, it had overwrought the poor frail house it dwelt in. All this seem'd to be, as it were, revealed to me in those few words of the Doctor's. He continued:

"In the case of people of weak intellect too, it is so difficult to get them to explain their symptoms properly; and what is more they stray and wander about everywhere, and so often contract contagious or infectious diseases, which they carry home with

them, and communicate to persons, who have no suspicion of the places they have been haunting, and only discover it too late !

“ When I was in India I met with a very distressing case of this description. Just before I returned to England, a Coolie, whose reason was much obscured, had caught one of the most malignant of Indian fevers, during his wanderings in an unhealthy suburb. He was taken ill and died ; but not before he had given the fever to all in the house. His master was a friend of mine in the Civil Service at Ballyghur. He called me in, but I could do very little. The sickness carried off all the four children, and poor Guy L—— and his wife were scarcely recovered when I left the East.”

At the mention of that name, poor Ditty became in an instant (for I instinctively looked at her directly it was spoken) as pale as death ! She did not faint—she did not scream ; she half rose from her chair, and pressed her hand tightly over her heart.

Her breath ceased for a moment, and then broke out in a short sob, half a sigh, half a cry !

“ What is the matter ?” exclaimed the Doctor. “ It is very foolish of me to alarm you in this way ; indeed I did not think your nerves were so delicate. Really—I assure you there is no fear : I am sure the patient you have so kindly nursed was not suffering from anything contagious. If you feel at all unwell, we will soon set that to rights : depend upon it

it's only from weariness, and over-excitement. Pray set your mind quite at rest."

She never answered a word. She seemed to glide out of the room. As for me, for some minutes I could neither speak nor move. At length I recovered myself. I don't quite know what I said to the Doctor, but I think I told him he had mentioned the name of a dear friend of ours, "who was dead—was gone—was not the one he spoke of, but another ; the resemblance of the names had been too much for my niece ; would he excuse my going to her." At all events he went ; and I stole up to Ditty's door—not a sound ; I knocked, but she only answered by a sob. At length she begged of me not to think of her—to leave her ; she would be down soon. So I had respect for her grief, and went down stairs. Her room was over the sitting room, and she never moved : once or twice I was so frightened, that I went up to her door, and then I heard a low murmur, that I could hardly call a moan, yet I felt it was one ; it was a new note in my Song, Despair ! It was breaking in upon it now, for the first time telling of its close !

Little sleep was there in our house that night !

The next morning Ditty came down. She came to me, and kissed me, and, laying her head upon my shoulder, whispered, "Not a word, dear uncle, not a word ; it is all buried. Do not speak to me of what is passed. Forget it!"

From that day we never spoke of it. She moved

about the house the same as ever. But my Song was changed. A new chord was struck in it, that rose, strong, and incessant, over all the rest; and the music that once filled my house was changed to a dirge, that spoke only of despair, and unutterable woe!

When I had recovered from the shock sufficiently to be able to think and reason with myself, I went to the doctor, and learnt from him all the particulars of Guy's life.

He had married a rich widow the year after he got out to India. "Everybody said he married her for her money," the doctor told me, "and he was afraid there might be some truth in it, for she had little other recommendation. She was a fierce, jealous, proud, vulgar woman; and"—although the money made Guy happy enough, by enabling him to satisfy all his selfish desires, and to surround himself with every luxury and indulgence—"his domestic life was one perpetual round of brawls, of reproaches and recriminations, which wealth could hardly find a balm for." I learnt also that the fever, which I have mentioned, had left him blind and a cripple! "Are the wicked never punished in this world?" will you ever say after hearing this? If the rain falls on the just and the unjust, there are also judgments which fall upon sinners only: and there is a hereafter awaiting the righteous, who are not cast down utterly, although the children of wickedness seem, for a time, to overcome and oppress them.

Such were the thoughts which entered my mind

as I sat musing over the fire, when I returned from the Doctor's.

It was night and Ditty was not at home, but I was not alarmed as I thought she might have taken the opportunity of my absence to visit her mother's grave, as she had often done of late.

Suddenly I heard the sound of the organ in the church. I immediately guessed she was there. How strange at that time of night ! I listened. She was playing "Ruth;" she was thinking of the time when Guy had declared his love for her.

I stood rooted to the spot for some minutes, she played so plaintively—so supernaturally ! I could hardly believe that any human being could so touch the keys, and bring forth such weird, such ghost-like sounds.

I went down the stairs and stepped into the churchyard intending to bring her home, for it was a bitter cold night.

As I opened the church-door, the music ceased suddenly ; and then the organ broke forth into a strange, unearthly wail, that seemed almost like a human voice !

With this wild cry ringing in my ears, I rushed to the organ ; and there lay my poor child, my Song, my only music—dead !

Her face had fallen forward upon the keys, and, above her, the organ still, amid the gathering darkness, moaned and lamented in that long solemn sighing !

Poor child, poor child ! The broken heart had

ceased its painful throbbing at last, the aching head
was at rest, the weary spirit fled !

So I took up my dead, that had raised its own
dirge, and bore it into the house. How I did it I
cannot tell, for I did it mechanically, and, as soon as
I had laid my Ditty on her bed, I fell to the ground
myself—stricken down by that great burden of grief
—senseless, speechless, lifeless ; as motionless and
still as my own darling, silent as my Song, which had
died into stillness for ever and ever.

THE FINAL BARS.

“——Faith, which is but Hope grown wise, and Love
And Patience, which at length shall overcome.”

LOWELL.

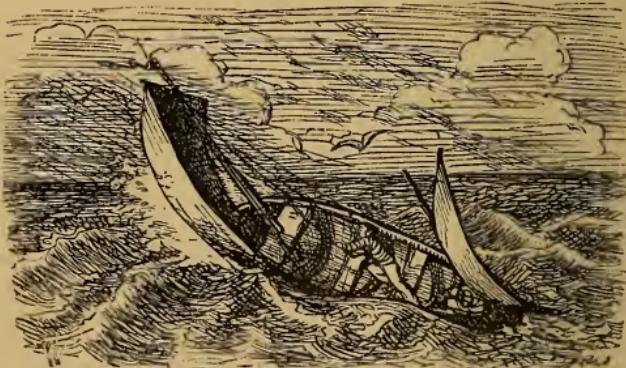
So is my child gone before ! So has my Song died
away upon earth to become perfected in Heaven—
for there, I know, it arises purified from sorrow,
doubt, and pain—a part of the eternal melody of the
great creation—without a jarring chord, a doubtful
note, an erring sound.

And now is *my* life also a song ; it may be a sad
one—a dirge for my child, but not the less a song,
and at least without the solemn note of despair—
and angel wings shall, some day, bear it upward to
join the harmony of that better world, whence, I

think, some notes of my Ditty's divine lays descend to me to sanctify this life of mine, which is my song.

And thus, in much suffering, with much sorrow through many long years, have I learnt that lesson, which I would humbly teach in my song :

And that lesson is Faith, Love, Charity ; and that crown of all virtues, that key-note of all holy strains, all acceptable hymns—Patience !



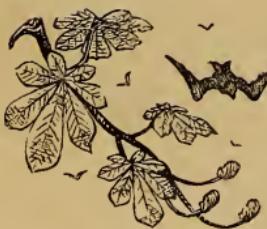
A QUICK MOVEMENT IN C.

A POET'S BEQUEATHING.

HE left not to his children wealth untold,
No lofty title, and no lordly fee,
No wide estate of cornland, wood, and wold,
No prosperous argosy upon the sea,
No weighty treasure of ancestral gold,—
Nothing that Moth and Rust corrupt left he !

The mantle of his inspiration fine,
As he ascended, did not fall on them ;
Yet, so in his reflected worth they shine,
It seems as they had touched the mantle's hem :
For he had won a people's reverence
That grows to love for those he loved : and when
In His appointed time God took him hence,
Their heritage was in the hearts of men.

UNDER THE CHESTNUT BOUGHS.



E hear the Cuckoo far away
 Go wandering through the wood;
 As we heard it many years ago,
 When in this place we stood.
 As then the daisies stud the grass,
 The trees burst into bud ;
 Green grow the arches overhead,
 And green the mirror-flood—
 Under the Chestnut Boughs !

Oh, many, many years ago
 We heard the Cuckoo's tones,
 And saw the branches overhead
 Waving their snowy cones.
 Ah, many, many years ago,
 Our daughter's tiny hand
 Was clasped in ours, when here we stood
 Where now alone we stand—
 Under the Chestnut Boughs !

The silver flecks your hair, my wife,
 The wrinkles mark my brow :

But Time can touch our hearts no more
Than it can touch her now.

So many, many years ago,
And yet our Love's the same,
While Grief has blossomed into Hope,
And we can breathe her name—

Under the Chestnut Boughs !

A HANDFUL FROM HORACE.

TO LYDIA.

(LIB. I. O. 8.)

A MODERN VERSION ATTEMPTED IN THE ORIGINAL METRE.

SAY, madam, I adjure you
By heaven above—why with your love Charlie to
ruin lure you ?
Why does he hate reviewing,
He, who before, best in the corps, stood so much dust
and stewing ?
Why does he too, refusing
Rides with a mate, never of late break his own
charger, using
A bit of the Chiffney pattern ?

What's come to *him* that he won't swim ? Why does
he wear, the slattern,

Belts that so want pipe-claying ?

What is he at ? He was a bat, famous for cricket
playing.

Why ! he was such a driver,

If he at all swiped at a ball, it was a four or fiver !

Why is he hid—as Thetis

Kept her young boy, in days of Troy, (so says the
ancient treatise,) .

Making her son a daughter ;

Lest from her arms, 'mid war's alarms, he should be
snatched for slaughter ?



FANCY PORTRAIT. CURIUS DENTATUS.

TO NEOBULE.

(LIB. III. O. 12.)

A MODERN VERSION ATTEMPTED IN THE ORIGINAL METRE.

HAPLESS lasses ! who in glasses may not drown the
pangs of passion,
Or disclose its bitter woes, it's—so they tell you—not
the fashion ;
And each petty breach of etiquette has savage tongues
to task it !
But now, truly, Neobule, Love has pilfered your work-
basket,
And your netting ; quite upsetting your once busy
disposition !
That young Cornet (tho' you scorn it as a very weak
suspicion)
He's the fellow, with his yellow whiskers, and his
Queen's commission.

Well, he's rather, as a bather, thought a splendid
hand at diving ;
Nor forgotten be in Rotten Row his horsemanship,
—his driving.
Then he's reckoned scarcely second to professionals
in sparring ;
And at running, he is cunning : good at all things,
nothing barring.

I've heard talking that out stalking he's a crack shot
with a rifle,

And in India (where he's been, dear) of wild-boar
he's speared a trifle.

THE BANDUSIAN SPRING.

(LIB. III. O. 13.)

CLEARER than crystal, Bandusian spring,
Worthy of goblets of flower-crowned wine !
Hither to-morrow a kid will I bring,
Bring as a gift to these waters of thine.

Flower of the flock, the young wanton in vain
(With the horns on his brow just beginning to bud)
Plans the wars he shall wage, or the loves he shall
gain,
For to-morrow thy ripples shall blush with his blood.

The Dog-star, when fiercest it rages on high,
Cannot touch thy cool wave. To the plough-wearied ox
Deep draughts of delight the sweet waters supply,
And a stream cold as ice to the wandering flocks.

Thou shalt be first 'mid the springs of renown,
This oak will I sing that o'ershadows thy head,
From under whose roots thy bright waters flow down
With laughter and song o'er the rocks in their bed.

F A U N U S.

(LIB. III. O. 18.)

FAUNUS, flying nymphs pursuing
In wild wooing,
Tread propitious o'er my ground
And the sunny slopes around,
And in going
Bless the growing
Steers from murrain's foul undoing.

So each year to thee a tender
Kid I'll render ;
And rich incense to the skies
From thine altar shall arise ;
Nor of Bacchus
Shall there lack us,
Venus' playmate and befriender !

Roams the flock, unwatched, at pleasure
When we measure
To December's nones the year,—
'Tis thy feast ! and far and near
'Neath cool shadows
In the meadows,
Man and beast share rest and leisure.

Strays the wolf among the feeding
Flocks unheeding,
While the wood its leaves around
Strews for thee ; and on the ground,
Hateful soil,
Source of toil,
Happy clowns the dance are leading.

HOW MR. KEITT OF SOUTH CAROLINA STUBBED HIS TOE.

“But 'twas a glorious Victory !”—*Battle of Blenheim.*

IN Congress Hall, before them all, up Gin’ral Quitman gets :

For when his side says, “ Let’s explain ! ”—says
Gin’ral Quitman—“ Let’s ! ”

So first he spat, then up he gat, and coughed to clear
his throat,

Says he, “ an explanation, gents of Congress Hall, I
vote ! ”

Now, ill or well, it so befell that Grow had crossed
the Hall

To have a word with Hickman there, and he began
to call—

“Order I say, this here won’t pay! Come, Gin’ral
you, it’s plain
You’ve got no right to speak to-night, so jest sit
down again!”

“Terrible,”—Well, I will not tell what wrathy Keitt
exclaimed,

“Oh chalk and nutmegs; if I don’t may I be tarnal
blamed!

I say, hullo, you Mister Grow, what everlastin’ call
Have you to talk, unless you walk to *your* side of
the Hall?

You’ve no right here, it’s mortal clear, on *this* side
anyhow!”

“The Hall is free to you and me!” says calmly
Mister Grow,

“And where I please I’ll straighten knees, and rise
for an oration!”

With husky breath, between his teeth, says Mister
Keitt, “Tarnation!”

Then Indiana Harris rose, and came it pretty slick,
Just as a sickly kitten leans agen a hotted brick,
“With confidence,” says he, “immense, I fearlessly
repose

On warmth and generosity, as tall as Mister Grow’s:
And he’s the gent as won’t prevent an explanation fair,
Such as I calculate we’ll get from Gin’ral Quitman
there!”

Now when he heard that knowing card, and what he
sort o' said,

Grow, with a smile as smooth as 'ile,' says, "Gin'ral,
go ahead!"

Then turning back, he made a track the other side
to reach,

But Keitt in wrath obstructs his path, with wild and
angry speech,

"Oh beef and greens!" he cries, "what means that
answer as you made?"

Says Mister Grow, "I'd hev you know, I mean jest
what I said!"

"I'll show you,—you" (and angry grew that Carolina
man)

"You nigger-pup, I'll show what's up, I'll give you
black—and tan!"

"Think what you please," says Grow at ease, "but
don't the notion nourish,

That round my ears, slave-driver fierce his cowhide
e'er shall flourish!"

Oh! wild as snakes "when first they wakes," Keitt
clutches at the throat

Of Mister Grow, but misses,—so he only tears his
coat;

His foeman bold shakes off his hold, and frees his
velvet collar,

And Reuben Davis runs between "for fear as worse
should foller;"

But all in vain would he restrain the causer of the row,

(For Keitt, you see, well knew that he was twice as big as Grow)—

He broke away, and on his prey he leapt, with fierce intent,—

Then Grow let out his manly left, and down his foe-man went!

He rose again, but all in vain, his blows were weak and wild;

And out into the open air they led that wayward child:

They sponge his nose, they brush his clothes, they dust his trouser-knees,

And to himself that warlike elf returned by slow degrees.

His brain confused, his body bruised, cool'd not his valor's glow,

He faintly sighed, "the dog had died, had I not stubbed my toe!"

His friends around with pity found his mind in suc confusion,

But winked, and gently grinned aside, and suffer'd the delusion.

Meanwhile the din grew loud within the lofty Con-gress Hall;

In furious fray, with loud hurray, had joined the members all;

For Davis and the Southern band had seized on Mister Grow,

When, swift as flame, the North men came to free
him from the foe.

Then many a hand, with peaceful aim, was laid on
wrathy wrist,

But found, with dread, it only led to fiercely doubled
fist.

And many a legislator stern with awe expected
that,

Which he'd expectorated it, would smash his head
or hat,

For down came Croode from where he stood, and
raising in his hands

An earthenware spittoon in air, he join'd the op-
posing bands.

With fearful glance, each foe askance the dreadful
weapon viewed,

And, though the blows fell pretty thick, no blow was
aimed at Croode.

But he, uncertain upon whom his favour to bestow,
Around the ring kept hovering, and threatened still
the blow;

Until at last the thing he placed (when silenced was
the din)

Upon the floor, where 'twas before, and calmly spat
therein.

Ranged on the side of South was spied old Caroline's
McQueen,

And there were Craige, and Barksdale bold, and
Reuben Davis seen;
While on the North, for manly worth, brave Potter
bore the bell,
And forward strain'd the Washburnes twain the
warlike ranks to swell.
On Barksdale's back, with mighty thwack, resounded
Potter's blow;
And Barksdale swore a horrid oath, and dropt his
hold of Grow:
With rage he burned, and round he turned, "Oh
snakes and bowie-knives!"
He cried aloud, "You loafing crowd! I'll spile your
mortal lives!"
That Eli Washburne struck the blow he thought, and
kind o' grinned,
Then cut three capers on the floor, and smote him
in the wind.
As bends an oak 'neath lightning's stroke, before the
tempest's brunt,
Elihu fairly doubled up, and gave a hollow grunt!
But aid was near, for with a cheer, the other Wash-
burne came,
Cadwallader, the wondrous spry, the man of Cam-
brian name.
"Oh, tall destruction! I'll avenge Elihu mighty smart!"
He cried; and straight at Barksdale's pate he made
a sudden dart;
His aim was this, his foeman's head in chancery to
get—

But Washburne hold, oh warrior bold, you haven't
done it yet!

He grasped his hair, "You coons beware! your
leader's race is o'er!"

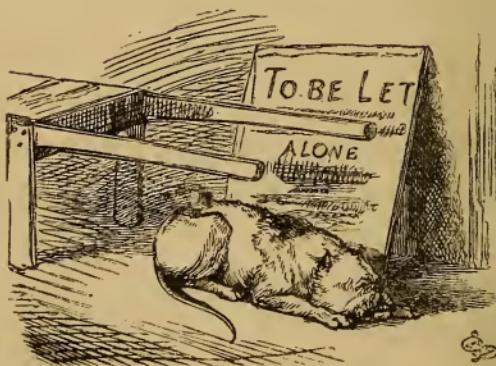
Then off he hauled—*the wig!* and bald stood Barks-
dale on the floor.

The laugh that rose cooled down the foes, and expla-
nation came,

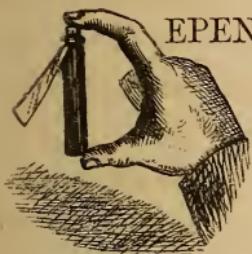
And none could say how rose the fray, but "'twas a
tarnal shame!"

Long may our heirs in future years this tale of
combat know;

How wrathy Keitt in Congress "fi't," and——how
he stubbed his toe.



THE DEAL SHUTTER.



DEPEND upon it," said the Surgeon, "that Waterloo Bridge mystery will be cleared up, somehow or other, and the perpetrator of the deed eventually detected."

"Well, Doctor, I don't think murder often escapes detection, but, at the same time, this is one of those cases," said the Major, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "in which we discover no trace to guide us. In fact detection is almost impossible—at all events improbable."

"Not at all!" said the Surgeon, "although you may be right, humanly speaking; still Heaven does not always require human aid, or use everyday means in discovering crime. I can tell you a very curious story of a murder, and the cause of its revelation, which I met with in the Crimea."

"Stop till I've lit my pipe," said the Major.

"It is not an easy story to make tell-able," said the Surgeon, half to himself, "especially as I have no experience in that line. Perhaps," he continued, looking at the Major to see if he was comfortably settled, "perhaps the best way to begin will be to

remind you that, some four or five years ago, there appeared in the papers the account of a mysterious case in Switzerland, near the Vale of Chamouni, where a man was found dead a little way out of the village, with his own discharged gun in his hand, and yet the wound was of a description that could hardly have been inflicted by his own hand. At first it was universally thought an accident, but rumours of an unfortunate love affair made suicide seem the more probable solution; murder was not thought of, for the people who lived nearest to the spot where the body was found, deposed to hearing only one shot fired, and moreover, the bullet when extracted, was found to fit the bore of the gun exactly.

"But when a French surgeon, who was staying in the village, examined the body, he pronounced it a case of murder, giving the following reasons for his opinion:

"First he showed that the bullet entered at the abdomen, and proceeded in a straight line upward, until it lodged in the heart. The deceased could hardly have placed, or at all events fired, the gun in a position to inflict such a wound; besides, there was a great improbability that he would choose it in preference to pointing the muzzle straight at his heart or head. Secondly, the Frenchman pointed out that the clothes were not scorched by the gunpowder, as they would most certainly have been if the gun had been discharged in close proximity, nor would the bullet have been found in the body.

“However, on the whole, there was as much evidence in favour of the conclusion of murder as of suicide,—and no more; so after enquiry had been made, and the country searched, the mystery was not a whit more cleared up than at first, when a young girl, who was on the point of being married to the foster-brother of the deceased, made a disclosure to the Frenchman and the magistrates, which led them to believe that, however it was managed, suicide was the real solution of the enigma. Her confession amounted to an admission that she had foolishly flirted with the deceased, and that, the day before the body was discovered, he had met her, and avowed his love for her, at the same time acknowledging that he was betraying his foster-brother, and forfeiting his honour, by giving way to the passion. What passed during the interview she would not say, but stated that, when they parted, he had exclaimed—‘Anna, you shall never see me again!’ and had gone away in a state of great excitement.

“After this confession, suicide was the universal verdict, and curiosity died out.

“The girl’s *fiancé*, in a fit of unaccountable anger and suspicion, broke off the match, and, having sold his little property, left the country. People pitied him very much, as the victim of misplaced love and friendship, and it was whispered that the girl had confessed to him more than she had to the magistrates; and public feeling was so strong against her, that she was glad to avail herself of the Frenchman’s

offer to obtain her a situation in one of the hospitals in Paris.

"Well, the matter blew over, and nothing more was thought about it.

"If a visitor to the valley enquired what was the meaning of the cross among the clump of pines at the foot of the mountain, he was told it was the place where 'a young jäger shot himself through the heart for love of his friend's betrothed,' and so he enquired no more about it, suicides being, to the much-travelled, not a whit rarer than affection for another man's betrothed is to those even who are not much-travelled.

"Having told you thus much, which lets you into the plot of my story in a clumsy and inartistic manner," said the Surgeon, after a pull of beer, "I don't quite know how to go on."

"Go ahead," said the Major, "we're none of us Saturday Reviewers or Quarterly Critics."

"Well then, I must go on to the time of the Crimean War. I was left by the regiment at Bala-klava, you remember,"—

"All right," chimed in a young Ensign, "and a very good thing too, or I should have missed a good doctor to fight me through the fever I caught after landing with my draft of men from the dépôt."

"You're right there," said the Major; "if it hadn't been for good doctoring, you would not have joined the regiment in time for the storming of Sebastopol."

"Thank you, gentlemen both!" said the Surgeon.

"But to proceed. While I was there, an old school-fellow of mine, who was in the commissariat, asked me to go and see one of his men—his own servant—who was down with the fever"—

"I say," said the Ensign, "was that Parkinson, the fellow with the big beard?"

"That's rather a vague definition of a man in the Crimea."

"Well, perhaps it is: beards were pretty common there," said the Ensign, complacently stroking his chin, whereon a close observer might perceive a growth of silky hairs, neither very long nor very frequent,—"I grew mine there! But I mean a dark, tall, and superlatively hairy man, a sort of he-Julia Postrana."

"That's the man," said the Surgeon; "he was at Rugby with me, and then went to Cambridge, where he ran over head and ears in debt; took his name off, and made tracks: got something in the Commissariat; and that's all I know about him!"

"Well, then I know a little more to my cost!" sighed the small Ensign. "He came to my hut one night, and we had an orgie over a hamper that my affectionate parents had sent me out, and he drank half my small stock of wine."

"I daresay you helped him!" growled the Major, from the midst of a tornado of tobacco smoke.

"Why, you see, we had no glasses," expostulated the youngster, "so we had each a bottle to drink out of, and he drank three to my one, and walked off

quite straight and comfortable, while I found the hut apparently suffering from an earthquake ; in fact, the oscillation threw me over the hamper, and so the rest of my cellar came to sorrow ; and I found next morning, that my fond relatives had not thought of putting in any soda-water !”

There was a general laugh against the little man, and then the Surgeon took up his tale again.

“I found the fellow lying on a comfortable bed in one of the houses, which seemed to have pretensions to a higher style of civilisation than the general run in Balaklava. He was a foreigner I could see ; a Swiss he told me afterwards.”

“I see it all !” exclaimed an impetuous Lieutenant, who had been “messing” out ; “He’s the fellow who murdered the jäger at Chamouni ; delirium, death-bed, confession, penitence, last struggle ; that sort of thing, eh ?”

“Well,” said the Surgeon, a little nettled ; “If the gentlemen are satisfied with that wind-up of the narrative, I will stop !”

“No, no, go on, old fellow !” cried everybody.

“Very well, here goes. I found the poor fellow was really very seriously ill. His symptoms were—”

“Oh, hang the symptoms, Doctor !” cried the Ensign impatiently ; “You need not tell us, we should not understand them ; and you may as well skip the medicines you exhibited, too !”

“Patience, young ‘un !” said the Surgeon—“if it had not been for my knowledge of the symptoms, and the

drugs I exhibited, in your case, you would not have had an opportunity of exhibiting yourself in the trenches!"

"I don't know whether that was to be desired!" murmured the Ensign, who had seen some hard work there.

"Moreover," continued Medicus, "if you had waited a moment, you would have heard what I meant to say, which was, that his symptoms were alarming; but I saw, with a true professional delight, that the disease and I were to have a fair stand-up fight, for the patient had a constitution like a camel, and showed plucky too, so the fever and I were on tolerably equal ground.

"Beginning with an interest in the disease, I gradually grew to feel an interest in its owner. He seemed a clever fellow, and must have had good qualities too, for I found that an old comrade of his liked him well enough to sit up all night with him, and nurse him, and a better nurse I never saw."

"'Gad!" said the Major, "I believe a man, especially an old soldier, is as gentle a nurse as a woman any day,—with all respect to the sex I say it."

"Nobody doubts the latter statement!" said some one in the background; and there was a laugh, for the Major was always philandering after some damsel or widow, wherever he might be quartered.

"The struggle," the Surgeon went on, "lasted for a long time, but at length the patient took a turn for the better, and began to improve so rapidly, that I

was calculating on his soon returning to his duties, and was looking forward to taking up my abode in the cottage when he left it. It was infinitely more comfortable and convenient than my hut, and was not much further from the hospital, so it would not interfere with my duties.

"There were one or two pictures on the walls—one a rude Russian virgin and child, which now hangs in my room. On the mantel-piece was a malachite vase (which I brought home for my sister), and some of those queer toys and carvings, that you dépôt men must have seen made by the prisoners over here.

"There were three or four tidy chairs in the room, and a respectable table ; only of deal, to be sure, but nicely finished, and, what is more, all highly varnished. There was only one window in the room, the shutter of which was also of deal, varnished in the same manner as the chairs and table.

"Besides all these elegances, the sick man's friend had routed out some pillows, and had made, with the help of an old packing-case and a hamper, a very desirable easy chair. This I purchased of him, not exactly for a song, but for a bottle of brandy when I dismissed him, which I did as soon as I found the invalid progressing so rapidly.

"To my extreme astonishment, however, the morning after the he-nurse was gone, my patient had a relapse. He was in a high state of fever again, and this time the symptoms puzzled me. I could have fancied he was suffering more from mental than

bodily disturbance, and that you know makes the disease very difficult to treat. However, towards night he got better and calmer; but the next morning he was worse than ever, and at last he grew positively violent and delirious. During his delirium, he talked of nothing but gaping bullet wounds, and drops of blood, and that sort of thing. I took very little notice of it at the time, for I fancied he had been deeply impressed by some of the wounds he had seen in Hospital, which, though not very horrifying to old soldiers and surgeons, have, I know, a tremendous effect upon persons unaccustomed to them."

"True for you!" said the Ensign, with a ghost of a shudder, "I shall never forget my first experience of a battle field after the fight."

"Yes, you will;" said the Major, who was an old campaigner, and had seen long service in India under Sale; "yes, you will, and what's more, if you live as long as I have, and go through as much fighting, you'll forget what your first wound was like."

"I don't know that, sir," said the Ensign—adding a little proudly, "I have been wounded, and the remembrance is more peculiar than painful—so different from my pre-conceived ideas, that it is not likely to be soon effaced !

"It was in one of the attacks on the Redan. As I was charging up, I felt a sharp blow on my left arm, as if some one had hit me pretty hard with the knob of a ground ash. I looked down, and saw a hole in my sleeve on one side, and a strip of cloth

and a piece of flesh hanging down on the other. I felt no pain—so little inconvenience indeed, that I stuffed the flesh back into the wound, and went on until I fainted, all of a sudden, from loss of blood!"

"And a pretty bother you gave the surgeon, I'll warrant," said Medicus, feeling for his brother practitioner; "why, pushing that flesh back into the wound must have delayed the healing some considerable time!"

"That's true enough; but go on," said the Ensign.

"Let's see, where was I? Oh, about the wound! Well, I took no notice of his raving, and at last, after an infinite deal of dosing and doctoring, I got him quiet and sensible again; and then after binding me to secrecy, he told me the following story."

"Which promise of secrecy you are about faithfully to keep!" broke in the Lieutenant. But the Surgeon stopped him.

"If you'll have patience, you'll see by the end of my tale that there's no necessity for secrecy. Death cancels all debts!"

"By Jove, I wish it did; and that some tradesmen I wot of were in Abraham's bosom!" parenthesized the Ensign.

"But you fellows," objected the Surgeon, "spoil the story by your remarks; so if I'm interrupted again, I put up the shutters. Once more, here goes. I'll tell the story in the man's own words.

"I don't suppose that in the village there was a prettier girl than Anna; or a man with more cattle,

or altogether better to do, than I was ; so of course when I asked Anna in marriage, her parents favoured my wishes.

“ Anna herself, had always shown a marked partiality for me, and danced oftener, and would talk longer, with me than with anyone else ; so the young fellows of the village had no chance against me. I don’t think, now, that she really cared for me ; but because I was the best man in the place, and all the other girls set their caps at me, her pride and vanity made her exert every art to captivate me. At any rate she succeeded ! I loved her, proposed, was accepted, and we were betrothed. Soon after the ceremony, I sent for my foster-brother, who lived at a village about forty miles away, to come and take up his quarters with me till I married. He was to attend to the farm, while I made preparations for the wedding. These frequently took me from the valley for several days, so I suppose he and Anna were thrown together a great deal. He was a fine, tall, handsome fellow, was Max. He was fond of chamois hunting, and had been jäger to a nobleman ; but he lived a wild life, and hadn’t a penny of his own, and so was glad enough to come and live with me. I never suspected, or dreamt of, his falling in love with Anna, for I thought him the very soul of honour : and so he was, poor fellow !

“ At last the neighbours—especially the girls, curse them!—began to whisper, and drop hints about Anna’s flirting with Max. I laughed at them

openly, but my nature was a jealous one, and inwardly I fumed and raged. But one unhappy day at length opened my eyes, and I saw only too much ! Anna told me afterwards what passed between them. Max was going out chamois hunting, as it seems he had often done the latter part of the time, in order to avoid meeting Anna ; but misfortune threw her in his way. He was seated at the foot of a tree, trimming some bullets, when she passed along the road not far from him. Leaving what he was about, he sprang up, and went towards her. In a few hurried, incoherent words, he declared his love to her, owning and lamenting at the same time his dishonourable conduct to me, but telling her that, for his peace of mind, he felt he must confess all to her, and then leave her for ever ! While talking, they had insensibly walked nearly to her home, and so they took leave of each other. I, unhappy wretch, witnessed this adieu, although I was too far off to hear their words ! I had been waiting at Anna's cottage for her return. Imagine my rage when I saw him clasp her to his heart and kiss her ; when I saw her throw her arms round him and weep ! But I saw no more—I rushed out of the house by the back door, and fled !

“ I learnt from Anna afterwards, that as they were about to part, he said, ‘ Ah dearest Anna, we shall never meet again on earth. Let me once, and only once, press my lips to yours : one kiss to bear away to my grave ! ’ She was quite unnerved and stupefied by all that had passed, and, in a fit of folly and pity,

scarcely knowing what she did, she threw herself upon his breast, and sobbing, asked him to forgive her for having trifled with him. Women's hearts are very soft, you know ; and though they love flirtation and conquest, I think when they see that they have really pained and broken a true, honest heart, they are bitterly sorry for it—at least if they are worthy of the name of woman.

“When I saw Anna rush into his arms, in an agony of rage and shame, I fled. My evil fate conducted me—for I ran on blindly, without any aim or purpose—to the spot where my foster-brother had been sitting when first he saw Anna. His gun was resting against the tree ! In the first impulse of my fury, I was about to blow my brains out—would to heaven I had ; but a moment’s reflection stopped me ! What ! should I make away with myself, the only obstacle ; and leave these two treacherous, ungrateful creatures, to marry when they would ; to triumph over me, and laugh at my folly ? The very thought maddened me, and, as I stood there picturing it to myself, I gnashed my teeth, and foamed at the mouth with impotent rage.

“While I was in this frenzy, I saw Max approaching ; he was coming on slowly, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and so he had not seen me. At the sight of him I lost all command over myself. ‘Traitor,—wretch,—seducer !’ I screamed, ‘I will have your blood !’

“At my voice he started, and looked up. I must

have presented a fearful spectacle, more like an enraged wild beast, than a human being, as I stood there, pointing the gun at him. He sprang back, and in so doing tripped over the root of a tree, and fell. I was a capital marksman, and, on this occasion, I think the devil directed my aim. I fired as he fell ; the bullet entered the lower part of his body, and, as I learnt afterwards, passed through to his heart.

“I rushed forward to him, for almost at the moment I fired I felt horrified at what I had done. To my horror he rose from the ground, and came towards me. His face was deathly white, and his eyes fixed. He staggered a few steps, and then, clutching at me to support himself, he caught hold of the gun, on which my palsied hand retained no hold. With a low groan he fell on his back, and, after a convulsive shudder, died.

“I stood for a minute motionless, and speechless, gazing at him. I had never seen a man die by violence before, and now to see one, and that one my foster-brother, perish by my hand, deprived me of all power to move or think.

“He had on a white tunic, over which the blood oozed out in fearful contrast ; it did not gush out in a stream, but bubbled up, and slowly overflowed the ghastly round bullet-hole ! Oh, it was an awful sight ! It haunted me for days, for years, it haunts me now ! and the poor wretch,” said the Doctor, “sat up in the bed, threw his hands wildly aloft, and shrieked, “It haunts me now !—I see it every night ; that awful

bullet-mark, black and gaping, with the red blood oozing out round it ! I tell you, Englishman, it appears to me every night ! It is driving me mad, mad, mad !” and he threw himself down, and buried his face in the pillow. I raised him. He had fainted. I must confess I felt uncomfortable to think my patient had been guilty of murder, and had a strong inclination to let him lie ; but the professional soon got the better of me, and I set myself about restoring him, which was no easy task.

“ At length he came round, and was more calm, and I then prevailed upon him to give me a clear and accurate description of the appearance, which had so disturbed him.

“ It seemed that, the first night after the watcher left him, he awoke to see, painted, as it were, on the darkness, the wound which he had inflicted on his victim.

“ He described it as a dark mark—the bullet-hole—surrounded by blood, as vivid and distinct as reality ; and every night since, he said, it had grown out of the darkness, gradually becoming more and more distinct and vivid, and seeming to come closer and closer, until his over-wrought senses gave way, and he either fainted or became delirious.

“ This accounted to me for the relapse, and also for the symptoms of mental disturbance I had detected. I tried to persuade him it was a dream, but that he would not hear of. ‘ I know,’ said he, ‘ that dreams are very often like reality ; but, in order to test whether I was awake or no, see what I did ! ’ He

drew his left hand from under the bed-clothes, and unwound some rag from the thumb. It was nearly bitten through ! ‘I did that,’ he said, ‘while my eyes were fixed upon that awful wound. I was not asleep you think now ?’

“I confess I was at a loss. There was something more, I thought, than the imagination of delirium in it. ‘Well !’ I said, ‘I will sit up with you to-night, and see if we cannot solve this mystery !’

“‘It is no mystery,’ said he, ‘it is sent by Heaven to punish me, to haunt, and torture me, and drive me mad ! Oh, that I had destroyed myself as I first intended ! I could almost wish I had delivered myself up to justice. Oh, I shall go mad ! I shall go mad !’ Another fit of fainting followed, from which he awoke delirious and violent. I managed to administer an opiate, and, before long, had the pleasure of seeing him go off into a calm sleep.

“I then visited the hospital, went to a friend’s hut, and had a pipe and some grog, and then blundered my way (for by this time it was dark) back to the Swiss Cottage, as I had intended to christen the house, as soon as my patient vacated it, and it became my property.

“I found the invalid still asleep. I lit the candle which I had obtained from the hospital, and set it up in the neck of a bottle. I then proceeded to make things as comfortable as I could : I locked and bolted the door, and placed a box against it. The careful he-nurse had actually nailed strips of cloth all round the door, and had stopped up every nook

and cranny whence a draught could come. I then looked to the shutter. There either never had been glass in the window, or else, what was more likely, some one had appropriated the sash to improve his own hut, so I was not sorry to find that the shutter had been fitted so closely and carefully as to exclude every breath of air; and I need not tell you the less you get of Crimean, or indeed of any night air, the better.

"I next placed my revolver on the table near me, and made myself comfortable in the 'easy packing case.' I began to apply myself to a book, one of those which people so kindly sent out by the box-full from England. I shan't tell its title, because my conduct was not complimentary to the author, for I fell sound asleep over it."

"It mightn't have been 'Proverbial Philosophy' by any chance?" suggested the Lieutenant, who was somewhat of a literary turn.

"Well, it might have been," said the Surgeon, smiling, "but it wasn't. However, whatever it was, after a few minutes my nose fell forward on it, and I was buried in a very sound sleep—a not unusual occurrence with me after my hard work all day.

"I don't know how long I slept, but it must have been some hours, for the candle had burnt down, fallen into the bottle, and gone out, when I was awakened by the voice of the Swiss.

"'Oh Heaven!' he cried, 'Max, my brother—forgive me—oh, forgive me! do not torment me—haunt me no longer! Oh Heaven! help! help!'

"I was barely awake, and my senses were not thoroughly on the alert, so no wonder I felt a cold shudder run through me, when I saw, exactly as he had described it, the ring of blood, fresh and vivid, and in the centre, the dark bullet-hole, painted clearly upon the darkness.

"The shock however soon brought me to myself, and I saw at a glance what it was,"—

"Some fellow with a magic lantern, or some dodge of that sort," said the Ensign, suggestively.

"Hold your tongue!" exclaimed everybody, in a state of intense excitement.

"Pish!" exclaimed the Surgeon, angrily, "a magic lantern! I never heard of one in the Crimea, unless Papa and Mamma put one into the hamper you told us of just now, to amuse young Hopeful."

"Leave the young'un alone, Doctor, and tell us what it was," said the Major.

"Well," said the Surgeon, "I've told you the shutter was of varnished deal, and that it fitted very close, so that not a ray of light could shine through anywhere. It so happened, however, that in one part of the board (which, I should tell you, was not very thick) there was a knot, and, immediately round it, the wood was of such a resinous nature as to be translucent, and, in addition to the resin, the varnish gave the transparency a bright red colour.

"As the poor wretch had described, this *did* grow more and more vivid, of course, as the daylight outside grew stronger."

"Humph!" said the Major, "how very strange! I've never seen anything of the sort, but I can easily imagine it."

"I can assure you, sir," said the Surgeon, "it had a very peculiar appearance. The colour was very bright; hardly blood-colour, but still it had a weird sort of supernatural light about it, that made it look ghastly and fearful, and the hard, solid knot in the middle had a great resemblance to a round bullet-hole. Under the circumstances, I can quite understand the guilty man's terror."

"What did you do?" enquired the Lieutenant.

"In half the time I have taken in telling you this, I had thrown open the shutter and let in the light. The Swiss had fainted again. I recovered him, and explained the cause of the appearance to him, but he would not believe it; I closed the shutter, but he would not look; he declared it was very well to explain and account for it so, but he *knew* it was a supernatural and heaven-sent curse to haunt him, and I tried in vain to persuade him otherwise."

"I'm not quite sure that he wasn't right, too;" said the Major.

"Well, there is not much more to tell," said the Surgeon, with an assenting nod to the last speaker. "When I returned in the evening, I found he had been so violent and dangerous, that he had been removed to the hospital, to be under safe keeping. I was not anxious to see him again, and tried to banish the memory of what he had told me from my mind.

"I did not remove from my hut into the Swiss Cottage, which fell into the hands of some officers in the 60th Rifles, who made a very tidy place of it.

"About eight or ten days after my patient's removal to the Hospital, I was passing near the advanced posts to see a young fellow who had gone out, against my advice, to picket duty, and had been taken ill.

"Under a tree, a little way beyond the lines, I saw a group of men gathered round some one on the ground. Thinking it might be a case requiring professional aid, I went up to them. One of the Rifles came towards me, 'It's no use, sir, he's dead sure enough,' said he, saluting.

"'What is the matter?' I enquired.

"'Well, you see, sir,' he answered, 'as I was down here on the look-out for some practice at the Russians, I saw something dodging about up in that tree. Well! I hollar'd out to him, and told him to come down, or I'd shoot him. With that, he sings out in some language I couldn't understand, so, thinking he was a Russian spy, I let fly at him, and down he came! However, it turns out he ain't a Russian at all, but a poor, crazy German, who had escaped out of the hospital last night. I'm very sorry, but it can't be help'd, sir, you see!'

"By this time I had reached the group, which divided as I drew near, and there I saw my late patient lying on his back, dead! He had on an old ragged flannel shirt, and a pair of white duck trowsers.

“The ball had entered the lower part of his body, and from its direction, must have passed in a straight line to his heart!”

“By Jove, that was strange!” said the Major:—“but I say, Doctor, I did not like to interrupt you before, but how was it that that other fellow, when he was shot in the heart, had life enough to get up and walk towards the murderer?”

“Why,” said the Surgeon, “you see, if the bullet passing through the viscera, in an oblique direction, and piercing the diaphragm, were to lodge in the fatty membrane of the pericardium, avoiding all vital organs on its way—perhaps touching slightly the edge of the liver, but missing the——”

On hearing this however, we all took our candles and made a simultaneous move bedwards, leaving the Doctor to finish his lecture to himself.



AN ENCUMBERED ESTATE—A LIEN ON THE PROPERTY.

THE PRAYER OF THE WORKERS.

HE rested on the Seventh Day,
 He saw His work was good ;
And from that hour the world began,
A home divinely made for Man,
 Completed, land and flood.

Oh ! beauteous on the Seventh Day,
 Rejoicing in their birth ;
The seas, the streams, the mountains high,
The birds, the flowers, the trees, the sky,—
 The happy primal Earth !

The Angels on the Seventh Day
 The world completed saw,
And downward from their thrones to gaze,
They bent in solemn love and praise,
 And viewed His work with awe !

Not silent on the Seventh Day
 Was either Heaven or Earth,
For, mingled with the Angels' lays,
Sweet Nature's music spoke of praise,
 Of gratitude and mirth.

Yet bigots on His Holy Day
Shut out our glimpse of Heaven :
“The law,” they cry, “is not reversed,
Although our Sabbath be the first,
And not the last of Seven.”

Oh ! will ye on His Holy Day,
Debar our cherish’d right
In Nature’s beauties to rejoice,
To see her works, and hear the voice
Of music with delight ?

And will ye on His Holy Day,
Our longing souls confine ?
Will ye forbid our eyes to scan
The God-permitted works of Man--
Art’s triumphs half divine ?

Hard toil is ours for six long days,
In noisome dens and holes !
One day with Nature leave us yet,
With His great works—lest we forget
That we have human souls !

THE GRAVE IN THE WEST.

WESTERN Wind, balmy and sweet !

Stole you the breath of the blossoming limes
Under whose boughs we were wont to meet ;
Wont to meet in the olden times ?

Far away, adown in the West,

Blossom the limes that I love so well,
Under whose boughs my life was blest
With a love far dearer than words may tell.

Western Wind, though so far away,

I trace in your sighing their odorous breath.
Surely you stole it, and brought it to say,
“Think of the boughs you have wander’d beneath.”

The limes in that avenue, leafy and sweet,

Blossomed and faded one happy year,
While under their shadow our two hearts beat
With love unclouded by doubt or fear.

The limes in that avenue, shady and old,

Have blossomed and faded many a year,
Since one true heart grew for ever a-cold,
And the other for ever withered and sere !

Western Wind, let the lindens rest !

Waft me no breath from the lime-tree bowers,
But the perfume of roses that grow in the West,
On a lowly grave that is covered with flowers.

THE PRODIGAL.

Out along the highway dreary,
Dark and weary,
Through the rainpools in the road,
Ever onward still he strode.

And the sign-boards in the rain
Groaned and shrieked as one in pain,
Moaning o'er remembered sin.

And the roaring fires within
Through the windows gazed outside,
Tried to gaze—but vainly tried ;
For their gleaming could not light
Aught within that outer night ;
For their glaring could not pierce
Through the rainfall thick and fierce.

And the sign-boards shrieked and swang,
And “Come in, come in,” they sang !

But along the highway dreary,
Dark and weary,
Through the rainfloods in the road,
Ever onward still he strode !

And the poplars dark and tall
On the gusts uprise and fall,
Swaying, beckoning to the rack
Of the storm-clouds, leaden-black ;
While the wind comes down in flaws,
Wrestles with the roofs of thatch,
Striving wantonly to snatch
Wisps of reed and loosened straws.

And the rain in one dense stream
Hisses on the ground like steam :
While the thunder's distant growling
Mingles with the tempest's howling :
And the storm in dreadful gloom
Laps the world as in a tomb :
Saving where the lightning gashes
Through the night with livid flashes ;
Saving where the windows gleam
Through the rain's descending stream,
Where the fires with flickering blaze
Tempt the wanderer's aching gaze.

But along the highway dreary,
Dark and weary,

Through the rainfloods in the road,
Ever onward still he strode !

Now he reaches home at last,
Up the path he hurries fast—
Up the well-known path, and straightway
Clamours loudly at the gateway ;
Then, worn out with journey weary
On the highroad dark and dreary,
Travel-stained, and weak, and sore,
Falls down lifeless at the door !

But meanwhile the sudden din
Rouses those who sit within.
Then they fling the portal wide,
And the cheery light inside
Comes out boldly to the door,
Comes straight out, three yards or more,
Falls upon him where he lies,
Folds him round. With joyous cries
Spring the household forth to greet him,
All their hearts go out to meet him.
So they raise him from the ground,
This heart-cheering welcome giving—
“ He was dead—and he is living,
He was lost—and he is found ! ”

ELEGIACS.

FAREWELL, Grey Tower, whose shadow falls
On those green mounds that lie below !
My dearest Friend is sleeping now
Within your quiet churchyard walls.

A few short weeks, and he is gone !
The gentle Heart, the generous Friend ;
Our fond communion at an end,
And all our kindly converse done !

A vacant place that none can fill,
And lips a-cold that never spake
Except for love and kindness sake,
And a warm heart for ever still !

* * * *

A cloud hangs over all I see,
Sad thoughts with all my musings blend ;
The memories of my dear dead Friend
Lie cold between the world and me.

Yet He will give, Who takes away,
And when, in brighter, happier skies,
He wipes the tear-drops from all eyes,
My Friend and I shall meet that day.

And so I hold that with our pain,
A gleam of Heaven is still inwrought.—
God's greatest mercy is the thought,
“ We do but part to meet again !”

* * * *

“ Be still !” they say, “ Is this the time,
When tears bedew his silent hearse,
To strive to speak your thoughts in verse,
And set your sorrows to a rhyme ?”

I give the little that I have !—
Not mine to raise the storied stone :
These few poor verses of my own
I lay beside his quiet grave.

1860.

THE WIND'S ERRAND,

INTO thy bosom, wandering wind,
I trust a tender kiss,
And the sweetest word
That e'er was heard,—
And all I ask is this :

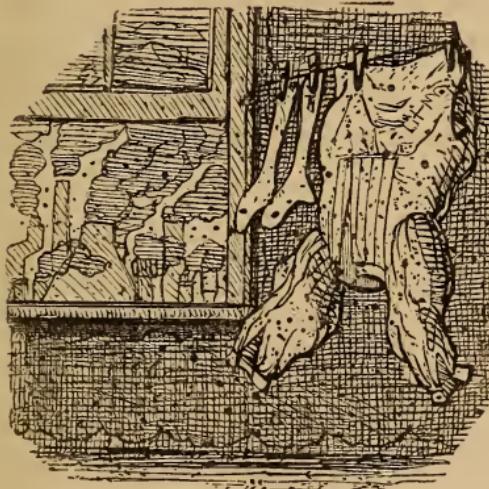
That thou wilt leave this land behind,
And bear the charge aright,
Within thy breast
To the glowing East,
Oh whispering wind of night !

O'er land and water, wandering wind,
Fly swiftly on thy way,
O'er moorland vast,
O'er bending mast,
O'er heath and salt-sea spray.

And eastward be thy course inclined,
To where may be espied
A busy town
By the waters brown
Of a rapid rushing tide.

There fold thy wings, thou wandering wind,
And my Beloved seek,
Then in her ear
Breathe "Lily dear!"
And kiss her on the cheek!

Kiss her for me, thou wandering wind,
And breathe that word for me,
And to be near
My Lily dear
Will pay thee twice thy fee!



FREE IMMIGRATION OF BLACKS.

A VOLUNTEER'D REVIEW IN 1858.

University Costumes. (J. Vincent, Oxford.)

An Immense Sacrifice. (Hoop & Squeletti, Regent Street.)

The Sydenham Trowsers. (Samuel, Shoreditch.)

And other Modern Works.

WE all know that Fletcher of Saltoun offered to let any one make a nation's laws, if he might make its songs ; but in these days an enterprising and laconic outfitter might, with some semblance of reason, give a man leave to be bard and legislator both, provided he (the enterprising and laconic outfitter) might make the nation's clothes !

Punch has been at war with Noah's-ark coats and pyramidal petticoats this long time, but who ever thought that the works of tailor and milliner would arrive at the dignity of a notice in "The Reviews?" Or who, in his wildest dreams, imagined that national calamities would be attributed to fashions, and a monetary crisis to horse-hair and hoops ?

Yet it is so ; nor does the matter rest there. Not only does the poet sing of "Ladies fair, with nothing to wear"—not only does the caricaturist sharpen his

pencil against the steel-scaffoldings of beauty, and the satirist and philosopher see in Chiswick fêtes mere Egyptian banquets got up “on an unprecedented scale,” with skeletons innumerable—not only does the judge (See Insolvency Court Records) refuse “protection” to the fair sex, when their milliners’ bills have four figures in the pounds’ column—and the physician point out the bodily ills arising from heavy metallic garments and high-heeled boots—(the preacher we pass over, because, since the days of the Queen of Sheba, he has always been crying out about vanity)—and, finally, not only does the political economist charge the late American distress upon the American dress, *but*—Alma Mater fulminates in her Convocation House upon the same subject !

This hubbub of voices declaiming against *Le Follet* of Fashion, awakes an echo actually in the shady groves of learning ! The classic cloistered shores of Isis resound to the war-cries of Costume !

And wherefore ? Because the youngsters, sitting at the feet of the vice-chancellor, do not wear their academicals sufficiently often to please the picturesque eye of the proctors !

“An eager novice in his fluttering gown” is no greater a variety, to be sure, than it was in Words-worth’s day ; but, alas ! when once the novitiate is over, the youth doffs his gown together with his eager freshness, and lounges listlessly through the old city in the unlawful liberty of “Beaver.”

A cry of “Gown !” is raised in Academe ; and the

Dons gulp down their last glass of port—rare old common-room port—and sally out to the fray as eagerly as they did on the 5th of November in their early college days ; for, my young friends, Crasher of Christchurch, Miller of Merton, and Pewgil of Pembroke, who have, for freaks of last Fifth, suffered fines, “gates” and other unpleasantness at the hands of your tutors—be you sure that *they* were boys too once, and enjoyed the fighting with as much zest as you do, and bore their punishment with no better grace !

It may be the lingering sparks of this old fire that now brings them all down to Convocation House at the first cry of “Gown !” These dear aged war-horses, turned out into paddocks of Fellowship and fine old port, prick up their ears at the sound of the clarion, and stamp and fret and rush into wordy warfare with unabated courage and energy !

As far as is revealed to eyes profane, the question of dress at Oxford arose from the cause we have stated—the proctor’s complaint of the “disregard of academical costume displayed by the junior members of the university.” Convocated wisdom discussed the point, and some learned fellow (we speak respectfully, meaning “*Socius quidam*”) suggested that the dislike of the gown arose from its ugliness.

Now, sooth to speak, we think nothing could be devised more uselessly ugly than the commoner’s gown. For the benefit of those who have never seen it, we subjoin a receipt for its preparation :—

“Take of black stuff an oblong, at the upper extremity of which cut two round armholes, sufficiently close together to prevent the material from falling in too many frivolous and unnecessary folds between the wearer's shoulders. Slope the portion above the armholes into a collar, about six inches deep, which turn down. Next to those two points in the two arm-hole-circumferences, which are nearest to each other, attach (not too securely, for it is a part of their ornamental character to come off) two strips of the same material as the gown, about three inches wide, and adorned at the top with a little simple puffing. These trimmings are called streamers, and should be of indifferent length—or, to speak precisely, of different lengths. Give the whole a *rag-out* along the bottom, and serve up on a trencher-cap.”

Fond mothers of hopeful sons, when they sit dreaming beside the domestic hearth, imagine their offspring clothed in rustling robes with voluminous folds; but, ah, ladies! how would you be grieved if you beheld your children in the hideous apparel they really wear!

Besides the naturally unbecoming cut of the commoner's gown, undergraduate fashion compels her votaries to add to its unsightliness by subtracting from its length—in a word, it is worn as short as possible, and ragged in proportion.

We remember one aggravated instance of a cuffed gown, which made its tall wearer bear so striking a resemblance to a Cochin-China fowl, that

it drew an observation to that effect from a bystander ; who found however to his cost that, if the resemblance was striking—so was the undergraduate !

In our belief it is not the costume, unsightly as it is, that induces the young men to rebel against the powers that be ; for they, of their own free will, apparel themselves in garments that are the reverse of beautiful or becoming—to wit, white round-crowned felt hats, that seem “ moulded on a porringer ;” and coats and trowsers of designs that must have emanated from a Fuseli tailor after a supper of raw meat.

While we are on the subject of the undergraduate's *unacademic* costume, we may observe that some of the college authorities interfere with the dress of the young men somewhat unnecessarily, and to a greater extent than we can think warranted even by the absurd regulations of a worn-out and generally disregarded statute-book. One friend of ours, who indulged in a slightly hirsute-coat for morning chapels and lectures, was severely handled by his tutor, who, worthy man, acted very injudiciously—for what was the result ? Why, as Blenkinsop of the “Unequal Match” would say, “The young man only gave himself more hairs, and become a great bear than hever!”

In our opinion the tutors would be better employed in attending to the minds and peculiar talents and inclinations of their pupils, than in criticising the cut of their coats. In a word, let them make men and scholars of the boys ; and let the boys make figures of themselves, if they choose !

This by way of interlude. Now to the consideration of the original question, “Why will not the undergraduates wear their gowns?” Not, we believe, on account of its want of grace, do they reject that *toga prætexta*—“that apology for a gown,” which the statute ordains to be worn until the youth arrives at the “*toga virilis*”—the “flowing honours” of a bachelor’s long sleeves; not on account of its want of grace do they dislike it, but for a reason, common enough in this world—not very undiscoverable, O House of Convocation! They dislike it, and will not wear it, simply and precisely because they *ought* to wear it!

The Irishman who told his pig that he intended to drive it to Cork, when he really wished to drive it to Kinsale, was a philosopher, with a profound knowledge of human, as well as hoggish nature; and his example should be emulated by those erudite Melibcei and Mopsi, who drive their flocks and herds along the banks of Isis, chanting to their unwilling charge, “*Ite capellæ!*” (Which, we observe for the benefit of aspirants for Little-go, means “Kids, proceed!” and not “Go to chapel,” although that is a frequent cry of the sage shepherds.)

If Convocation would only attach some penalty to the wearing, and not the non-wearing of the gowns, they would find the undergraduates sally out in them *en masse*. No “Young Oxonian” in our day, would have any desire to play at marbles in the streets, if it were not that the statute book deprecates such an

amusement, and so renders the temptation almost insurmountable ; and we are assured that the same spirit which prompts the infringement of the one law, would lead to the disregard of the other, proposed by us—“ *de vestitu academico non induendo.* ”

We would wish here to be understood to speak only of the commoner’s gown—the scholar’s is far from unsightly, preferable perhaps to the bachelor’s—while the master’s may be made of silk, and otherwise rendered less of an eyesore.

Against the trencher cap, we have not a word to say—nay, we would pay a passing tribute to its comfort and elegance, and deplore its perishableness !

“ All that’s bright must fade,
The brighter still the fleeter—”

And nothing was ever made, that sooner comes to utter wreck than a college cap. Its corners speedily wear away, and reveal the board within (for we abjure “ flexibles,” and other modern innovations), and the board itself warps, cracks, and falls out—and when the cap becomes a mere bag, it is needless to say it ceases to be elegant.

We remember a Christchurch man, who, of an evening, was invariably met in the High by the proctor, and, as invariably, without his academicals. The dignitary at first gently remonstrated (proctors are, to a proverb, easy with Christchurch men on this point), but at length felt compelled to insist on a conformation with the statute. The next evening,

accordingly, our undergrad presented himself to the astonished eyes of the proctor in such a cap as we have described,—its board gone, and its corners hanging inanely down round his head,—and in a gown which consisted of about a quarter of a yard of stuff between his shoulders, and the moiety of a streamer.

“ Now, really, sir,” exclaimed the proctor, “ do you call those things your academicals ? ”

“ Oh, yes, sir, they are *mine*, ” was the reply of the undergraduate, as he daintily removed his cap with his finger and thumb, and held it dangling by an extreme corner, “ they are mine, sir ; and,” he added, in a solemn and confidential whisper, “ I hope—with care—to make them last out the term ! ”

If, then, men from choice will wear such things as our friend, it is not the want of beauty in the regulation attire that renders it unpopular ; and we firmly believe we have arrived at the true cause of its neglect. But, as Convocation elders are not likely to take our advice as to the method of bringing about its re-adoption, we sincerely hope they will not alter the fashion. A fresh term is commencing, and we hear a “ horrid whisper ” that the question is to be mooted again—the first contest having terminated in favour of the old institution.

The gown, after all, is not like the military stock, or the exploded shell jacket, a cause of pain or inconvenience to the wearer (we doubt the applicability of that title to the undergraduate), and, since the proposed alteration has only a doubtful picturesque

end in view, we can hardly be prepared to advocate it.

If we are to add “picturesque reform” to the list of forward movements, where will it stop? We shall have some serious artistic mind framing a law, “that every individual in the Houses of Parliament, at public dinners, and other large assemblies, shall be (under the superintendence of Mr. Owen Jones) carefully covered with a thin coat of paint; the colour (which shall be varied in each case) to be chosen with a view to the most pleasing effects in combination!”

But we need not tremble for the gown. “There are,” says Terence (and everybody else, for it’s a hack quotation), “as many minds as men;” and some minds are ponderous. Add to this the scientific fact that a coal-scuttle full of lead weighs more than a houseful of feathers, and our meaning will be plain.

The Convocation is made up of many ingredients. First you see, “*summa nantes in aqua colludere plumas*”—the feathers a-top—representing “Young Oxford” *les jeunes gens*—blown about by every wind, and for ever “on the floor of the House,” inflating bubbles of as mere soapsuds as the South Sea one itself.

From this class we descend through all the degrees of advanced, moderate, stationary, and retrograde men, until, “last scene of all in this eventful history,” we arrive at the lead. Here we find the fixed pillars of the Convocation Houses, and we

should like to see the Samson who is likely to shake them !

These fossil philosophers, deaf alike to argument and reason—the petrified blossoms of an old system, throw their inert ponderosity into the chosen balance, and up goes the other scale, with its share of feathers, and more solid ingredients.

We have mentioned the pig that was “driven” by Paddy, and have just touched on the pig that is “lead ;” but there is an obstinacy that no power or persuasion can lead or drive ; and this has opportunely aided, and will again, we trust, aid in protecting the gown !

Therefore, we pronounce the gown safe—because the unanimous opinion of the fossil faction, whenever Convocation is called upon to “reform its tailor’s bills,” will always resemble the unyielding sentiments of a lady of our acquaintance, as displayed in the following anecdote :—

The committee of a turnpike trust was desirous of turning a certain highway into a straighter course ; and to do this, it was necessary to take in a portion of the lady’s land which adjoined the road. Accordingly, an epistle was penned to her, offering, if the committee might be allowed the requisite piece of ground, to replace it by a larger portion on the other side of the projected highway ; the letter concluded by pointing out how advantageous to both parties such an improvement would be.

At the next meeting the lady’s reply was read

to the committee by the clerk, and with what feelings received, our readers may imagine—it ran as follows :—

“ Mrs. ——— presents her compliments to the gentlemen of the Turnpike Trust, and begs to inform them that she objects to all improvements !”*

* This paper was written in 1858, when the Oxford Authorities, as described, meditated a change in academical attire. The result of the movement was what I anticipated.



THE ATTIC DIALECT.

FAREWELL TO THE SWALLOWS.



WALLS, sitting on the
eaves,

See ye not the gather'd sheaves
See ye not the falling leaves ?
Farewell !

Is it not time to go

To that fair land ye know ?
The breezes as they swell,
Of coming winter tell,
And from the trees shake down
The brown
And withered leaves. Farewell !

Swallows, it is time to fly ;
See ye not the alter'd sky ?
Know ye not that winter's nigh ?
Farewell !

Go ; fly in noisy bands
To those far-distant lands
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,
And gem (of which they tell

In books of travel strange);
There range
In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows, on your pinions glide
O'er the restless rolling tide
Of the ocean deep and wide;
Farewell!

In groves far, far away,
In summer's sunny ray,
In warmer regions dwell;
And then return to tell
Strange tales of foreign lands,
In bands
Perch'd on the eaves. Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray
That I, like you, might fly away,
And to each coming evil say—
Farewell!

Yet 'tis my fate to live
Here, and with cares to strive.
And I some day may tell
How they before me fell
Conquered. Then calmly die,
And cry
“Trials and toil—Farewell!”

BY THE RIVER-SIDE.

WHERE the polluted river rolls sluggishly along,
 Its waters dark, by ship and barque, in dense and
 endless throng,
 Where swing the cranes, where ring the chains, where
 shriek the busy blocks,
 Where human labour seethes and boils about the
 busy docks,—
 How live they there? On brutal fare, than brutes
 yet faring worse;
 Worse housed—and fed on bitter bread, earned 'neath
 the bitter curse,
 Who, in the narrow lanes and courts, toil on from
 morn till even,
 With scarce a glimpse of the bright blue sky,—and
 never a glimpse of Heaven!

Oh, day and night the fearful sight! to see in that
 noisome place
 The sin that flaunts in its tawdry rags, with its
 wretched leering face;
 The scorn of life, and the brandish'd knife, and the
 savage foul-tongued fray;
 The crime, the theft,—and the child bereft of its
 childish mirth and play,

Sent to pick from the streets the garbage it eats, and
the garbage that it learns,—
The filthy jest, and the words unblest, that serve
unlawful turns :
The brutal curse, and the foulness worse, unholy and
awful both ;
If it learn God's name, oh, horror and shame ! it is
only as part of an oath !



A PAIR OF PINCHERS.

A KING WITHOUT A CROWN.

HE carved his country's fortune with his sword,
 He smote the tyrant, and the prisoner freed,
 Gave back the kingdom to its proper lord,
 And asked no guerdon for the generous deed !
 The people loved him—would have placed the crown
 Upon *his* head, had he, like Cæsar, pushed
 The gewgaw from him, with a feeble frown
 Faint on a brow that wild ambition flushed !
 He laid his glory by like idle weeds
 Worn on high days. His sword, from point to hilt,
 Hid by the garlands of victorious deeds,
 He placed on Freedom's altar newly built.

But History writes upon the scroll of Fame
 Among her greatest kings our Garibaldi's name.



A LETTER FROM PRUSSIA.

My dearest Miss Sacharissa,
 Since
 At my not describing the “ dear little Prince,”
 Some slight displeasure you seem to evince

By calling my conduct shabby,
This excuse for my silence I beg to assign—
That His Highness, though born to be King on the
Rhine,
Appeared to these bachelor glances of mine
Just like any other “babby.”

He kicks, and he crows, and he wears long clothes ;
Has two eyes, and two cheeks, and a mouth and a
nose,
But as yet very little expression,
For he does not “take notice ;” (familiar words !
Belonging in common to nurses—and boards
Against trespass and other transgression.)

Then as to his teeth, to give of his sense
And proper feeling a proof immense,—
A proof that there’s no rebutting !
The teeth called “wise,” (and I would that Man
Pursued with his friends the self-same plan),
Are the last he thinks of cutting !

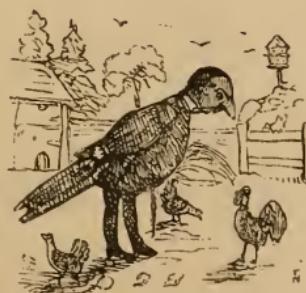
And then on his little regal crown
There begins to appear a clothing of down,—
Just enough in fact to warrant
The eloquent exclamation that burst
From the English lady, by whom he is nurst,
And who cried aloud on beholding him first—
“ He’s a little *heir apparent !* ”

On the skin of his deltoid are seen some scars,
 Which, (tho' he's in arms,) were not got in the wars,
 Or impressed for identification :
 But regular vaccination wounds—
 The marks, like the Druids' barrows and mounds,
 Of a by-gone *Jenneration*.

At present there flaunts a cap of lace
 On the brow, that the future's hand may grace
 With a golden crown or a laurel.
 While the hand, that may some day grasp the helm
 Of state, and the sceptre of all the realm,
 Is now content with a coral.

Now I hope you will not find fault with this sketch,
 (The very best I can manage to etch)
 Of His Highness, that " dear little baby :"
 And having obeyed your behest and decree,
 I am proud, my dear Sacharissa, to be
 Your friend,

Thomas Bachelor Gaibee.



A BUTCHER BIRD.

AMY MORTON.

A SERENADE.

LADY, hearken !
Do not darken
Yet your casement-lattice bright :
While you listen,
Let it glisten
With that single taper's light !

On the curtain
Its uncertain
Flickering gleams your shadow throw ;
And your face's
Shadow'd graces
Fairer are than aught I know !

Amy Morton !
Let me shorten
Night's long hours with loving lay
List your poet !
Ere you know it
He will usher in the day !

I will tell you
None excel you—

Nay ! you fairer are than all !
Amy dearest !
Sweet, thou hearest
Truth in this fond madrigal !

Must I languish
In this anguish
All the weary summer through ?
Dearest Amy,
Either slay me,
Or else—bid me live for you !



ACE, DEUCE, AND TRAY.

A LAY SERMON.



E was sitting on the extreme edge of the chair, just as I have drawn him, when I first came to recognise him as the text of the lay sermon I had excogitated.

I had come to the shop for some note-paper, or pens, or the last number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. For the shop called itself a stationer's. I confess myself utterly unable to assign a reason why the term "stationery" should apply to an emporium so discursive as to sell embroidery and Berlin wool, in addition to literary matters, and even to touch upon Horniman's tea, and Holloway's medicaments.

The shop door has a very demonstrative bell attached to it; and on the day in question, it seemed more than usually overbearing and noisy. But it never rang, though it might have given a little genteel

shudder, at the shrinking entrance of the poor *Union Boy*.

When he came to the door he opened it very gently and slowly with his right hand, having a wicker market-basket suspended on his left arm. When the door was opened he gave, in proper humility, the precedence to his employer's errands, and let the basket bring him in.

It so happened when he came in there were several customers in the shop, and even my claims—the claims of a literary man—were compelled to rest in abeyance in a shop where Bulwer's novels and the refinements of Mrs. Trollope were dropping to pieces on the shelves, waiting for customers. Oh, if I, *Auctor Ego*, was obliged to be patient in such illustrious company, and waive my pressing scriptorial demands in favour of Mrs. Jones, who required three ounces of four-shilling Horniman, or Mrs. Smith, who desired a little petticoat-edging, what wonder that poor *Nullius Filius* should have to bow to Necessity—Bow to Necessity! Poor wretch, it was impossible for him to do it! His head was so much too heavy for his pitiable, long, thin neck, or Necessity had given him such a permanent air of submission to it, that he could not have bowed except by thrusting his head into the pit of his stomach. When he wanted to salute (and he did so on entering the shop) he took a pull at his stubby, dry, hay-like hair, cropped close, and brushed down just over his eyebrows.

After performing this salute he took off his grey

Scotch cap ; and, placing that article on the seat of the chair, as if he felt that (not being a part of himself, and belonging, so to speak, to the Union) it deserved the post of honour, he placed himself, as I have said, on the edge.

This grey Scotch cap I have mentioned was not, please to understand, the flat rakish Glengarry with its streaming ribbons, such as young swells indulge beneath, but that shapeless bowl of pale grey, with a gap behind, and a feeble pattern round the edge, such as one never sees except in Unions and Lunatic Asylums.

I think I once saw a London street-boy in one, but I concluded at once that it was only for its harrowing associations that that juvenile metropolitan fiend selected it as a matter of choice.

This cap is a thing that leaves its mark upon the poor creatures that wear it ; just as fetters leave marks. They pull it down over their heads as far as it will go ; either because they suffer from habitual moral coldness, or to cover their intellectual nakedness and disease. The cap always drawn down to the ears give to those organs an unearthly prominence, that reminds you of the ears of those lower animals, which contract a perpetual timidity from persecution.

This, added to a restless watchfulness, and some other peculiarities, gave me a painful feeling, as if I knew him to have been severed, almost at his birth, from the humanity for which God intended him, and exiled among the brutes.

One other peculiarity was a habit I have observed in the animals in the Regent's Park Gardens. It was somewhat akin to the ceaseless prowling to and fro to be noted in the beasts under the terrace ; but it was exactly the same as the ungainly motion of the white bear in the den beside the terrace. It was that uncouth, monotonous, and mechanical swaying from one limb to the other, painful enough to see in a caged dumb beast, but sad beyond words to observe in an articulate being, for whom philosophers argue, "cogito, ergo sum—I think, therefore I exist."

The poor boy was sitting, as I said, on the edge of the chair, and his basket was on the floor by his side. I could see, through the interstices of the wicker work, smooth little blue paper cones, suggestive of moist sugar, and noduled packets, hinting at raisins. The dim glory of perhaps half-a-dozen St. Michael's oranges overflowed the whole. I wondered whether he knew what these meant at first, he seemed such an outcast from his fellows. Then I felt he must know, and I pitied the wretched little thing, laden with simple childish luxuries, that he might not taste.

He was dressed in an ill-fitting suit of corduroy, of that indescribable shade between white and clay-colour. It was inferior material, and dirty, and frayed. His wretched shirt-collar was crumpled and creased up, as if at some remote period he had had the audacity to stand upright like a human being. His raw, red and purple hands were pushed out far beyond the shelter of his sleeves, like anatomical

Ishmaels. As for his feet, they were thrust into thick-soled, hard-leathered shoes, that were corrugated, not to suit his convenience, but the tendencies of the material, and bore written clearly on their dead-black, wrinkled faces, the decree—"To be supplied by contract, so many dozen children's shoes. Tenders to be sent in at the Union by the — instant."

It was a bleak day with the sun shining as cold as comfort. The children were very jolly in the streets ; they had some of them cloaks or great-coats, most of them woollen comforters, and all good healthy red noses, touched, in some instances, with a faint ultramarine.

This poor boy had not enough red in him to do more than to diffuse a pale inflammatory pink about the region of his mouth ; especially on his feeble upper lip. He sat on the chair-edge, his neck protruded anxiously, and his head on one side, watching the children at play. The *pose* reminded me of a cage-bird watching the gambols of a flight of swallows, at noisy liberty outside the window. There seemed to be a stir—very slight and perhaps not so recognised by him—a stir of sympathy with their nature ; an interest in their pursuits. But there was as well, and painful to see, a sort of wonder mingled with this sensation, and moreover a kind of terror, trembling and shrinking, as if he dreaded to pass through the turbulent youngsters. Good Heaven ! I thought, what despicable bullies and tyrants we are as healthy children !

This bird-like peering about was not only to be observed in the watch he kept on the gambols outside. His quick restless eyes wandered from one thing to another, and took rapid notice of everything going on within—but notice that sank no lower than the crystalline lens,—that cast no image upon the brain.

The strongest peculiarity was, that the poor creature never turned its face full upon anything it looked at. It peered at it from the corner of its eye, and from under its brows, never lifting its head, except very briefly, at nervous and long intervals. Indeed, the only countenance could be said to present it to the grown-up world was, the nape of its neck.

“Pronaque dum spectent animalia cætera terram
Os homini sublime dedit !”

If this be the definition of humanity, is this human? Did Heaven ever bid this thing,—“Look the sky straight in the face, and stand erect beneath the stars?”

Then the words of a later poet than Ovid came into my mind, and I asked—

“Had he a father,
Had he a mother,
Had he a sister,
Had he a brother ?”

Alas! I knew the poor children in Unions are too often—and certainly, in the one to which this belonged, generally—the offspring of folly, or of sin; not the sin, do you think, only of the parents? is it

not also the sin of us, who do not teach these, and raise, and aid them? But wheresoever the sin lies, these poor things are the waifs and strays, flotsom, jetsom, and lagend of the polluted sea, that men call the World, and shrug their shoulders at, with the easy philosophy of "what must be, must!"

There, meanwhile, sat the poor boy, swaying to and fro after the manner of brutes, as I have described, and shaking with frequent shivering fits, that did not seem to be so much the *effect*, as the *habit* of being cold.

I turned from the wretched spectacle, and took from the shelves of the National Society's Library, (that Institution has a niche in the shop as well as Holloway,) a prayer-book, into which I looked to divert my thoughts. I opened on "And visit the sins of the fathers upon the children." I closed the book. Is it a hard saying? Do people often have such an illustration as this to the text?

I put the volume back, and turned round again. The evening was closing in quickly, but the children were still at play outside. For lack of light to see what was doing within, the child was watching them. It seemed as if the spirit they threw into the game, riveted his attention. He looked on intently, following with his eyes, and with little bird-like jerks of his attenuated neck, all their manœuvres as they coursed up and down. How different such play was from what he joined in, I knew well. Had I not seen the Union children going through a mockery of play

on their own green, running and romping, but with the life only of mechanical wax figures of children, in a ghastly mockery of childhood? I had seen this, and had turned away from the rails,—from the imploring, longing, animal eyes of the little wittlings that crowded up against them with vacant faces, beseeching alms with uncouth noises.

The boy had now taken some halfpence from his pocket, and was counting them over, automatically, to settle for his purchase, which he might now shortly make, since Mrs. Jones was gone with her herb, and Mrs. Smith had, the gas being lit, nearly settled on her edging. This act perhaps was the most melancholy thing to note. To see his utter want of true acquaintance with halfpence, those most infantile of all coins! A child's financial ideas seldom range higher than halfpence can represent. I know some little friends of Frank Whitestock's, who could read Raritongo and Wankyfungo without a stutter, but who could not easily manage the distribution of a sixpence. "Hap'ny—aha—orange, and hap'ny—aha—apple, and hap'ny—aha—treacle, and"—there an end!

Give a child a shilling, and mere acquisitiveness causes it to be grateful for a white, shining, pretty piece of money: but give it a few halfpence, and its face glows with genuine pleasure. Every copper—dear old familiar friend—represents a doll, a leaden soldier, a stick of toffy, or some other treasure of childhood.

This poor boy fingered childhood's own peculiar

coinage, as if they were sovereigns ; things, of which he had never been possessed, and which he never dreamed of possessing.

And now his purchases made, the parcel was added to the sugar, the raisins, and the St. Michael's oranges ; and the money deposited on the counter without any of that childish, reluctant, longing fingering of the dear unctuous medals, such as an urchin has a right to take a furtive pleasure in.

He picked up his flabby head-gear, and put his head into it. He was so kept down,—had such a general spirit (?) of “down-ness” in him, that it was more natural to lower his head into his cap, as he held it in his hand, than to raise his hand to his head with that covering.

I took a last survey of him. What age was he ? From his height and build, eight ; from his face, fifty. His face had not the experience (which is the wisdom) or the cunning of fifty ; but it had the suffering, the care, the resignation of fifty,—the aged look to be seen in the face of an old ill-used horse, or a worn-out dog, but not often, I trust, among human creatures.

He turned to leave the shop. His little cap, with the gap behind, yawned over his attenuated neck.

A strange wolfish thought rose in me, that, if I took that miserable isthmus between heart and brain in my hand, and squeezed it for a minute or so,—why then an end of the thing's troubles ! If all such Union starvelings had had that one neck, I should almost have been Nero enough to pinch it with a

compassionate finger and thumb, and send them out of the world—whither? No matter! at least to something better than bare walls and thin gruel, a miserable, stinting, soul-stunting vegetation.

The wolf-thought slank away, and in its stead, a mist, that it would not have taken much to condense into tears, rose before my eyes. If to see this one was sad, how sad to see the thousands of like outcast things in this great prosperous country of ours!

I saw the other day a notice of a Revival, whither sinners were invited to prove a lively repentance by convulsions and howls.

I saw the other day a great speech by Bermynghame Boisterous, Esq. M.P. about Political Reform, Manhood Suffrage, the Rights of Labour, and other things beginning with capital letters.

I think I saw, too, the other day, that the Rev. Frantic Plodd, M.A., was going to deliver a sermon in aid of the Society for “The Distribution of coals and blankets in Central Africa,” “The Diffusion of Kent’s Refrigerators among the Greenlanders,” or some other equally meritorious Mission.

I think I have seen these.

I am sure I have seen a want of a system of education, the result of sectarian desires to gild the pill of knowledge, each sect with its own tinsel; and a want of an active every-day religion of working propensities, and Christian catholicity.

Well, and what is the use of all this, you may ask? Is there no good in a man’s honestly telling what is

in his heart, and describing truthfully (as I have, on my conscience) what he has seen, and felt?

Mind you, I believe Education to be fiercely needed, I consider Missions to be necessary, and I admit Reform to be desirable. I am sure if there be such a thing as true Christianity extant, it wants a little awakening. But, Revived Christian, had you not better employ your muscles in visiting the teeming allies of poverty, instead of rolling on the cocoa-nut matting of your conventicle? But, Reformer and Educator (for it is no use being the former without being the latter, I submit), do come down off the Platform and out of the House, into the festering chaos of unreformed ignorance! But, Reverends, come down from the pulpit (and off the stage) a little oftener, and a little oftener take for your text such a text as I have taken for my lay sermon. If Charity, or Love, which means the same I take it, is the greatest of a certain Three you wot of, you cannot preach it too frequently, and you would never find a better text!

The boy was gone; but I still saw him in my mind's eye sitting, as I described before, on the extreme edge of the chair, just as I have drawn him; just as he sat when I first recognised him as the keynote of the sermon I excogitated.

I dare say you will not all be able to guess my lay sermon from these rough short-hand notes. The more's the pity! I left the shop, and closed the door

behind me, leaving the demonstrative bell as noisy as bigotry.

Ah, well!—

“There’s somewhat in this world amiss
Must be unriddled by and by!”



A LAY IMPROPRIATOR.

ÆNONE'S VIGIL.

Is my waiting all vain?
Comes he never again?
Must my tears, lonely tears, ever fall like the rain
In the long autumn days on the hills?

Is he gone to the waves
Of the river that laves
Death's strand, ever-mute, and unechoing caves,
Lost to life, with its joys or its ills?

Oh, I see that cold shore,
Evermore—evermore;
That island where souls that were mighty in war,
An immortal existence have found.

They loom misty and dim,
Through the vapours that swim,
Slowly up from the waters so silent and grim,
Which circle them nine times around.

Yet the melody swells
From the silvery bells
In the beautiful meadow of asphodels,
And it floats o'er the wide sluggish stream.

And I know he is there
In the meadow-lands fair;
I can see the soft light on his beautiful hair,
Like the sunlight that glows in a dream.

But my visions are vain,
I awake to my pain,
And the tears, bitter tears, slowly fall like the rain,
In the dark misty days on the hills.

Come and steal my sad breath
In long sighs, Gentle Death,
For the sword of my spirit has fretted its sheath,
Oh, thou mighty Remover of Ills!

DRINKING SONG.

FILL the glass !
The bottle pass,
And drain the wine down to the bottom.
Leave Life's affairs
And all their cares
To those who like 'em when they've got 'em !

For me :—I own
That when alone
I find cares come still thick and thicker.

But when I meet
With friends—'tis sweet
To have some cares to drown in liquor.

For Life, like wine,
In close confine
Gathers a dingy crust, unsightly,
But when it passes
To many glasses,
It bubbles up and sparkles brightly.

Alack-aday !
Bright things decay.
First fails the cask that quickest spirted.
Well—then we'll in
Upon the bin
To sleep—like wine-glasses inverted.



THE BEST SPIRIT-MEDIUMS.

CYPRESS AND LAUREL.

(The Dying Painter speaks.)



HELP me back to the couch: I am strangely weary and weak.
How my knees tremble and fail!—Have I stood at the easel long?

Look at the beads of sweat on my brow, and the flush on my cheek!

Put me a shade on the lamp, it is burning over-strong.
Ah, that dear, cool hand, sweet Wife! Like a costly balm

I feel its touch so white,—'tis in alabaster too;
Here on my feverish brow lay its little rosy palm.
Oh, I am weary to the death, nor know what I say or do.

This was the hand I took in mine one jubilant morn,
There in the old Cathedral I see through the moonlit pane;

Here is the tiny ring that it ever since has worn.

Stop—do not hurry me, sweet, let me pause and rest again.

Ah, that little hand! “I would lead it up to Fame!
The world should own that my wife and model was
passing fair!”

That was an idle dream! Now, penniless, sickly, and lame,

I must trust to its feeble help to guide me back to my chair.

Nay, do not smile! Yet stay—smile on! 'tis thus I would fain

Have painted my Virgin smiling down at the babe
on her knee,

With a joy in love that is sobered by dim fore-knowledge of pain

That waits her beloved one.—Dearest, do you think
it will ever be

That the picture all completed and hung in the
Minster there,

Will catch the eye of the Duke; will he pause, and
pursing his mouth,

Throw back his head for a while, and say with a learned air

“Come, there is merit in that; we have painters still
in the South?”

Trim up the lamp. Erewhile it was over-strong for
my eyes,

Now it seems very dim. You have turned it down
too low.

How has it grown so gloomy? Why, when did the
moon arise?—

Scarcely an hour ago, and it cannot be setting now.
Yet, though it grows so dark—is it not strange?—I
seem

Lying so still, to discover the secrets I vainly have
sought.

I am wringing their hearts out now. Or do I lie in
a dream,

And think that the victory's won—that the long,
long battle is fought.

Now, if I had my palette, I think I could mix the tint
I wished for Madonna's hair, and the purple glaze for
her veil;

Something the color you see in morning clouds, with
a hint

Of the underlying sunset,—glowing and rich, though
pale.

Yes, it grows on the gloom, the picture that many a
year,

Sleeping and waking, I've planned—the master-piece
of my life,

The Presentation of Christ in the Temple. It stands
so clear,

All the lines of the figures as sharp as if cut with a
knife;

And above all, the Mother, filled with that threefold
love

(Trebly a woman therefore), nursing her babe, the
Christ,

Loved as a child upon earth, as her Saviour come
from above,

While she leans in confidence pure, upon her betrothèd's wrist.

If I could see the easel that's standing back in the dark,

Then (comparing the picture there with the vision here),

I might find out the faults of my feeble painting—
and mark

Where I should give the touches would make it
grow bold and clear.

Hush—for I see a figure! How lean! Of nothing but
bone.

What is the wreath in its hand with a silver high-
light on the leaves?

See, it is passing before the picture!

Am I alone?

Wife, are you here? come closer, the flickering light
deceives,

Ah! How faint I have grown. My heart beats heavy
and slow.

Where is that solemn spectre? I feel it is here, close
by.

'Tis *that*, not you, dear wife, that is pressing the
wreath on my brow—

What is this odour from branches of laurel fresh-
gathered?—

I die!

MEMORY.

LOVE'S Priest is Memory. He sits beside
The god's warm altar and casts incense on
To feed the flame with recollections sweet.
Love's Priest is Memory. He sits between
Two lovers, folded in each other's arms,
With lips so closely meeting, every word
Is ended with a kiss. There Memory leans
Above them, and they look through vanished years
And whisper happy recollections.

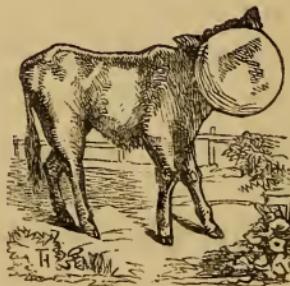
“ Sweet,
Do you remember that first walk we took ?
Others were with us. On your arm I leant,
And oft I strove to free my hand—ah, love,
'Twas but to feel the soft entreating clasp
Of that dear hand that made it prisoner.”

“ Ah, yes, I do remember. 'Twas that night
That some mischance (not I, of course, the cause)
Put out the tapers as you played the air
Which haunts me yet. Do you remember, love ?”

“ Ah, yes, and then it was you kissed my hand,
And I half feared, half hoped, I know not which,
That your presumption would attain my lips.”

“ Your lips !—oh shall I e'er forget the day
When first I pressed them to my own, and drank,
Rather than heard, those words—‘ I love—I love ’ ? ”
“ I too remember that dear time, mine own ! ”

Love, look with tenderness on these fond hearts,
Give them for ever Memory shared by each !
Never apart, alone, and desolate,
May either whisper sadly “ Woe is me ! ”
I do remember :—*then* I was beloved ! ”



UN-NATURAL HISTORY—A MOONCALF.

ON THE WATER IN SPRING.

THE tender buds like emeralds
Are bursting on the bough,
And gleam reflected on the wave
That ripples 'neath the prow.
The trees, the sky, the fleecy clouds,
Are mirror'd in the lake,
Until our silver-dropping oars
The placid image break.

Yet looking back along the track
Whereby our course has lain,
We see the pictured loveliness
Tremble to shape again.

So though the world at times disturbs
The current of my thought,
And your remembrance there obscures,
Kind Sister—it is nought !

As does the lake, once more at rest,
Reflect the sky above,
So seeks my heart in calmer hours
The old familiar love.

“THE MAKER AND MODEL OF HARMONIOUS
VERSE.”

A BIOGRAPHICAL LECTURE.*



IRST of all, allow me to introduce to you Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield, Bucks—gentleman, M.P. poet, courtier, wit, orator, exile, lover, sinner, penitent !

In a word, a brother of ours ; though rather an elder one to be sure, seeing he was born in the Year of Grace, one

thousand six hundred and five. I wish I could

* I am indebted for much of the information in this paper to an article in Household Words from the brilliant pen of Mr. Charles Kent.

describe this writer of the Seventeenth Century with the delicate touch and faithful execution of the chronicler of the writers of the Eighteenth Century. It is this accuracy of delineation that constitutes the true portrayer of the men of the past, and it is the want of it that turns the would-be essayist into a clumsy uninteresting caricaturist.

Nothing is easier than to draw a head with a decided Roman nose and a cocked hat, and proclaim it to be "The Duke;" (what a grandeur there is in that definite article at times)—the bigger the nose, and the more exaggerated the hat, the more silly people will be led away into unmeaning delight. If you go a step further and append the name they are ravished. Thinking men must deplore such grotesque folly.

When we were at school, don't you remember that we used to draw the master with a wig, a cane, a pimply nose, and a long-legged desk with a dunce's cap on it? That was a conventional essay on school-masters, and if our particular dominie did not resemble the picture, it was not the error of the artist, but the crime of the pedagogue. He ought to have had those attributes as a matter of duty.

We young scrawling reprobates at school were only juvenile copyists of a certain class, who, having conventional notions of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Swift, will prose by the hour about Johnson being a bear in a big wig with a big voice; Goldsmith a soft-hearted half-idiot, given to flute-playing, and

Swift a man possessed of a devil and a deanery in Ireland.

Is it hard to draw a bear in a bob-wig, a fool tooting on a pipe, and a demon in cassock and bands? Yet these are the generality of the word-pictures elaborated so often about them. Men will take their subject and stick it up before you as stiff and lifeless as a lay-figure.

Now a lay-figure is as un-human a thing as you can clap eyes on—an exaggerated doll, such as the Princess of Brobdignag nursed before Fortune sent her little Lemuel Gulliver for a plaything. Lay its sausage fingers on its bare poll, and turn its lack-lustre eyes on the chandelier-hook, and straddle its legs. That is Despair, for instance. But the true artist from this poor monster creates a fair humanity, clothes it with the attributes of man, and cunningly limns the features. Then we see and admire the picture.

Alas! there be some, who having adjusted their lay-figures accurately, photograph them with the utmost precision, and imagine they have achieved a success.

The men of the past have left us only lay-figures to depict them from,—have bequeathed to us a few pictures, a few traditions, a snuff-box, some rings, or a clouded cane, and their own writings. From these, it is the manner of some to take pallid ghastly photographs, and so their subjects become to us mere things of padding and springs; things of awkward attitude and unintelligible meaning.

It is reserved for the few to paint from these true humanities, and not gaunt unrealities, Frankenstein botches of dead men's bones.

See how Thackeray paints from these relics, (and at times Mr. Sala shows how he can wield the master brush), he describes us the old writers, not as men of a different race, a distinct class of beings from ourselves, but as men, our brothers, with the same hearts as ours, beating beneath long brocaded vests, the same brains as ours, busy beneath Ramillies wigs, and the same errands of grace, folly, error, love, mercy, wisdom, making feet like ours hurry by in high-heeled shoon, knees like ours hinge in velvet breeches, and shanks like ours flash by in silken stockings.

Were men's hopes and intentions, faults and favours, really different because they wore a pig-tail at the back, instead of a watch and seals at the waistband, think you ? Or did the Fops differ from the Swells of to-day, because they carried a court-sword in place of an attenuated umbrella, and a pouncet-box in lieu of a cigar-case ? Were children more or less obedient because they said "Sir," instead of "Governor?" Because men wore wigs, patches, and powder was their whole being artificial ? Was it a distinct race, that crowded the Mall, or danced at Ranelagh ? We know that mankind was the same then as now, and yet we seem to think so little of it that we need an army of Laputa flappers to keep us in mind. As for some writers, when they sit down to pen biographies of great men, some one ought to be employed to

whisper at intervals “Philip, remember they were mortal !”

But all this time my friend Edmund has been waiting to make himself known to you. As, of course, I should not introduce a person of no family, and limited means, you will presume that he is of good birth and property. And so he was. His father died in our hero’s infancy, and left him a fortune of £3,500 per annum. So much for wealth! As regards descent, he was no less fortunate.

I need not trouble you with very many particulars. Indeed, to trace our Waller’s

“ pedigree
To the very root of the family tree
Were a task as rash as ridiculous :”

and it will suffice to say that somewhere in that genealogical arborescence, between Adam and Eve, and Edmund, there occurs a certain Richard Waller, of Spendhurst, Sheriff of Kent. It was his fate to live in the days of Harry Monmouth, and his good fortune to be present at Agincourt.

As regards that battle, I have heard a gentleman, not well-read in his black-letter chronicles, who avowed his belief that it was never fought at all, but that Shakespeare invented it for his *Henry the Vth*, and the historians, out of respect to the Poet, abstained from exploding the fallacy.

With this belief I cannot hold, but of one thing I am certain, namely, that it happened exactly as the Bard of Avon describes it. So that you remember

King Hal said, (and I am prepared to assert that they are the exact words he made use of,) in answer to Westmoreland's wish for reinforcements,—

“If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss—but if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of Honor !”

If those were not the precise words they ought to have been, for he could not have said anything finer. And then he added that when the victory was won (of which, as an Englishman, of course he had no doubt) the people would remember in all ages the names of

“Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster.”

Now Harry the King omitted from that list the name of Waller of Spendhurst, which should have been therein enrolled, and I will tell you why.

The battle being fought on St. Crispin's day, and he being the patron saint of cobblers, most appropriately the result was that the over-confident Dauphin was *sold*, Hal's wounded pride was *healed*, and to speak by the Ring, oceans of French claret were *tapped*, without any removal of duty by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer. To hunt the metaphor to death, many illustrious prisoners were on this occasion *bound*, and among them the Duc D'Orleans, the captive of no other than Richard Waller of Spendhurst, Sheriff of Kent, the paternal ancestor of Edmund Waller, who thus, on his

father's side, traced his line back to the heroes of the chivalric ages.

On his mother's side he was not so much connected with the Past as with the Future. The phrase may seem ambiguous, but you will allow it correct, when I explain to you.

Waller of Spendhurst was part of an almost obsolete feudal system, of a Chivalry that was well nigh extinct. But Edmund Waller's mother was Anne, the daughter of Griffith Hampden, of Hampden, the aunt of England's great patriot.

Hampden, then, was first cousin to Cromwell, and first cousin to Waller, so that the Protector and the Poet were what the Americans would call "kinder cousins," or, to reverse and alter a common quotation, "A little less than kin, and more than kinder" cousins.

Am I wrong then in saying that our hero, on his mother's side, was rather connected with the Future than the Past?

At the time of Edmund's birth, Hampden, if he was resisting any shape of despotism, was doing so by thrashing the bully of his school at Thame, and, again to alter a quotation,

"With dauntless breast the little tyrant of his form
withstood ;"

While Cromwell, "guiltless of his country's blood" though he might be, was yet spattered with that of his class-mates, for he was a pugnacious urchin in the lower school at Huntingdon.

To exhaust the verse of *The Elegy*, Milton was at this period a decidedly “mute, inglorious” one, for the simple, but sufficient, reason that he was neither born, nor thought of.

I have dwelt at length on these two relationships, these two descents if I may call them so, because they prove an excuse for the vacillations, of which, in after life, Waller was with a slight show of justice accused. One or the other of these kinds of blood was for ever getting the upper hand, and so, at one time our Poet and M.P. would stand by Charles the First, and at another, with a poetical licence, turn round and side with the Parliament. In the first instance he was influenced by the loyal ichor of Richard of Spendhurst, the vassal of Henry of Monmouth, and in the last by a kindred sympathy with the noble fluid that filled the veins of a Cromwell, and swelled the great heart of a Hampden.

I cannot tell you anything of the life and politics of his father ; his mother was a Royalist and lectured her nephews often, but unavailingly, on the course they pursued in after years.

In Anno Domini 1621, Hampden and Waller were elected to Parliament, the latter for Amersham, or Agmondesham, the former for a borough, “which,” says the late Lord Macaulay, “has in our time obtained for itself a miserable celebrity,” the borough of Grampound. Hampden had been married about two years before this, and threw aside fowling-piece, hunting boots, and the pleasures of a country squire,

for the serious duties of a legislator. He was seven and twenty when he took his seat.

But what will you say when I tell you that Edmund Waller, M.P. had only seen sixteen summers?* Were young men so advanced in those days? *O tempora, o mores*, how they must have degenerated now! After all I fancy they have not, though. In our times they know more about cricket and pitch in the hole than politics. I don't suppose they were far advanced beyond bat and ball and marbles then.

The fact is that the Universities admitted boys at an age when public schools would take them now. So it was that Waller had passed his collegiate career at King's College, Cambridge, after having been grounded at Eton, before he arrived at the mature senatorial honours of sixteen.

The grounding at Eton could of course have been little beyond A.B.C. As for his College days, one does not wonder that the old statutes of the Universities bid the Heads of Houses to see their pupils in bed by nine, to birch them if they are disobedient, and to flog them if they play at ring-taw in the public streets.

But the undergraduate now!—*Quantum mutatus ab illo!* I have seen him out of bed, and college too, hours after nine: I never heard of his being birched; and as for ring-taw, if that were the game, and the only one, the youngsters played in the streets, they

* At all events they were not more than eighteen.

would not deserve to be whipt half as much as they do.

History does not reveal whether our young legislator ever wished to slip out of St. Stephens, and have a game at leap-frog. I daresay he did ; indeed, I should not wonder if Lords Derby and Palmerston sometimes wish themselves back in Eton playground, having a turn at fly-the-garter.

Waller however, though as Clarendon says, "nursed in Parliaments," was not yet allowed to run alone, and was, according to some authorities, still under the salutary rule, that "little children should be seen, and not heard." For Amersham, they say, claimed in electing him a right of representation which it had left dormant since the beginning of Edward the Second's reign. In this case, Waller would sit *sub silentio* ; that is he sat by courtesy, but could neither speak nor vote, till the claim of his borough was finally determined, which was not till some years after.

This may be the reason why he is not mentioned in the blue books, or in the Hansard of the period, as proposing a measure for the abolition of charges at pastry-cooks' shops, or for a grant of a liberal weekly allowance to all gentlemen M.P.'s, under eighteen years of age, or any such other measures as might have been expected of his years.

But though a dummy in the House, our friend was well received at Court. What a Court it was ! James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland must

have been the source of keen mirth and scorn to young Waller, whose wit, humour, and satire were so strong, and, at his age, so untempered by the love, the charity, the pity, the self-abasement, which a few years' experience brings us to blunt the edge of sarcasm, and modify the cruel bitterness of contempt.

How Waller's thoughts in after-years must have recurred to this poor royal dotard, playing his sad foolish pranks between two bloody scaffolds ; the one whereon his mother perished ; the other whereon his son, his pet, his Baby Charles, was doomed to die afterwards.

It was to Baby Charles our Poet wrote his first lines, and very notable lines they are ; on his Royal Highness' escape from a storm off the coast of Spain. Smooth they are to a degree, and musical ; but full of mythological pomposity, and betraying the youth of their writer very clearly in a passage wherein the tumultuous billows of an angry sea, are compared to nothing more lofty than "a sort of lusty shepherds" at foot-ball.

In the June of 1625, in which year Baby Charles came to the throne, Waller sat again for Amersham. But he was still a silent member. It was in 1628 that our gentleman first eminently distinguished himself, by marrying an heiress. Clarendon says of him, that he was "little known till he had obtained a rich wife in the city." But Clarendon had no reason to love Waller; but had two reasons for hating him ; the first because Waller had injured him, and the second,

and I believe more powerful, because he had injured Waller.

Johnson comments on this ill-natured remark, by reminding the reader that Edmund was only three and twenty when he married, "an age before which few men are conspicuous much to their advantage." "He was known, however," continues the Doctor, "in Parliament and at Court; and if he spent part of his time in privacy, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he endeavoured the improvement of his mind, as well as his fortune."

I am afraid it was the improvement of his fortune, rather than of his mind that he meditated in his marriage. The lady was a city heiress, most appropriately named Banks. I don't think he besieged her with glowing verse; if he did, we know nothing of it: neither do we know anything of his domestic life. His wife bore him two children, a son, who died early, and a daughter, who passes out of our history, to marry a Mr. Dormer of Oxfordshire.

I daresay Waller and his wife got on then, much as any one and his wife get on now; differing it may be as to milliners' bills, or the latch-key (if there were one in those days), and finding doubtless that the romance of Love was somewhat destroyed after wedlock by butchers' and bakers' bills, washings at home, and cold joints on Saturday.

Mrs. Waller, No 1, died in 1630, leaving Edmund a widower at five and twenty. Much too young to

be a widower ! And so he thought, and therefore set about searching for Mrs. W. No. 2.

The result is that in 1631 we find him laying aside his weeds, and flinging himself a prostrate victim before the fair feet of Lady Dorothea Sydney, a descendant of the famous Sir Philip.

To look at the matter calmly, this was rather bold of our young friend.

“There’s a lady, an Earl’s daughter ; she is fair and she is noble,
And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the per-
fumed air ;
And a kingly blood sends glances up her princely eye to trouble,
And the shadow of a monarch’s crown is softened in her hair.”

The semblance of a coronet in Sacharissa’s golden curls ought to have awed Edmund from the pursuit. But his former matrimonial success warranted his boldness. When he wooed and won Miss Banks, the Court had entered one, Mr. Crofts, for the rich prize, and no doubt he argued that if he could carry off a fortune despite the interest of a money-loving Court, he might carry off a noble lady from that Court by influence of his money. And so he might a great many ; but unfortunately he made choice of the wrong one. Lady Dorothea was never “Miss Right” to poor Edmund ! “Miss Right” nevertheless to two successive successful gentlemen ; first to Henry, Lord Spencer, afterwards Earl of Sunderland, and subsequently to no more exalted a personage than plain Mr. Smyth. This latter matrimonial condescension

was most probably owing to the troubled times of the rebellion.

Lady Dorothea however was never “Miss Right” to Edmund Waller; to him only a distant and much revered Divinity, on whom the poet by a strange reciprocity conferred a share of an immortality which he chiefly derived from her. For so it was that the fame these two begot, out of wedlock, out-lived all the children lawfully born of their respective husbands and wives.

It is very amusing to look at the titles of some of Waller’s poems. Here are a few instances:—

“To a Lady who can do anything but sleep when she pleases.”
“The apology of Sleep for not approaching a Lady who can do,” &c.

Whether these two poems had the desired soporific effect I cannot positively say, but it seems probable, for soon we have:—

“To a Lady who can sleep when she pleases ;”

perhaps by reading the two preceding poems, which certainly contain as much opiate for their size as any I ever met with.

There are a host of such trifles as the following:—

“To a Lady on her passing through a crowd.”
“On a brede of various colours, worked by four ladies.”
“On the misreport of a Lady’s being painted.”
“On a tree cut in paper by a Lady.”

And then comes one, “To a Lady who returned the above copy of verses after they had been for many years missing.”

The lost MS. was only a scrap of fourteen lines, but for its restoration the lady is called in fourteen more, a Venus, Virtue personified, the loveliest of women, the most irresistible of her irresistible sex! If the return of lost papers were so repaid now, Bramah himself could devise no safety-lock for the Poet Laureate's study.

I am afraid, in running over the index of Waller's poems with me, a censorious world will be prone to quarrel with him, when it finds therein numerous love-songs to an Amoret, a Chloris, a Phillis, a Zelinda, a Celia, a Flavia, and a Sylvia.

The fact is, our friend was a "pretty fellow," and the idol of the ladies. Those dear creatures are not stern judges—indeed, I fear it is a rule that such an idol is not a hero with us men. Waller was not, for instance. Yet I doubt whether the ladies are not right after all, and incline to believe that a poor, nice, amiable, unlucky, devil-may-care fellow with a lot of faults is preferable to a straight-backed, stiff-necked fellow, who is so "confoundedly virtuous," that if he sin at all (and we are told on good authority that all men do) he sins surreptitiously, under the rose, and adds the crime of hypocrisy to the fault committed.

You will be for guessing from this that Waller had his faults—and a fair proportion of them. Well, I confess he had—and what is more, I don't like him the less for it. Upon my word, I believe it is better to be amiable than to be clever, and infinitely more

pleasant to be liked than to be admired. One warm hearty shake of the hand is worth a hundred distant awe-struck bowings and scrapings.

But as these errors and failings are in the lap of the future just now, you will please to make them no palliation for Sacharissa's savagery. She impaled poor Edmund as remorselessly as boys do cock-chaffers, and when he buzzed and droned over his agonies, she smiled!

I address this portion of my paper to men ; for a young and interesting lady, to whom I once read that last sentence, said very innocently, "Well, why shouldn't she?" so I suppose here I am become unintelligible to the sex. No doubt Sacharissa encouraged the poor poet up to a certain point, and it was not unpleasant to her to hear her own praises sung so musically, and to have him twangling his guitar under her bed-room window of cold nights.

There is a picture of Waller extant, copied from one in the collection of Lord Chesterfield, which must have been done about this time. It represents him as a nice-looking fellow enough, with a touch of sly humour in his face, but with no excess of energy nor of firmness. No firmness, even in his moustache, an appendage which be it ever so slight, generally gives, an air of ferocity to a face, but which only adds indecision to his, for it is faint, feeble, and uncertain, and resembles nothing in the world so much as a strayed eyebrow.

Besides this effigy we have Aubrey's pen-and-ink

sketch of him. “A fair, thin skin, his hair frizzed and of a brownish colour, a full eye, and a complexion somewhat of an olivaster.”

I have now given you the likeness of Sacharissa’s Waller;—but how shall I give you the likeness of Waller’s Sacharissa? For my own part, I confess I have never seen her portrait. I can scarce believe she has left one for posterity to criticise and carp at,—for she was ever fortunate. Imagine a lady who had a poet for a lover, yet not as a husband; who, though twice married, has left no record of her age or the date of her birth in any Penshurst Register, on any monument, or in any family Bible; and who, famed in life for her loveliness, had left no counterfeit presentment behind her for the world to sneer at and find fault with.*

Beautiful she was, and young and charming, doubtless! From what I can gather, a blonde; golden-haired, rosy-cheeked, cherry-lipped, and dreamy-eyed.

We must not quarrel about tastes, but I fancy Sacharissa was, as Johnson interprets her name, a sugary, spiritless mildness. At all events it is certain the string of epithets I have threaded for her would apply as aptly to a flaxen-curled, pink-painted, blue-bead-eyed wax doll such as little girls delight in.

The first poem he penned to her was, I guess, one which begins:—

*There is a portrait at Penshurst I believe, said to be hers; there are several engraved portraits of her.

“ Treading the path that leads to noble ends,
A long farewell to love I gave,
Resolved my country and my friends
All that remained of me should have !”

In this he states his fixed resolve to become a hero, a patriot, a poet, or some such other public benefactor, but admits that it has been overturned by a “ nymph, he dare not, need not name !” He, in fine, modestly compares himself to an oak, not intended for vulgar faggots but destined to build a mansion, which, though safe from the fire on the humble hearth, must, alas, bow before the scorching flame of Heaven.

Our oak survived the scorching a long time, and adorned Parliament for years after—but as for building the House, it had little to do with that. It is amusing to see in the lines I have quoted the *blasé* man of the advanced age of five and twenty devoting the poor remnant of his life as he does. Young men who begin as M.P.’s at sixteen are likely to get into this frame of mind. Perhaps, considering his age, you and I might have been tempted to bid more for the remainder than it proved to be worth afterwards.

But in all his poems to Sacharissa while aspiring he is despairing. He says he is like one who sees, “ inviting fruit on too sublime a tree,” and declares—

“ his hope shall ne’er rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dare admire.”

But however sublime the tree he does not cry sour grapes. She he has once elected his idol is faultless

for ever ; that is as long as she is young and fair. Of course when she grows old and ugly it is different. We shall hear what he thinks of her then, by-and-by. But now she is one perfect chrysolite ! The other ladies, whose names I have given before, he treats after several fashions somewhat cavalierly. And indeed, while he is telling Amoret he loves her, he does not hesitate to confess that he *adores* Sacharissa.

And so he, knowing what a profitless and vain infatuation it is, still hovers, poor moth, singeing his wings at her burning eyes. And to her he sings that exquisite little poem—"Go, lovely Rose," with which every one is acquainted. Kirke White admired it so much, that he added a new stanza to it. Like all other additions of the sort it is, although monstrously clever, quite out of place, for it differs in moral and tone from Waller's lines.

While Waller was hymning the dilatory Rose, who lingered

"To clothe herself with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green,"

he is chaunting sweetly to the lilies and pinks as well, that nodded in the Palace parterres. They received his worship propitiously probably. Not so Lady Dorothea, for at last he comes to compare himself to a traveller struck down by a lion, and obliged to lie as still as death, in order to escape

it. Perhaps the lioness felt this was prudent, for she was about to take to herself a master and keeper, Lord Spencer. In 1639 she marries him.

Then the pensive sighing Waller retires. "Courtly Waller," as Addison calls him, could do nothing *gauche*, so he backs out in a graceful manner without any grumbling or stumbling. He closes his pursuit with an ease and majesty as if he were finishing a minuet; with a respectful sadness, too, that leaves an atmosphere of genteel misery behind it, as an odorous pastille bequeathes us a cloud of delicate fragrance. His farewell is worthy of attention.

" It is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay—
But to prevent the sad increase
Of passion—that I keep away.

In vain, alas, for every thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

* * * * *
Yet vowed I have ! And never must
Your banished servant trouble you ;
For if I broke, you might mistrust
The vow I made to love you too ! "

"Courtly Waller!" Addison's is the most appropriate epithet for him. Does he not die like a refined Phoenix amid a gush of Sabæan spices?

He must never see her more (although not seeing her will not cure him), because, having vowed he would not,—if he ever did set eyes on her again,

she might doubt that he loved her—which he cannot vow more strongly than he has vowed never to behold her face again! There is such a profundity of polite polish and foolish love-logic in that!

But in spite of vows and oaths, polish and love-logic, the two do meet. But you will hear of that anon.

The final record of this Sacharissa passion—the last song of the swan, is “The Fable of Phœbus and Daphne applied.”

We don’t read mythology much in these days—even for the Marine Store purposes of a Civil Service examination, but we all know that the God of Poetry was enamoured of the daughter of Peneus of Tempe, but that she, with a wisdom which rude people say is uncommon in her sex, objected to so ill-sorted an alliance. In fact, when the deity’s attentions became pressing, she fairly took to her heels. Apollo pursued her, and had nearly caught her, when she prayed to Diana for rescue, and was changed into a laurel. On this myth Waller cleverly grafts his love-story, by describing how Thyrsis, “one of the inspired train,” loved fair Sacharissa but “in vain,” pursuing her as Apollo did his love.

The concluding lines, smacking a little of the same tricky “counterpoint,” to be observed in the poem I last quoted, are, howbeit, very neat.

“ Yet what he sung in his harmonious strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain ;
All but the nymph, who should redress his wrong,

Applaud his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catched at Love—and filled his arms with bays."

I almost fancy, when I think how little his poems are read now, that his green bays ought to be spelt with an "a i z e," like the perishable flannel we make school-bags and hall-tablecloths of.

Poets of his own age were lavish in their praises. Fenton calls him the "maker and model of harmonious verse;" and Addison declares that "Waller's strains shall move our passions, and Sacharissa's beauty kindle our love," as long as English lasts—and English is not half worn out yet!

Pope, too, speaks of

—“The easy vigour of the line
Where Denham’s strength and Waller’s sweetness join.”

Even Johnson praises Waller!

Waller, by the way, was a patient miracle at polishing his verses. He spent a summer in glossing up ten lines for the Duchess of York’s Tasso ; though, considering he professed himself indebted to Fairfax’s "Jerusalem Delivered," for his smooth versification, it is possible the decade was a votive altar erected to Gratitude and Tasso by the Bard of Beaconsfield. Indeed he might have thought it a lasting monument, for, says he :—

"Our lines reformed, and not composed in haste,
Polished like marble, shall like marble last!"

The marble of his tomb in Beaconsfield church-yard is not so worn out, decayed, and disregarded, as

the cold chill marble of his lines. A wooden head-board would have nearly outlived the immortality which he believed, and his immediate successors predicted, would surround his works. Oh, this poor world of ours! with a never-dying renown, which scarce survives a century! With its eternal loves, its imperishable friendships, its everlasting honours, which barely support existence for a few short months, or days!

The star of Love has a stormy setting for Waller, but a darker tempest is collecting its lowering shadows around the throne. Parliament is just beginning that aggressive, unyielding opposition to the crown which culminates eventually on the Whitehall Scaffold.

In the days of Noah, we are told, they were marrying and giving in marriage when the Flood commenced. So were they doing in Charles's time, when the Deluge of blood was at hand, that devastated the fair land of England, from the field of Broadoak in Cornwall to the Scottish border. And in 1640, Waller marries again!

Soon reconciled, say some, to the loss of Sacharissa. But, in my belief, to spite her—and a very natural desire, too, on his part. Take my word for it, she had a little of that dog-in-the-manger love for him, that made it out of all count unpleasant to see one, who had been worshipping at her feet so long, albeit they spurned him, finding a new devotion at another shrine, consoling himself with a fresh passion. My

belief is confirmed by the fact that the second Mrs. W. was a nonentity of French extraction, whose very name is uncertain, and of whom dear old Johnson antithetically observes, that Waller “doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps, married one, whom he would have been ashamed to praise.”

From the blandishments of this irresistible dame our poet managed to tear himself, wondrous to tell, within twelve months after his marriage, to take his seat again for Amersham, as he did in the last Parliament twelve years before. His cousins, Cromwell and Hampden, represent respectively Cambridge and Buckinghamshire this year. These two men have seen much, done much, and suffered much, during the time he has spent in the noble task of twangling cat-gut in honour of Sacharissa. Are we not told that only an Order in Council, preventing all ships from sailing, kept them in England to overthrow the promulgator of the decree himself?

The session of which I am speaking, opened with the lurid threatening of a thunderstorm. At its close the tempest had burst over England. Early in the contest Waller boldly opposed the exactions of the king, and was indeed so estimated by the popular party, as to be selected to conduct the impeachment of Judge Crawley. But when, as time went on, the Commons openly and consistently took up that position of aggressive defence, to use an odd term, which showed their intention to defy him à *l'outrance*,

then, although Charles's conduct was insane and tyrannical, and the counsels of Strafford perilous and impolitic, Waller, with an inherent instinctive loyalty, which we cannot but pityingly admire, if we may not reasonably approve, brought all the influence of his money, his position, and his eloquence, to prop the tottering cause of Royalty, and repress the fierce vigor of the Commons.

Waller's political career it has been the fashion to call shameless tergiversation. I confess it seems to me in keeping with his character,—an independence debilitated by want of energy, and kept alive only by those sudden bursts of headlong vehemence, which are characteristic of this class of minds.

It must be remembered that at that time Parliament did not boast of many independent M.P.s. Then (has it ceased to be so now?) the House was divided into factions led on blindly by their chiefs. When a member had once given in his adhesion to a party he was supposed to be irrevocably wedded to it beyond the power of a Bench of Sir Cresswell Cresswells, for better, for worse, in office, or out of office, through good report, and evil report. He was bound to sacrifice his opinions to the dictates of his general, and forswear his conscience, while he clung to his faction with a persistent virtue, which, call it honesty and earnestness if you will, I take to be dangerously like factious obstinacy.

In 1641, when Waller discovered that the struggle between King and Commons was a mortal one ; when

he saw the former setting at nought the privileges of the latter, while they in turn disregarded his prerogatives ; in disgust and despair, the M.P. for Agmondesham retired from Parliament, and refused to sit again save with the King's permission. This was speedily conveyed to him ; according to some, it even took the form of an entreaty, and our orator returned to the House, and "spoke on the Royal side with great freedom and sharpness," says Johnson. But he was powerless in the excited state of Parliament, and indeed was the stalking horse for his opponents, who, when accused of allowing no utterance of Royalist opinions, instanced Waller as speaking "daily, with all impunity against the sense and proceedings of the House."

In 1642, the King set up his standard at Nottingham, and Waller sent him 1,000 broad pieces. One would think this was a sufficiently open avowal of his opinions, even though he did, under the excusable circumstances I have mentioned, continue to sit in what the Doctor calls, "the rebellious conventicle."

All authorities are prone to abuse Waller, and not for entirely undiscoverable reasons. In the first place the man is down, which is an irresistible provocative. Then some of them have a personal grudge against him—Clarendon for one. But the generality of these writers are holders of decided opinions either for the Parliament or the Throne, and whichever way they are biassed, poor Waller is in the position of the proverbial wight between two stools.

The royalists, who see in Cromwell and the Commonwealth only a gigantic wrong and fraud against God and man, cannot understand—which is, being interpreted, will not pardon—his submission to the Protectorate, and his admiration of the Protector.

The Cromwellite chroniclers, on the other hand, are equally unforgiving, for they cannot comprehend how a mind that bowed to necessity in the Commonwealth and recognised the greatness of Oliver, could welcome with instinctive loyalty, the restoration of a Royal House and Court, in which its youth had been spent.

And a great number of writers having thus trodden out a path, a herd of lesser men have huddled unthinkingly into it, without giving themselves the trouble to judge at all. Here is the danger derived from a mechanical reading of histories. People forget that a historian's facts, and not his opinions, are the things to lay by in the mind, and the consequence is that they swallow his one-sided conclusions open-mouthed, and believe them to be veritable history. As an instance look at the folly, as Carlyle has pointed out, of using such an expression as a "fanatical hypocrite." Yet that was the cant word, which one of our standard histories teaches our youth to designate Cromwell withal!

For my own part, when I read history, I do most religiously fan, sift, and otherwise winnow my readings, and try to lay by nothing but the veritable grain; and I wish others would do the same.

Alas! for the ovine nature of mankind, if one

jumps over the gate, the others all come “tumbling after.” When Prejudice has cast the first stone. Thoughtlessness and Folly are never backward to aid in the execution. And thus was it that poor Waller was driven from the gates, even, of the temple of our hearts (in whose very midst the money-changers and sellers of doves are allowed to establish themselves), and hunted out of the camp to perish by the hands of his brethren. How many of us are duly qualified to initiate the stoning?

It was a piece of his usual ill-luck, that he should be one of the Commissioners who tried to negociate between the King and the Parliament in 1643, after the battle of Edgehill.

At that time, Charles was at Oxford. The classic shades were filled with scarlet doublets and nodding plumes, in lieu of trencher caps and sombre flowing gowns. Fair damsels sailed rustling along the college corridors, and gay cavaliers lounged in the cloisters, where once the pale scholar wandered, or the portly Don promenaded.

Oxford was strangely alive :—

“ Her groves were full of warlike stirs ;
The student’s heart was with the merry spears,
Or keeping measure to the clanking spurs
Of Rupert’s Cavaliers.”

The interview was a fruitless one, and the ambassadors went away empty. Yet even here Waller’s detractors find a fresh count for the indictment. When Waller, who came into the Audience last,

presented himself, Charles complimented him in a speech which I may modernize and condense into, "though last not least." And this, say some essayists, induced the vain Waller to meditate a plot to restore His Majesty to the throne. Was ever so preposterously foolish a reason assigned for a man's turning conspirator ?

Not long after this useless negociation, occurred the skirmish of Chalgrove, the most fatal contest of all that occurred between Royalists and Parliamentarians. From that unhappy field, Hampden retired mortally wounded ! With his death, the last bright pure page of the history of the Rebellion closes. Some of the ensuing ones may be inscribed with great actions, but they are spotted with blood from that Whitehall scaffold, that darkens the record of the close of the struggle.

It is hardly fair to speak of this great patriot, and remind you how noble men can be, just as I am about to chronicle the worst and most indefensible of my poor Waller's faults and follies. However, every man cannot be a hero, and it was certainly not *his* trade to be one. No man is a hero to his valet they tell us, so let us consider ourselves the valets of Edmund for the nonce, and imagine that we are brushing the dust from the knees of his green velvet breeches, and the elbows of his orange doublet, striving with all our charitable might to efface the traces of his painful and ignominious fall.

Waller engaged in a plot with some of his friends

and relatives. It was in truth rather of a political than a sanguinary description, namely the weakening of the power of Parliament, by popular demonstrations, and by a refusal of supplies.

Unfortunately a conspiracy of a less mild character, organized by Sir Nicholas Crispe was discovered at the same time, and the two were confounded into one wide spread and deeply planned conspiracy of a most dangerous nature. Yet Hume (and I think Lingard) speaks of it as a project only, if not a pure piece of invention on the part of Parliament.

How the discovery was made is uncertain. Waller, full of bitter Sacharissa memories declared that as a woman had known of the plot it was sufficiently plain that it must be discovered. It is a very curious fact, by the way, that we are indebted to the fair sex for most of the revelations of conspiracy, with which we meet in history, from the time of Cataline until the days of our Edmund ; and it is a fact for which we should be profoundly grateful. Moreover as nature does nothing in vain, we may at last discover in this the use of the sex's failing for talking.

But however the plot was betrayed, its authors were at once taken and tried. Two of them, Tomkyns and Chaloner, were executed. For the third—Waller —no sooner had the prison gates clanged to behind him than he fell into a pitiable state of most abject terror. His courage (what little he had of it) entirely forsook him ; and, with copious tears of alarm and penitence, he revealed everything that he knew ; perhaps even

something more than that, involving guilty and innocent alike in dire ruin, during the ungovernable paroxysms of his fear and anguish.

He pleaded most eloquently, but in an ignoble speech for his life, before the Council of War, by which he was tried, Parliament having expelled him. He pleaded, he prayed, he humbly petitioned for mercy and pardon ; but he was condemned ! Essex reprieved him for a while, and finally, after paying a fine of 10,000*l.*, he was at the end of a twelvemonth released from prison, and sent to spend in exile that remnant of a life, which he had purchased at so dear a price, at the cost of honour, of fame, of respect.

Yet who of us, sitting here as judges, can tell what his own conduct would have been, if thus tested ? We might behave no better than Waller, if we could see only the hideous skeleton of a scaffold staring at us through the bars. We might think cowardice the wiser part of courage then, and face dishonour more readily than death !

Leading not such conspicuous lives as Waller, let us be very grateful for an obscure existence, wherein we may stumble, and fall, and get up again without much notice from the world at large.

Down in the valley you may roll head over heels in a copse, or plump up to your neck into the brook, in pleasing privacy. But on the hill-top you stand out clear against the cold grey sky, thrown up in a strong relief, that betrays every faltering step, and exaggerates every slip.

We all have our slips and stumbles,—and our falls !
Let us learn a little charity for those of our more
conspicuous neighbours.

“ Ah,” says the greatest living writer of the day,
“ if we pity the good and weak man, who suffers
undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him, from
whom Misery extorts not only tears, but shame !
* * * Cover the face of the good man who has
been vanquished ; cover his face and pass on !”

Let us, then, cover poor Waller’s shame-stricken
face, and pass on. His year of imprisonment was
doubtless penance plentiful to the mind, and the
fine of 10,000*l.* mulcted him sufficiently in pocket :
while exile brought its bitter herbs of melancholy
memories to crown the over-brimming cup of the
poor banished penitent, as he poured forth his pro-
pitiatory libation of burning, remorseful tears.

France was the land of our poor brother’s banish-
ment. There he dwelt in much poverty, and with
straitened means, selling his wife’s trinkets to pro-
cure the bare necessaries to support the life which
he had purchased at the price of the inestimable
jewel of Honour.

He wrote a few poems breathing the bitterness of
his soul against his judges. But they were far too
busy with more important matters to listen to his
complaints. For first their reverses in Cornwall,
then the battles of Newbury (in one of which
Sacharissa’s husband, Lord Sunderland, was killed),
then the execution of Laud, the murder of Montrose,

the victory of Naseby, the overthrow and surrender of Charles, the imprisonment at Carisbrooke, and the death of the King before the window of his own banquet-room of Whitehall, followed one another with all the fierce confused rapidity of the fearful phantasmagoria of dreams.

But while these dire scenes were being enacted, there came a letter, written in a female hand, to request Waller to send all his poems to a certain address in London. He did so; and shortly after appeared the first collected edition of his works!

Mysterious lady! who was she? I suspect it was she, whilome Sacharissa, now widow of Lord Sunderland. None but she would have published *all* his verses. Any other woman, Amoret, Flavia, or Chloris, would have suppressed the Sacharissa lucubrations. She would have considered it "her duty not to give to the world those inferior verses about *that* Sacharissa; they were not worthy of his great reputation; for her part, she never could discover what he saw to admire in that very ordinary," etc. etc. I think any lady, who will be candid, cannot but allow that I have strong reasons to judge from this that the Lady Dorothea was the unknown editress.

For eight years Waller resided in France, and then at last, after having been reduced to selling his wife's last brooches and rings, he obtained leave from Cromwell to return to his native land. I do not think he merits for this all the abuse that has been lavished upon him. Poor fellow! no doubt he longed

—he craved—he hungered for his own England, and was ready to comply with any existing form of government. He was getting tired of struggling, no doubt, and had learnt the virtue of acquiescence, and the true and sad philosophy of “It can’t be helped !”

The Protector received our poet warmly, and made him an intimate friend. You see, everybody liked him, and that is a fair recommendation !

As a return for this kindness and consideration on the part of the Protector, Waller wrote a panegyric on him, the grandeur and beauty of which Cromwell was not slow to perceive and appreciate. Indeed this is the finest, and, perhaps, most sincere of all Waller’s effusions.

Two years after this Waller, with a sad heart, let us believe, writes an elegy for his friend, for Oliver has died, full of honours, and no successor is at hand to fill his place.

Another two years, and we find Edmund laboriously tuning the lyre with which he mourned Cromwell’s decease, to hail the Restoration of the Stuarts in the person of Charles the Second.

There are other English bards (Dryden among them) who must share with Waller the charge of singing the praises of Cromwell and Charles the Second with equal gusto. But the poets were not the only people who threw up their caps for the Protector, and then bawled themselves hoarse with “God save the King !” at the Restoration. Success,

I believe, is never without its panegyrists even among men who have never written a line in their lives.

None of the poets, however, made much of their Restoration Odes. Waller's was so poor, that even the vain Charles saw it, and complained that it was inferior to the Ode to the Protector. "Sire," said the ready Waller, "poets succeed better in composing fiction than in adorning truth."

He was great at this quick repartee, and in profuse compliments. He told Lady Newcastle, who had written some balderdash about a stag, that he would give all his poems to have written her verses. When charged with the extravagance of this speech, he said, "Surely it was impossible to give too much to save a lady from the disgrace of such a vile composition!"

In 1661, he again sits in Parliament,—for Hastings now,—and is nearly made provost of Eton. But Clarendon will not sign the appointment; in return for which our poet, in after years, lent his shoulder to the wheel of Fortune that rolled poor Clarendon in the mud. These two, you see, are not to be taken as evidence against one another, for they hated each other cordially with the politest malignity.

All through the Merry Monarch's debauched reign, Waller made his home at Hall Barn, not far from his old estate of Beaconsfield. But in spite of his shattered fortunes, he did not give himself up entirely to rural retirement. He was often at Court, and sat at the groaning tables of that festive, boisterous reign, the delight of all companies, the idol of

naughty Nell Gwynnes, and other such like painted ladies of the Court, just as he was the idol of Parliaments for his sprightly wit, his refinement, his vivid eloquence.

In the wild orgies of those libertine days, though present, he nevertheless did not join, for his dancing days were numbered. He sat by, sipping his glass of cold water (with perhaps a little lemon juice to give it a flavour), and kept the whole table on a roar,—a fellow of infinite jest and excellent fancy.

But he is getting very old now. His voice is a little croaky, his hand shakes somewhat, and his shrunk shanks have no fatted calves for the prodigal sons of that profuse reign, for he will not see seventy again. Yet Chipping Norton chooses him as its representative in the Parliament of 1676. The veteran senator still brightens the House with gleams of his expiring eloquence, with flashes of a wit that has well-nigh burnt down in the socket.

He will not see eighty again when he meets—whom do you suppose? Why, no other than Sacharissa, now plain Mrs. Smyth! In the year following this interview she died. Let us hope that the aged dame's dissolution was not accelerated by her quondam lover's severity.

The meeting was on this wise. Fancy Mrs. Smyth wrinkled, wizen'd, painted, and patched! Was there any tremor about her womanly heart, when she saw Edmund—he, too, wrinkled, wizen'd, powdered, and patched? Any tremor?—of course there was! It

is said by wicked people that women are seldom too old to love, and never too old to think themselves capable of inspiring that passion. Picture these two dry old humanities, with such a gulf between their past and their present !

Listen to the silly old harridan ! How eaten out with vanity she must have been, to dare to ask Waller the question she did !—“ When, Mr. Waller, will you write verses again upon me as you used to do ?”

What does she expect from the doubly despised lover, the doubly rejected aspirant, wounded in vanity and heart, but that caustic reply, scarce sweetened by the bow of the aged beau in his rustling silks and laces :—“ When, Madam, you are as young and lovely as you then were !”

I am sure if anything rankled in that dear old lady’s soul when she drew her last breath, it was that verbal slap-in-the-face of Waller’s. She had been so accustomed to think him her slave, so used to trampling on him, forgetful of his squandered love and praise, that in the most natural manner she was infinitely astonished and horrified to find the worm was ungrateful enough to turn.

By and by, in 1685, the naughty Nell Gwynnes and painted ladies are all crying bitterly, with more or less sincerity, and more or less selfishness, for the Merry Monarch is asleep with his fathers, and James, Duke of York, is to reign in his stead.

In this Monarch’s first and only Parliament, the aged Waller sat, for no less a place, in no less a

shire, than the distinguished borough of Saltash, in Cornwall.

But Parliament is soon to lose him now. A long life, that has embraced the most stirring events in English history, is drawing to its timely close. The great reformer of English verse is to abdicate the throne of Poetry. Who shall succeed him?

A year after his death there will be born, in wealthy Lombard Street, a little cripple, called Alexander Pope. I think he is to succeed Waller.

About the time, too, when our Poet closes his eyes, a studious classical scholar, and amiable youth, one Joe Addison, has entered at Queen's College, Oxford. A certain tender-hearted lad of twelve, y-clept Dick Steele, is a high-spirited, much-liked, idle schoolboy at Charterhouse. A young man, Matthew, son of a joiner called Prior, is parodying old Dryden's "Hind and Panther," at St. John's College, Cambridge. A cynical young Irishman, Jonathan Swift, is snarling over a satire, called a "Tale of a Tub," at Trinity, Dublin. And Daniel, the son of Foe, a butcher, in Cripplegate, having been exiled for participation in the Monmouth disturbances, is wandering in foreign lands, whence he is to return as Daniel De Foe, with a prefix to his name, and a store of knowledge, touching the manners and customs of strange countries, that are to figure in the adventures of one Robinson Crusoe, with whom we are all so well acquainted now.

The old Poet is dying just as a host of writers are

beginning to shine. It was quite time for the aged man to fall asleep, at eighty-two years of age, after having lost a large fortune, and outliving three kings, one rebellion all his friends, two wives, and a lady-love !

And now we will see how our poor old friend leaves this world and us, turning his eyes to the study of another.

Towards the end of his life he has taken to writing religious poems, and gives his time to holy reflections.

If he has sinned ever so much, he is sad and sorry, and repentance is never too late.

In 1687, in his eighty-third year, his final illness seizes him. He explains his symptoms to his friend, the king's physician, who tells him his blood is ceasing to flow. And then his mind flies to Beaconsfield, and he goes there to die, as he says, "like a stag in the place where he was roused."

"How did he die?" That is a question we Christians are very prone to ask about our brethren, as Newgate-birds do about executed criminals.

Well! he "began to fumble with the sheets, and to play with flowers, and to smile upon his finger-ends. And then they knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields!" I cannot better describe his departure than in words in which a master spirit has chronicled the death of a greater sinner than our poor Edmund, but one, for whom, fictitious character though he be, I am always catching myself hoping—

and believing—there is some mercy reserved hereafter.

So, calmly Waller expires ! Close his eyes—cover the face of the poor man, who has been conquered, but who is now a victor—cover his face and pass on ; while for his dirge can be nothing more fitting, or touching, than his own latest poem, the last lines in his volume of religious verse—the closing page of his life and love, his woe and want, his sin, his sorrow, his repentance. Read the old man's farewell, and ponder the moral of his story, with a tender, charitable recollection of a weak mortal, who once lived and breathed, struggled and fell, as we do. Think of him with a tender, charitable recollection—with that at least, if not with humble self-knowledge (which is self-abasement) as being no worthier than he.

LINES AT THE CLOSE OF WALLER'S
“ DIVINE POEMS.”

WHEN we, for age, could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite :
The soul with nobler resolution deckt,
(The body stooping) does herself erect :—
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her, who unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er ;
So, calm are we, when passions are no more,
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost :
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which Age despries :
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

Stronger by weakness—wiser—men become
As they draw near to their eternal home :
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.



RAREY-FACTION.

Jones has been shut up in the stable with his colt for two hours. On the expiration of that period, the door is opened—and one of the animals is found completely subdued.

A BRASENOSE BALLAD.

“Ales Canorus.”

Hor.

A pot of beer.

If the Newdigate subject I took for my theme,
I should feel it my duty to scribble a dream;

For a wonderful vision,

Sublime or Elysian

(Or some epithet else which that poor composition
Finds it easy to link to the word apparition),

Is as surely the theme of the Newdigate—nearly,
As the Poem is weakly, the prize itself yearly.

Not such is the subject I “hold in my hand”

(The phrase by M.P.’s used as I understand

{In a figurative sense, for the fact can be barely meant}
When a statement they make in the Houses of Parlia-
ment

[These brackets are getting too crowded I feel—
However, the saying of “wheel within wheel,”
You perhaps are acquainted with, Reader, well then
this is

But a parenthesis in a parenthesis]).

This long interruption appears to demand
That I should repeat “What I hold in my hand”
Is no Newdigate subject, but something far better,

In short, that diluter

Of clay called a pewter,

In which my sweet Muse

Can, whene’er she may choose,

Most royally wet her
Old nose and so set her-
Self free from all fetter.
Though now that I think of it
The more I drink of it—

To speak it out plainly and flat—the more screwed I get,
The more I am likely to cut out the Newdigate.

For after much drinking the “vision gets
double”

As you’ll easily prove if you just take the
trouble,

And by way of experiment
Give way to merriment

And get “drunk as a fish”—for a fish, we know, swills
Without ceasing, and takes in his liquor by *gills*—
“As drunk as a hound”—and this I’d define
As meaning the animal’s given to *whine*—
“As drunk as a Lord”—and how often ’tis stated
To a peerage how some one has got “elevated”—
“As drunk as a fiddler,” who knows there’s no
doing

A tune on the fiddle without lots of “screwing”—
Of these similes simply to be no long spinner,
As drunk as the toasts at a Freemasons’ dinner.

Has the reader e’er been
To that classical scene
Alma Mater and her city
Old Oxford ’versity?

If he has, in that case he knows
The College of Brasenose

Which sometimes much better's
Described by these letters
One—two—three,

B. N. C.

Well, whoever goes there on Shrove Tuesday crams full
Of a liquid delicious entitled "Lamb's wool."

How the "Quo derivatur"
Has posed Alma mater !
Of this point I propose to become a debater,
And having brought forward the following solutions,
Will leave my good readers to draw their conclusions.

Some say it is *Balaam's* wool, who, as we hear
From the ancient historians, was offspring of Beor,
And we know that at least
He got thoroughly fleeced,
Abused by the king, and rebuked by his beast,
(In the last case some Jews say he got the best
of it

And the beast was an ass for "refusing the prophet").

Some say 'twas a cup wherein noses were dipped
At the season when rams

And lambs
And their dams

By the rustics are clipped ;
But I think these are crams

For I never could find to the best of my knowledge
The slightest connexion 'twixt sheepfold and College.

At the latter the flocks, as perchance you
have heard,

Are more fit to be plucked by their pastors,
than sheared.

So I fancy that theory's not worth a fig,
In fact it's sheer nonsense, like shaving a pig.
I have now but one theory more to suggest,
But it is, in my humble opinion, the best.

Concerning "lamb's wool," by some writers, of credit
For wisdom and wit, it has sometimes been said it
Derived from the following story its name.
But before I begin to relate you that same,
I'll pull Pegasus up—take a draught from the flagon,
Wipe my lips on my sleeve, and then urge the old nagon.

Well, in days long ago the great Jupiter Ammon,—
Or Stator or Victor or any such gammon—
Just a spondee to tack to the end of the dactyl
And make it for versification more tractile.

And epithets really
Are often used merely
To make up the line, though none notice the fact till
They've had to fret, fume, puzzle, fidget, and d—metres
In writing those horrible Latin hexameters.

Well, Jupiter founded a new constellation
In honour of one of the fairer creation,
Who—unlike uncle Ned of whom it was said
That no hair was observed on the top of his head,

(Which, they add, is the cause of his having “gone dead”—

Had locks which, like Chubb’s, (if we *may* place reliance
On Antiquity) set all the world at defiance.

Nay even the science,
Of the man of Macassar
Could never surpass her ;
Nor with balm of Columbia
Could any one come by a
Profusion of curls such as hers. Nor I ween
Could Emily Dean
Or Madame Coupelle
(And all others as well
Who advertise daily, “*Do you want luxuriant
Hair, whiskers, etcetera ?*”)
Send in a letter a
Receipt that of ringlets would be so parturient.

Now this damsel, (and she was king Ptolemy’s daughter,)

Though she lived by the Nile, did not drink of its water.

For that stream, though it renders all Egypt prolific,
Carries down in its course too much matter morbific
For mortals to think
Of its liquor to drink.

For what they *did* drink, vide old hieroglyphic.

Now one fact you will ever observe to occur amid
The facts that are painted on every pyramid :

And what *that* hieroglyphic would plainly denote is
There were plenty of *biers* on the Lake Marœotis.
Now she had grown tired
Of plain beer, and inspired
By a violent fancy to find something newer, I
Think that she started a Spiced Liquor Brewery.

Well, Jupiter lighted in honour of that lass
A cluster of stars, the celestial Atlas
Will give you I'll wager
Hard by Ursa Major.

And the name of the sign is
The "coma" or "crinis"

"Berenices."—For all with no reason that *I* see
Will persist in pronouncing her name Berenice.
But just take my advice and pronounce it Beernice,
Which transposed in a trice
Has a meaning quite clear
Which is—simply—Nice Beer.

Why the whole thing's as plain as a box on the
ear!

So I hope you'll agree

Instanter with me,

And believe this solution the right one to be—

Viz. when Death closed the eyes

Of Beernice: in the skies

A new constellation was seen to arise

Being "Beernice's hair"—by which any fool

Would understand "wool"—

(Especially, if he has heard, or has read, word

Of him I have mentioned before—"Uncle Edward.")

So the whole of the tale
 Is a type of spiced ale,
 And we possibly drink that sublimest elixir
 In honour of her—its original mixer.

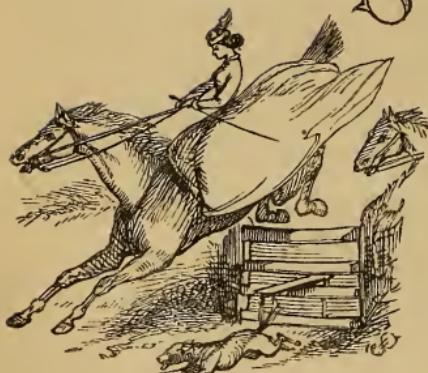
This is *my* explanation of that constellation,
 And the mixture that meets with such warm approba-
 tion.

So just give one, two, three,
 For the old B. N. C.
 May its genial tankard
 By rust ne'er be canker'd.—
 No, long may the glittering flagon be full
 Of the Brasenose Brewage of steaming lamb's wool,
 While its men, one and all, wave their caps and cheer
 thrice
 For the lamb's wool—the lamb's wool that's made of
 Beer nice !



A DIVORCE ACT. CLAUSE NO. 10

SAUCY ADELE.



SAUCY Adèle

Has a jimp little waist
And a pair of blue eyes
that look kindly and
tender—

But you'll find all your
confidence mighty
misplaced
If you build up your
hopes on a basis so
slender,

For your sighing and pleading will nothing avail ;
Her heart's hard as adamant.—Saucy Adèle !

Saucy Adèle,
In her bridesmaid-attire
She looked so bewitchingly lovely and killing,
Her mischievous eyes set my poor heart on fire,
And burnt a great hole there as big as a shilling.
Though I fancied my bosom was cased in strong mail!—
She'd convert a philosopher ;—Saucy Adèle !

Saucy Adèle
Like a fairy can waltz ;
Her partner's the envy of every beholder ;
But her smile, and her eyes, and her lips are all false,
And false is the touch of her hand on your shoulder.
Yet the next time I dance with her ;—sure I'll go bail
I believe all she says to me.—Saucy Adèle !

Saucy Adèle,
When she goes to the Meet,
She looks so bewitching each Nimrod's a lover,
And ready to fling himself down at her feet.
And then, when the hounds drive old Reynard from
cover,
The sighing young farmers with envy grow pale
To see how she rides to them :—Saucy Adèle !

Saucy Adèle !
With a prudence intense
I shun all her witchery, smother emotion,
And fly from her charms o'er a distance immense—
Long miles of the land and long leagues of the ocean,
And then ! All my good resolutions they fail,
And I long to be back with her—Saucy Adèle !

THE POACHER.

HE was lying among the faded fern,
And the rotting leaves, in the grassy ride ;
While the life-blood was ebbing slowly away
From the great red wound in his side.

He had left his wife and his children three
Crouching a-cold by the darkened hearth,
And they cried for food, so he sought the wood
To chase the wild things of the earth.

He knew full well how the woods were kept
For the Squire, who dwelt in the grey old Court,
But he thought that his children's lives were worth
As much as another's sport !

With careful tread to the wood he sped,
And he laid the wire in the hedge with care,
Then he drove the field by the cover-side,
And a rabbit ran into the snare.

But the night was still, and the keeper heard
The short sharp scream of a creature noosed,
And he met with the poacher under the trees
Where the pheasants wont to roost.

But few, I ween, were the words they spoke,
But they set their teeth, and they held their breath,
And they closed and wrestled among the trees—
A struggle of life or death !

So they struggled long, and they struggled hard,
Till they came to an ant-hill's mossy mound,
And the keeper caught his foot, and he fell,
With a fair back-fall, to the ground.

Then the poacher broke from his prostrate foe,
And swiftly away through the woods he flew ;
But then came a shout—and a shot flashed out !
And the aim was all too true !

He hid himself down in an oozy ditch,
And he held his breath as the keeper passed :
But the keeper's search it was long and close,
Though he gave it up at last.

Then the poacher crawled from the oozy ditch
And staggered into the grassy ride :
But the life-blood had ebbed too surely away
From the great red wound in his side.

So he sank adown on the faded fern,
And the rotting leaves, by the side of the wood ;
And the spirit floated softly away
On the ghastly river of blood.

The blood crawled down through the rotting leaves,
Aye, down to the roots of the grass it ran ;
And only the moon and the midnight heard
The curse of the murdered man.

And the wild things fed round the poacher dead,
And frisked in the grass by the cover-side.
The timid hares through the fern-brake ran,
And the rabbits played in the ride.

* * * * *

The Squire's son rode through the faded fern,
And the rotting leaves, in the grassy ride :
And he saw the corpse in the morning light
With the great red wound in its side.

And he looked at the long lean limbs of the dead,
At his hollow cheeks and his sunken eyes ;
And he saw the prey in his hand, and knew
He had given his life for the prize.

“ It was sadly needed, and dearly bought !
Heaven pardon the hand that has done the deed ! ”
And the cursed game-laws came into his mind,
And their riddle was hard to read.

“ And I would,” said he, as he turned him home,
“ The wise would define on a better plan
Our right to these wild things of the wood,
And the right of the starving man ! ”

THE HOLY GRAIL.

SIR Sapphiraun rose up at dawn,
 And forth from his castle-gate is gone.
 He dight him as if for the battle field,
 With sword and lance, and with helm and shield,
 With aventail, and shirt of mail,
 And rode in search of the Holy Grail.

Oh many a knight of King Arthur's train,
 And many a baron bold,
 O'er hill and plain, they sought in vain
 For the sacred chalice of gold.
 Oh vainly the baron and vainly the knight
 Have wandered o'er hill and dale,
 For never again to their eager sight
 Was revealed the Holy Grail.

PEACE AND LOVE.

A REVERIE.

AN autumn day, and a fishing village on the South coast of our Western promontory ! If there be anything to drown a man more thoroughly in day dreams, the man who will name it to me may consider his fortune made.

Grand as the sea is everywhere, here is its most sublime revelation. I use the word sublime advisedly. A stormy sea and a dark tempestuous night are great—but a blue sky and calm sea are greater, for the eye runs over immense spaces and into far deeps, and yet cannot grasp them. Darkness and uproar are terrible and impressing, but immeasurableness and latent strength are in their incomprehensibility more comprehensible.

Sweet and fair as is our English land, here in this remotest county (and here only perhaps) are gathered specimens of all its varied beauties within one small space—the jewel-casket of the island.

And surely though, the Spring with its child-like tenderness, and the passionate glow of June, like the love which the young call the Summer of existence, must yield to the Autumn's holy calm, and its matronal loveliness—like that which you and I, old friends (in whose dark hair I see the silver threads already), find in our dear partners, and know to be twin-growth, and matured fruit of that domestic love, so sacred and peaceful, which blesses the Autumn of our lives.

The air is perfectly calm. The breeze is so slight that yonder vessel gliding over the smooth sea seems moved by magic, or as if

“Under the keel nine fathoms deep
* * * * *

The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.”

What spirit? Perchance the spirit of Love—drawing it in safety, across leagues of ocean, freighted with what hopes and fears, and fond imaginings!

The sea murmurs in its charmed sleep. The very tide seems drowsy, and in its slow advance steals on the shore by a ribbon's breadth at a time, and only creates there a slender broidery of fairy pearls that vanish with a crisp whisper almost as soon as created.

The bronzed and scarlet-hued oak-copse on the shore, are hardly more still than the forests of sea-growth (not weeds—I cannot call them so), that can be seen so clearly through the pellucid water.

Oh that pellucid water! Truly those grim, grey old lapidaries, as they toiled in the dark laboratories, amid smoky furnaces and glaring crucibles, were haunted, like the Count Arnaldos, and like the old helmsman, with visions of the sea! How else came they to give the title of aquamarine to that dreamy crystal with the ghostly green tint in it?

Down through the faint tinge of the water, you can see far into the forests of tangle. The white shells shine out through the soft, subdued deep, like fairy lamps, and silvery fish dart, gleam, poise, and vanish among the floating foliage. This ledge of ocean-groves extends far out, strangely peopled, to that little green island sleeping on the bosom of the sea. Its prolonged inverted image stretches, wavering, almost down to our feet, as if striving and yearning to grasp the land.

Out at sea, a few fishing boats are vainly spread-

ing their brown canvas in the sunlight, and the lazy gulls are slowly flapping their great grey wings. Their reflection lies unbroken on the water—the wave scarcely turns white under the bows of the boats. There is hardly a line of effervescent foam to the wave that curls over to break on the wet sand, which for a moment mirrors its form so vividly.

Before all green lanes, and fields, and flowers, give me a sandy stretch of shore, ribbed here and there with rock, and the glorious sea beyond !

Look at the miniature heavens in the tiny tide, pools, peopled with fish that hang on quivering fins, and with ghostlike, darting prawns, and sidelong crabs like shying horses. Look at the plants of all shapes and colours. Red, green, purple, bronzed and metallic—broad, branched, feathery, filiform. And amid them grow those strange creations, the living flowers, that bud and bloom with glowing painted petals, like the flowers of the field, and yet know hunger, and love, the passions and sufferings of the animal.

How drowsy is everything !

The little fleet of boats, lying at their moorings opposite the village, are rocking with a slow, scarcely perceptible rise and fall, like flowers on the breast of a sleeping child.

The sea-birds slide over the water on expanded wings as though floating on the air in dreams, like the fabled albatross.

The sun is sinking to rest, gleaming dull, red, and

round, through the tremulous haze hanging over the surface of the sea, and dashing with purple and gold the slow clouds of evening.

On shore the same solemn calm prevails. The woods that seem here and there to have stolen the tint of the still clouds, are silent as the sea. No song of bird or token of life in them. But the low voices of the leaves mingle with the whisper of the wave, and all around you feel, rather than hear, the stir which tells of the universal presence of insect life in the quiet air. Yet this only makes the silence more audible and intense.

Is not this Love and Peace? Do they not exist, typified by this lavish loveliness? There must be Love and Peace in that calm sky, with its cliffs of purple-stained vapour. The woods whisper them. They draw that vessel toward the land. They are miniaturised in those still tide-pools and in the quiet sea.

Oh no! Not in the sky, in the bosom of whose bright clouds lurk the thunder and the blue levin. Not in that wood where the wild creatures are, even now, preying on each other—nor in those quiet pools where war is waging so continuously. Not in that great smooth ocean smiling above cruel rocks and treacherous sands. Not in that white-winged bark, freighted with human hearts full of sin and sorrow.

Alas, only attainable—though shed at times from the over-full chalices above to brighten briefly this earth—only attainable in perfection, and for ever, by “wings of silver and feathers of gold.”

DEATH AND THE LITTLE CHILD.*



WAS in the merry Spring, when first
The building birds began
Their tiny nests, a little maid,
Of scarce seven summers' span,
Went bounding toward the church-yard gate,

And singing as she ran.

But where the weather-beaten porch
Both time and tempest braves,
Her song was hushed. With careful tread
She stept among the graves,
And wondering why above the dead
The grass so rankly waves.—

Her song was hushed. With careful tread
Among the graves she stept,
As she had feared to rouse the dead

* See Memorials of Thomas Hood, Vol. II. page 10, note.

So quietly they slept.

"They would awake again," she said,
"If silence were not kept."

A little child, who childish tears
Had shed—but ne'er had sighed,—
She knew not Death. To her it seemed
But slumber leaden-eyed.
She wondered why her mother mourned
When little baby died.

And while she pondered, as she went,
Upon that brother's doom
Of early death, she saw beneath
The spreading yew-tree's gloom
A man, who leant upon a scythe
Beside an open tomb.

She ran to him and "Adam" cried
"Good Adam, tell me, pray,
Who is the man, for whom a grave
Is open here to-day?
And when he comes here, Adam Spade,
Will he for ever stay?"—

And then she saw a stranger there,
The little timid lass—
"I thought you were" she said, and made
As she would onward pass,
"Old Adam, sir, the sexton, who
Had come to mow the grass."

The stranger laughed a hollow laugh
And turned to look at her.
She felt within her tingling veins
The startled current stir.
“I am a sexton, little maid,
And many folks inter !

“My parish though is wider far
Than that of Adam Spade ;
And in my graveyard trenches vast
Whole nations I have laid.
The grass I mow bears human life
In every single blade.

“So Adam is your sexton’s name !
I knew one of his kin.
He was called Adam too ; and did
The sexton’s trade begin.
He was the first who dug a grave—
He laid his son therein.”

The little child with wondering awe
That grisly stranger eyed :
He was so tall and gaunt and dark ;
And where, the yew beside,
His shadow fell, the very ground
Seemed withered up and dried.

He sate him down upon a stone,
The tablet of a tomb,

Worn with the dripping of the rain,
And green with moisture bloom,
“Come sit,” said he, “upon my knee
Within the yew-tree’s gloom,

“And I will tell you stories strange
Of all that I have seen
In foreign countries far away
Wherein my steps have been,
The legends fair, and wonders rare
That curious travellers glean.”

With timid eyes, in half-surprise
The little child drew near,
But as she sat upon his knee
So kind did he appear,
She looked up boldly in his face,
And prattled without fear.

“And pray where do you live?” she said,
“Is it a cottage small,
Covered with scented eglantine,—
Or is it like the Hall,
The great stone house, that you can see
Beyond the poplars tall?”

“My dwelling-place is far away,
A castle old and hoar,
Where noble knight and lady bright
Have dwelt in days of yore.

Now 'tis a silent, solemn place :
Its glory is no more !

“ Within its walls from year to year
Man's footstep cometh not.
Of those, who dwelt within it last,
The very name 's forgot.—
In solitude profound all things
From floor to roof-tree rot !

“ It is a silent, solemn place,
A solemn place and lone ;
Yet dear to me—because therein,
Full many years agone,
'Mid battle's roar, mid smoke and gore,
Full well *my* work was done !”

The tiny maid with wonder heard,
Nor half his meaning read.
“ And where live you, my little child ? ”
The stranger smiling said.
“ I live, sir, at the little house
Beyond the Blacksmith's shed.

“ It's close beside the little bridge,
Next to the water-mill ;
A pretty cottage : and we lived
So happily—until
That last, cold, winter weather, when
My father grew so ill.

" And now through all the weary day
He lies in bitter pain."—
The stranger laughed a hollow laugh,
" He shall not long complain.
I have a cure so strong, that he
Shall ne'er fall ill again !

" Come, let us go, my little maid !
And you shall lead the way,
And pick the flowers as you pass
And listen to the lay
Of thrush, and finch, and blackbird sweet
On every bending spray!"

She took his hand, and led him on ;—
Strange sight it was, I ween,
As hand in hand the little child,
And stranger tall and lean,
Passed slowly from the yew-tree's shade
Across the churchyard green.

But song of bird they never heard.
One universal hush
All Nature kept, as if she slept.
The blackbird, finch, and thrush,
Fled from that stranger tall and lean,
And hid them in the bush.

In vain to pluck the flowers bright
With frequent pause she stooped.
All in that presence strange and dark

Hung down their heads and drooped.
They withered ere her nimble hands
The wished-for wreath had looped.

She heeded not, that little child,
She was so gay and blithe ;
Around the stranger's hat she wove
The garland long and lithe,
And twined another chain about
The handle of his scythe.

A strange, strange sight it was, I ween
To see her all so gay
Go singing merrily beside
That stranger grim and grey
All prankt with flowers and trailing plants,
Quick dropping to decay.

And now they reach the cottage gate
The water-mill beside.
The evening sky dropt tears of dew,
The evening breezes sighed,—
And the stranger reached his bony hand
And flung the wicket wide.

But, when that grisly stranger came
The lowly roof beneath,
The father gave a heavy groan
And drew his parting breath !
Alas ! for all unwittingly
The child had brought home Death !

AN IDLE TALE.

AN idle tale—an idle tale :
 Only the old old tale of love,
 How from a withered shoot and pale
 The rosy blossom burst above.

I was a sickly boy—the sport
 Of all my passions good or ill ;
 No love my weakness to support,
 No better hope my heart to fill.

An idle tale ! I was alone,
 And none but she my state did mark.—
 Then morning came—then sunlight shone !
 My heart up-mounted like a lark.

Her gentleness my footsteps led
 Along the same sweet path she trod,
 I raised my eyes with awe, and read
 In everything the grace of God.

An idle tale ! She is not mine,
 I never breathed my love to her.
 Her kind frank eyes did ne'er divine
 My yearning bosom's secret stir.

She wedded one, who is my friend ;
His children cling about her knee,
And in her hand their love they send
From distant India here to me.

An idle tale ! My life is such—
Yet calm and pure, without demur—
It never had seen half as much
Of good, if I had ne'er loved her.

An idle tale ! And yet I know
Of teaching not all destitute,—
The weakly plant bore flower, and tho'
The blossom died—yet lives the fruit !

IN AN ALBUM.

FOR me no page of blushing tint,
Or splendidly embossed :
They are for happier mariners
On Love's wild ocean tossed.

Friendship my heart for castle holds
Determined ne'er to yield,
And snow-clad Honour fences well
My bosom with her shield.

And yet! so fair, so fairy-like,
 So exquisite is she,
 If he who loves were not my friend
 Enslaved my heart would be.

In Friendship's proof I stand aloof
 That Honour may approve ;
 I cannot choose but sing her praise
 But must not, dare not love.

And so, with lips and heart, say I,
 From Cupid's fetters free—
 “A Blessing on her bonnie face
 Wherever she may be !”



A HANDY LITTLE MAN.

THE VOLUNTEER.



EACE be with us,
oh my brothers,—
But an honest
peace and fair,
When we have
shown the
threat'ning foe
What we can do
and dare,

Like the lion who has awed the curs
That yelped around his lair.

By the spirit of our armies,
By our ocean's wooden towers,
By their deeds of gallant daring
In the face of hostile powers,
The world has learnt the worth of peace
With such stout hearts as ours !

But swords will rust ! The olive wreath
In time becomes a chain ;
And we may lose our strength on shore,
Our empire on the main.

Oh ! let us save our history's page
From such a hideous stain !

“ Defence and not Defiance !”
Be the motto of our band,
An army of determined hearts
To guard our English land.
“ God shield the Right ” We trust our lives
And fortunes in His hand !

A FABLE.

AFTER HUDIBRAS.

THERE is an evil catches writers,
Poetic scribes, or prose inditers,
Scribendi Cacoethes—which
Old writers call the scribbling itch.
Not mine the task to settle whether
There be a link that knits together
The Muse’s lyre and Gaelic fiddle—
Let other folk decide the riddle.
Whate’er decision they allot it
One thing I know—which is—I’ve got it.

Here I, on edge of sable inkstand,
That Black Castaly’s very brink, stand—
Mine eye one glance around it throws.
One last long breath—and now, here goes !
Yawn not, kind listener,—yet, if sleep

From eyelids weary will not keep,
Then slumber on—but do not snore,
That is a habit I abhor;
A fault in noses as displeasing,
Though not so startling quite, as sneezing.

Howe'er I hope I shall not be sop-
Orific. Well—in Gay—or *Æsop*—
Or Phædrus—or perhaps Fontaine—
Or, maybe, only in my brain,
To say just where I am not able—
But somewhere there exists this fable.

Once on a time, a sapient pig,
With ignorance and importance big,
Grunting and groping in his sty
Cast up his “meditative eye,”
And saw before him (says the fable)
The open portal of a stable.
With curiosity our “swine”
Began most seriously t'incline
His little eye unto a cranny
(Of which in stable-door were many),
And, through schismatic boards' division
(Boards will breed rot, as men sedition),
Saw in the stable's stall of course
The thing that should be there—a Horse!
A stately Horse of noble race
Perfect in breeding and in pace
Who ere the pig of whom we talk

Was dreamt of e'en as sucking pork
Could pace, prance, canter, gallop, trot,
Curvet, and amble, and what not.

Well Hog no sooner spies the Horse
Than he must squeak and yell perforce
Until a long-eared solemn Ass,
That cropped the neighb'ring paddock's grass,
Thrust his staid visage o'er the paling
And asked the Hog what he is ailing.

“Oh!” says the Pig, “It's murder, treason,
Enough to drive one from one's reason.”
And so with many a dolorous squeak
He tells the Ass how he would seek
Some remedy against the source
Of all his ills—that horrid Horse.

The Ass incontinently sends
To two or three particular friends,
And, “with intentions the most pure,” he
Requested them to form a jury.

The Goose was one, with hoary plumage—
A staid old gander, past his bloom. Age
Had dimmed his goggle eyes—wherefore
A pair of spectacles he wore.

With him a Puppy mongrel-bred,
And stubborn Ram with woolly head.

In grave and solemn convocation
Each creature made its declaration.

The Pig avowed that "liquid mud
Pleased not this minion of the stud.
He'd marked the beast—and really thought he
Had got ideas too grand and haughty."

The Ass alleged that all his fears
Rose wholly from the Horse's ears.
From ears so short he must dissent,
"They're neither use nor ornament."

The Gander's verdict came to this,
"He had no wings and couldn't hiss."

The Ram said Horse's guilt was proven
Most clearly—for his hoofs weren't cloven.

And last of all the Mongrel rose,
And tossed his puggy puppy nose,
Vowing the Horse a felon dark—
For why? "Because he could not bark."

And thus, to cut the matter short,
They drew up their combined report—
"In matter Horse—on whom Committee
Was specially ordained to sit. He
Is guilty of this crime at least
That he is not a perfect beast.—

So not to add another sin to it
We hope the Donkey will look into it."

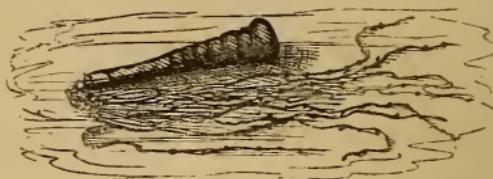
After this sage determination
The Council thought of separation.
But it so happened that a Bull
Had heard them state their case in full,
For he, while in a neighb'ring meadow,
Each single word the Council said, o-
verheard, and laughed to see that they
Had given the Horse such foul "fair-play."
So leaning o'er a five-barred gate
His notions he began to state,
And rubbed the raw of every sitter
In council with a sarcasm bitter.

At last when on the foolish pack
He turned his broad indignant back,
The Ram and Puppy to their places
Returned with somewhat downcast faces
Looking less sapient and less bold,
This sought his kennel, that his fold ;
The Goose his grass, with mud to follow,
The Ass his thistles, Hog his wallow.

MORAL.

Might not some folks of "best designs"
Extract a lesson from these lines,
And learn to give another day
To every living man fair-play,
Nor how one errs—or where one fails—

Weigh by their own delusive scales,
Measure by their own private plumbs,
And mete by their own rule-of-thumbs,—
But, judging not their friends who err, choose
Sweet Charity the best of virtues.
So shall they 'scape our scorn and pity
As members of the Pig's Committee.



UN-NATURAL HISTORY.—THE BLACK CAT. (*Felis flagellina vel flagitiosa*.—LINN.)

A TALE OF THE HORSE-SHOE FALL.

I WAS staying in the autumn of 18— at one of those palatial hotels then only to be found in America close by the falls of Niagara.

My visit was made at the promptings of Science, an imperious mistress who has frequently sent her votary much further than Lake Superior in pursuit of the elucidations of some of her mysteries.

On the present occasion a problem in Phonics was the knot I was to unravel. My readers may smile when I tell them that it was but an application of a trick (as it is called) that they have often witnessed as children. I allude to the fact that, by drawing a bow across a violin string in contact with a sheet of

paper sprinkled with steel-filings, you can produce symmetrical figures and combinations of a surprising character.

When we remember that a section of orange peel gave the first model for a life boat, that a tea-kettle was the mother of the steam engine, that the fall of an apple revealed the law of gravity, we shall not smile when we contemplate this simple experiment.

For my own part this phenomenon had always haunted me with strange persistency. When I was on a visit in Cornwall I took a trip to the quarries overlooked by that gigantic *lusus naturæ*, the Cheesewring. While there I heard the quarrymen "ring a peal" as they call it. This is done by four, five, or six men, with borers of, I suspect, different weights, producing a sound something like that of bells by striking the iron against the granite.

I observed that the powder and little fragments formed themselves into figures rudely approaching the geometric outlines of my favourite experiment. However, friends, to whom I pointed it out, declared that the phenomenon was owing to my imagination. But I was used to rebuffs.

During my career at Cambridge my "hobby," as my fellow undergrads called it, was for ever a subject of amusement. Indeed I went by the name of "Harmony Jones" or "the Harmonious Blacksmith" from my being frequently discovered fiddling to steel-filings. I have no doubt I was rather troublesome to the College. I had established a huge Æolian harp

in my window to prosecute my experiments. From this I found that the kind and intensity of the figures depended to some extent upon certain circumstances connected with the currents of air which caused the sound. I must be excused from speaking more plainly on a matter, where I would fain not have the reward of my research snatched from me by an outsider.

The *Æolian harp* of course was hardly amenable to the rule that "no piano should be played in College after twelve." On the contrary the wind at night used to perform astounding obligatos on the instrument, such as were never heard by day. By a delicate apparatus (which also I must decline to describe, although from an announcement I have seen of "photographic portraits taken by night" I fear the secret is no longer mine) I managed to register with tolerable accuracy all the forms taken by the filings during the hours of darkness—and most remarkable they were. Many were the complaints that were laid against me, but I persisted in my harmony in spite of discord. Of course, always having my apparatus about me I had accidental figures caused by ordinary sounds such as slamming of doors, etc. From these I formed a theory as to the particular notes, which formed the links as it were between Dynamics and Acoustics, and established an apparent connexion between the causes, means, and effects producing and produced upon the organs of sight and hearing.

But my career at Cambridge came to an abrupt close. One night a shrill whistle, which (being engaged in making up my fire) I did not clearly hear, caused a most extraordinary arrangement of the metallic dust. I rushed out on my dark staircase, and found some one groping up-stairs. In answer to my enquiry a husky voice betraying signs of intoxication acknowledged that its owner had whistled. I entreated him to repeat the sound. He declined. I insisted. He refused "to be made a fool of because he was a little elevated." The dispute waxed hot and at last reached a climax.

"What key did you whistle in?" I asked at last, wrought to the highest pitch of excitement.

"Why the key of my oak, you fool" was the answer.

In a moment of ungovernable rage I struck him, swaying as he was on the stairs below me. The moment my hand had left my shoulder, I was horrified. I leapt forward to save him. Almost simultaneously we arrived at the bottom of the flight and bursting open a door that stood opposite we rolled together into a fully lighted room where from forty to fifty of our men were indulging in whist, "Van John," and a newly introduced American game. Imagine my horror, on picking myself up, to see that the incarnadined party beneath me was the Rev. Kneagus O'Porthwine, the Irish Bursar, who, picking himself up also, disappeared in a gentle cyclone of anathemas up the corkscrew stair with a bleeding nose.

His unpopularity was my saving. I was unpopular as a rule, though not violently so. He was universally unpopular, and the fact that I had given him a rough lesson in manners made me the hero of the night.

A council was held as to what I should do. The general opinion was that nothing under expulsion could wash out the stain on the Bursar's white neck-cloth. Hearing this, I determined to leave the college before the washing day, which I imagined would be identical with the first Common Room meeting.

By and by the commotion subsided, and the party, having left their cards on my sudden arrival, fell to pipes and conversation.

I lounged about the room until I happened to have my attention (sharpened by my experimental habits to an extraordinary degree) drawn to the conversation going on in a different corner.

The party, I gathered, had been convened for the purpose of a lecture on the American game of "Poker," to be delivered by a gentleman not long returned from the States. He it was whom I now overheard describing America to a knot of eager listeners. He was describing Niagara, and that part in particular where you can pass under the falls for some distance.

"The noise was something tremendous," said he. "You were in an atmosphere of sound—you could hardly trust your senses. And yet, I don't know whether it was imagination or a singing in my head, but I certainly did hear, when, as I said, I was

under the Horse-shoe Fall, a peculiar ringing sustained sound, over-riding all others, just as the acute squeak of a violin makes itself heard in a concert."

This was enough. A sudden thought struck—nay rather *possessed* me. In five minutes I had collected my few valuables, had written a note to a friend in town asking him to run down to Cambridge and settle my affairs, and was standing in the street under my bedroom window, from which a rope, consisting of two blankets, a sheet, and a railway wrapper, was languidly waving its incongruous folds in the night breeze. A fly soon carried me out of Cambridge.

For some weeks I took up my quarters at Cowley a little village near Oxford, where I had a few friends, whose aid I required.

While there I prosecuted certain experiments (preliminary to my Niagara attempt) of which I need not give a lengthened account.

Of course for the perfect development of the phenomenon the filings must be quite dry—but how was this to be managed where the atmosphere was so charged with moisture? I made all the preparations I could, and at length made a final trial of my precautions. Seated under an umbrella which was tolerably thick in texture I sat for an hour under a stream of water directed from a tank about 10 or 15 feet above me. My filings were scattered on a piece of oiled silk stretched on a wire frame and covered with a very light glass globe.

As the hour came to an end I drew the bow with trembling fingers across the strings of the violin to which the wire frame was attached. To my delight at the first vibration the particles arranged themselves in various symmetrical figures. In the centre were three circles, the first incomplete—and after the last a combination of right lines. To my excited imagination this fortuitous circumstance had the appearance of an omen.” In those figures I discerned the words “GO ON.”

This experiment, however, went near to costing me my life. I started for Liverpool next day—secured my berth, and almost immediately became prostrated by sickness. For nearly the whole voyage I was confined to my bed with brain fever produced by the excitement and the cold water.

I found afterwards it was lucky that I had left Cowley suddenly, for my landlady was so alarmed at the eccentricity of my conduct in the water-tank business that she had sent for two or three keepers from the Lunatic Asylum near Headington, and intended to have me confined.

After this digression I find myself once more at the point from which I started at the beginning of this story. Namely—that in the autumn of 18—, I was staying at an immense hotel about two or three miles from Niagara.

I had arrived in the afternoon, but the weak state I was in did not allow of my proceeding further, for although the distance was not great the driving further

would have been torture. Yankee whips seem to drive as if their passengers had never had a moment's illness in their lives—as if the end of the dominion of sickness had been identical with that of the British rule. It was a very calm night—to the eye. The ear was not able to decide, for there was the perpetual roar of the great cataract, never-ceasing, never-changing. The effect was very strange. Overhead the moon and stars were shining as clearly as they do on a frosty night in England. Clouds were loitering across the sky very lazily, and the tree-tops barely made obeisance to the Queen of Night. And still that tremendous voice of nature smote the darkness and made the human heart tremble. One prolonged monotonous roar, it was at first obtrusive and wearying, but by degrees it so identified itself with the peculiarities of the scene, the dense forests, the jewel-like variety of the autumnal foliage, and the vast building glittering with a hundred lighted casements, that I felt it to be as necessary to the place as the throbbing of the heart to the human frame.

This idea seized me. I remembered how in the delicate organization of my body some slight—very slight—obstruction hindering the movements of a valve of the heart, would produce instant death. And then my mind became lost in wild imaginings, comparisons of the stoppage of life's tide, and the damming of this mighty torrent, moralisings on the gradual attrition of the rocky lips from which the

water leaps, and speculations on the duration of the falls—nay of the world itself. Impressed, wonderfully stirred and softened by these meditations, I turned back from the balcony where I had been standing, into the room.

I found there a stranger of a very peculiar aspect. He was tall, pale, and thin. His high cheek bones lent additional power to his great dark eyes rolling restlessly in their deep sockets. His hair very straight and dark was brushed back from his pallid forehead and fell on his collar. His neck was bare, a simple white handkerchief, loosely knotted, taking the place of a cravat. His dress was all black, giving to his lean figure a still more attenuated appearance.

Without removing his eyes from the window the stranger said in a low voice, seeming half as if it was only intended for himself—"You must pardon my intrusion ; the reason of my coming will, with one impressed as you are by that mystic sound, be ample excuse for my apparently strange conduct." He ceased. I observed that his voice had in it a peculiar monotonous and sustained melody, that flowed on in harmony with the falls. Indeed I might almost say it seemed as if the falls ware accompanying him in a chant. As his voice rose, so it appeared (whether the wind was stronger for the time I know not) that the sound of the cataract grew louder. As his voice sank and fell, so the roar of the waters died away and seemed about to drop into silence.

This mysterious man alarmed me. His face seemed to grow, and grow, larger, and larger, and come closer to me. I sank into a chair, smiling at my own weakness and faintly apologising to him by an allusion to my recent illness.

And then seating himself opposite to me, he began the following story in that strange sepulchral voice of his.

"In me you see, sir, a most unhappy victim of those great falls, whose voice rings for ever in my ears, and haunts me wherever I go. I have fled from them thousands of miles, but day and night their ghostly murmur has hovered about me, calling me back.

"And I have come! From the Steppes of Russia, from the wilds of Australia, from the long winter of the Arctic Regions—they have called me back times upon times. And I have come!

"For the best part of my life—my heart, my soul, my whole being was lost in their stupendous waters.

"Listen!

"In the autumn of the year a happy party, consisting of myself—my brother—and my intended wife, with her father, mother and two sisters, paid a visit to the falls.

"As you can judge for yourself, that season is one of the loveliest features of nature. The variegated maple leaves reflected the sun in a thousand brilliant hues. The birds sang, and the insects sported, and

the whole country seemed to have put on her bridal attire. But as we drew nearer to the end of our journey, like a vague foreboding of ill, the murmur of the mighty waters grew more and more distinct. Alas, the day, begun with joy and beauty, was to end in desolation and misery.

"In our glee and thoughtlessness we had forgotten half the things necessary for the meal we intended to make by the side of the falls.

"After some little consultation it was agreed that I should drive to the nearest hotel (which at that time was a considerable distance) and return with what was wanted as quickly as could be.

"I was appointed, they told me, because I was sure to be the quickest messenger, I should be in such a hurry to rejoin May Walters. My brother Charlie was a regular idler, and besides, had an eye for a pretty face, and the barmaid at the hotel was notably buxom and fair.

"As soon as the gig was ready I jumped up—waved my hat to the company and was about to start. May held out her hand to me. I gave it a warm pressure. By some sudden impulse she leapt up on the step. Our lips met, and then blushing red as a rose (for we had never kissed each other in company before) she sprang down and I drove off. That was the last kiss I ever gave her! 'Charlie,' I shouted to my brother as I passed him, 'I leave my May in your care. As you are a *preux chevalier*, do your devoir, and never leave her side till I return. Do

her slightest bidding, and go through fire and water for her ! Farewell !'

" That was the last time I saw him alive.

" Rapidly I drove through the fairy forests. But the horse had been far already and was showing signs of fatigue.

" It was late in the day before I returned.

" I sprang down the rocky pathway to the level sward beside the Horse-shoe fall, where our rendezvous had been appointed.

" Good heavens ! As I turned the corner what a sight met my eye ! Mrs. Walters lying half-dead on the grass, and her husband sitting crushed and speechless, gazing into the horrid chasm below.

" No May—no Charlie to be seen ! At first to my frenzied enquiries the only reply I obtained was a mute gesture towards where the pathway passes under the fall.

" At length in disjointed sentences I learnt the terrible truth.

" May was a girl of tremendous spirit and gaiety, not easily frightened, and, if anything, a fault too venturesome.

" A wandering Indian, one of the Seneboio tribe, happened to come up while the party were straying about on the plateau I have mentioned. He soon gathered about him a little knot of listeners. He sang to them some of the wild airs of his tribe. He told legends of their former power and might, drew rough pictures of his deities, and carved rude figures of pith.

"By and bye he began to refer to the scene around him, and at length he gave an account of the wonders of the pathway which stretched far under the Horse-shoe fall. He told them at the end of the path an immense cavern stretched back into the rock for two hundred yards. This he said was the place where all the Indian deities were concealed when the White Man took possession of the land.

"His description of the wonderful idols, and the strange appearance of the cavern, which he said was called the Great Manitou's Thunder Pouch (probably from the noise of the water), had roused the curiosity of his hearers.

"May, with one of her usual fits of enthusiasm, declared she would explore the pathway. In vain they all strove to dissuade her. She would go—alone, if no one had courage enough to accompany her. Seeing she was bent on the attempt, and bound by my parting words, Charlie, who was courage itself, promised to protect her. The present of a little silver, and some persuasion were needed to prevail on the scout to take the office of a guide. It seemed as if he repented having revealed the secrets of his nation in a moment of forgetfulness.

"At length however he was induced to go, more perhaps by May's entreaties than anything else, for a savage is strangely influenced by a civilized woman, especially if she happens to be radiantly beautiful as my May was.

"Not without considerable doubt and anxiety, but

still without actual dread, the pic-nic party saw the trio disappear under the arch of waters. They watched them for some distance by the dim green light, that gleamed through the wall of descending waters. At last a turn in the path hid them from sight.

"Then the anxiety grew greater, and at last, as hour after hour passed without their returning, the whole company grew frightfully excited and alarmed.

"One of the servants, who was a bold fellow, ventured in as far as the turn in the path. He returned, looking white as a ghost! *within two steps of that corner the pathway ceased.* The face of the rock ran sheer down further than eye could reach in that mysterious twilight.

"In mercy to your feelings I draw a veil over the scene of agony which followed.

"Let me now tell you what happened to the little party in the expedition beneath the fall.

"The Indian as they advanced further and further began to show signs of terror, and at last almost refused to advance. He felt, he said, that the solid rock was trembling beneath him—that the great Spirit was angry that he should reveal his treasure house to the White Man. By persuasion, not unmixed with threats, Charlie urged him on to the next corner.

"Then with a terrified yell, the poor wretch sank to his knees. The path came to an abrupt end. The action of the waters had worn away the stone beyond and it had fallen away into the gulf beneath.

"This solution immediately struck Charlie, and he said in a tone of disappointment, 'Well, May, neither we, nor anyone else, shall ever get into the Thunder Pouch. It seems that the gods wish to live retired. So there is no help for it. We must return.'

"Before May could reply, the Indian, turned to him, saying 'Silence! It is the great Manitou, who withdraws the cave from impious eyes. Not in vain did the earth tremble beneath the feet of me—the miserable wretch who dared reveal his secret!'

"At this moment a sound like the report of a cannon rolled along the face of the cliff—making itself heard even above the continuous roar of the fall.

"The Indian fell on his face in abject fear, for he imagined it was the thunder of the Great Spirit.

"But on Charlie's mind a more ghastly thought flashed up from the gulf before him.

"He sped back along the narrow, damp, slippery path with dangerous haste. His worst fears were confirmed. A portion of the path, between the part where they stood, and the mainland, had disappeared!

"They were alone—isolated—shut off from life for ever—doomed to a lingering death.

"Rushing back to May he revealed to her with caution, and after much preparation, the awful event.

"She fell as if shot, and nothing but his strong arm saved her from rolling off the steep rock into the falls.

"The Indian meantime had discovered the nature of their calamity. He whined, and crouched like a

lashed cur at first—then he flew into an ungovernable fury, accusing Charlie and May of being his murderers. But at length he fell into a sullen despondency, blaming himself for revealing the Gitche Manitou's secret.

“Presently May recovered. Charlie selected the driest spot he could find, and laid down his cloak, placing her upon it. He himself sat on a rock by her side.

“Not a word passed for an hour, so stunned were they with awe and despair.

“It was useless to hold counsels—for there was nothing to do! No human power could preserve them.

“In the meantime the pangs of hunger began to seize on them, for you remember they had eaten nothing since breakfast. Charlie shaking off his stupor searched his pockets and found in them some fragments of biscuit. These he devoted entirely to May.

“For himself (but it was not until the pangs of hunger became agonising) he imitated the Indian who was scraping the lichens and mosses, and water-plants from the rock.

“With these he managed for a time to allay the cravings of his appetite.

But why prolong the terrible narrative?

“Hours, days, passed! Even poor May was at length driven to subsist on the loathsome growth of the dark cavern.

“You may wonder that they did not throw them-

selves into the fall and so end their misery at once.

"But besides a natural horror of what would have been suicide, disguise it how you may, they could not bring themselves to despair.

"I believe despair never really enters a man's heart until the very moment of the dissolution of soul and body. At all events they clung to hope, where there was no hope, and closed their eyes to the last against the dark Spectre, who was gazing in on his victims through the glassy wall of their prison.

"But Death was to visit them sooner than they dreamed. One night May was taken violently ill. In her weak state she could not sustain the shock. She sank away, and died as if in a sleep.

"In the morning when the pallid light of day began to appear through the gleaming fall, the corpse showed such terrible disfigurement and discoloration as left poor Charlie no alternative but to conclude that one of the plants which had formed May's evening meal (if such a pittance of garbage could be called a meal) must have been a virulent poison. In the first paroxysm of despair he rushed to the little stock of plants gathered for breakfast and devoured them in the wild hope that some of the poisonous plant might be there, and that so he might put an end to his torture.

"But he was safe—it seemed as if but one root of the accursed thing had grown there to accomplish its dread mission.

"But this act of Charlie's deprived them of much provision. It was only by diligent search, and not without danger that they gathered a few scanty leaves to stay the pangs of hunger.

"At length even these failed. Starvation stared them unmistakeably in the face.

"The corpse by this time showed signs of decomposition, but Charlie heeded not.

"He sat leaning over it, gazing into the boiling sheet of water descending with the rapidity of lightning. Ever and anon some object, caught in the rapids above, darted down with the velocity of an arrow. Now a pine tree—now a timber-raft flashed by. Once he thought he distinguished an ox, probably carried away by the floods further up the river

"Good Heavens, to see food almost within reach and yet to be unable to taste it! The foulest carrion would have been a banquet. Instinctively he grasped at it in a sort of delirium,—for the action carried madness on the face of it.

"But the sudden action woke an echo behind, and turning round he saw the Indian, knife in hand, at his back. His sudden movement had startled the wretch, and his alarmed retreat betrayed him.

"Whether he intended to stab him he could not tell. The creature professed to have another intention. He proposed to sustain life by devouring the corpse before them.

"Horrified at the bare thought, Charlie flung himself upon him, and wrested the knife from his grasp.

A violent struggle ensued on that slippery ledge. Now one, now the other was uppermost. But it did not last long, the combatants were too weak to wrestle for any time. And my brother was the strongest constitutionally, the poor Indian being but a wreck, half-consumed by fire-water, as is too generally the case with the unhappy creatures. My brother staggering from him, pushed him back. The Indian's foot tripped, and he rolled over the edge of the precipice. For a minute he clung desperately to the narrow ledge until the blood spirted from his finger-ends. Then an unutterable expression of agony and despair gathered in his face, and he disappeared without a shriek—dying at last like a true Indian warrior, without a groan or cry.

"I cannot prolong my story—Poor Charlie lay for hours, delirious with brain fever. During the whole time the sheet of falling water seemed like a ghastly phantasmagoria, filled with mocking and mowing faces.

"By degrees reason returned but found him so weak that he had barely strength to write this narrative in his pocket-book.

"That done, he bound poor May's dead body in his arms and leapt from the fall !

"A fortnight after, their mangled remains were found in the lower lake. A grave was dug for them on Goat Island, above the scene of their disaster.

"This day is the anniversary of that dreadful event ! On this day an irresistible influence impels

me to relate its incidents to a stranger. I thank you for your patience."

I rose with tears in my eyes and begged him to be seated. I condoled with him. I comforted him. I made a vow to visit the grave.

"Alas, sir," said he, glancing at his threadbare sleeve, "My poverty has been unable to place any record above their nameless resting place. A terrible fever which for eight months prostrated me, lost me my only employment. I can get no other—indeed folks say I am mad!" He passed his hands through his hair, and I thought I saw a wild expression on his face and a glitter in his eye.

"Pardon me," I said, "Funds, that I had destined for another purpose which your story tells me can never be realized, are entirely at your disposal! Let this twenty pounds form the nucleus of a fund to raise a fitting monument about the grave of poor May Walters."

Without a word he placed the notes in his pocket. In return he drew forth a little crumpled scrap of paper. "Those sir," said he, "are the lines I wrote, or rather composed, as I drove to fetch the provisions. I have carried them about with me ever since. In your sympathising heart they will find an echo, and I shall be glad to remember that I made this poor offering in return for your generosity."

He bowed and disappeared as silently as he came.

On the paper were the following verses:—

My Best Beloved—My Dearest Heart
Oh faint not, fail not. Patience yet !
Although for long long years we part,
Love's light shall never set !

E'en should some dark disaster come,—
If Death our pictured future mars—
Patience ! We have another home,
Sweet May—beyond the stars !

Then, if on earth it be not given,
We meet though Death shall be our lot.
For oh 'twill scarcely be a Heaven
Wherein I find thee not !

I was just thinking how prophetic the poor fellow's feelings must have been—or wondering whether (as is more likely) he wrote in the usual miserable strain of young lovers, when a knock came at the door.

It opened, and in burst a gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made at New York. With him came two others, and this rather boisterous party proposed a quiet game at Poker. The proposal jarred on my feelings—I made excuses alluding to the effect of a communication I had just heard. This led to questions on their part, and at last one of them broke out with “Why you've had Niagara Bobus with you!” and sank into a chair in a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

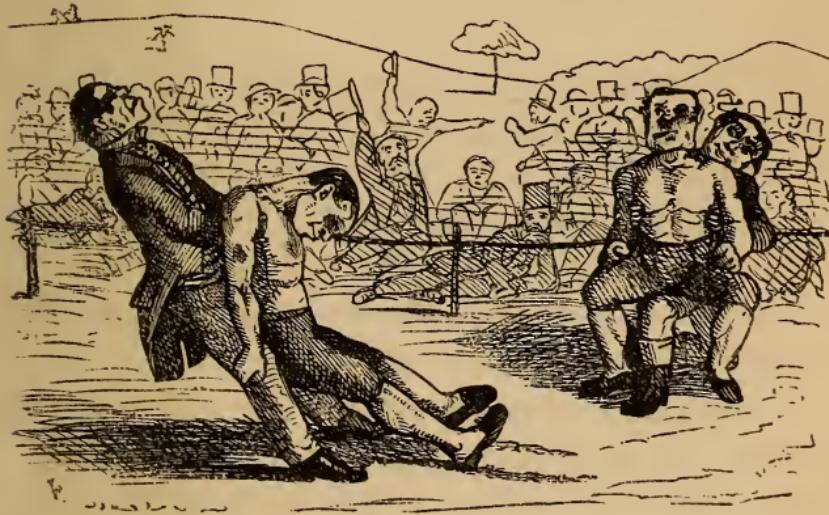
Explanations ensued. It appeared my friend in black was a small *littérateur* in the habit of taking a trip to Niagara, and of paying his bill by extracting money by this artful story.

I was heartily ashamed of being so easily duped,

and made no enquiry into the American laws on the subject of "obtaining money under false pretences."

The lines I afterwards saw in the Poet's Corner of the "Bunghamville Bowie-knife," of which my deceiver was editor.

The result of my experiment on the connection to Phonics and Optics this is not the place for me to describe.



A FINISHED PICTURE. DRAWN FROM THE ROUND.

MORN AND NIGHT.

A SONG.

OH, art thou true to me, my love,
As I to thee am true ?
As to the Moon the Sea, my love,
Or to the Rose the Dew ?

When sunlight gilds the skies, my love,
At Morn I think of thee ;
For the light within thine eyes, my love,
Is Life's best sun to me.

When Night brings rest from cares, my love,
And soft the moonlight gleams,
I bless thee in my prayers, my love,
I see thee in my dreams.

But art thou true to me, my love,
As I to thee am true ?
Oh search thy heart and see, my love,
Oh search it through and through ?

RECOVERY.

THANK God with me in this glad hour
 That He has spared our tiny flower
 The bud we love so well :
 Thank Him that by His gracious Will
 It lives and blossoms with us still,
 That the stern arm upraised to kill
 Unharming fell.

Thank Him Who spared her to our tears
 Our sighs and prayers for many years
 To be our love's best wealth ;
 The shadow of the Reaper stern
 Fell on our flower and seemed to burn
 Its tender leaves—but the return
 Is here of health !

The lifted sickle harmless fell,
 And spared the bud we love so well—
 The blossom undefiled.
 Oh God !—we thank Thee that to pray'r
 Feeble as ours Thou gavest care ;
 And from Thy cherub band didst spare
 Our darling child !

THE SARACEN LADY.



H, softly blew the Eastern
gales,
Rich with the breath of
Eastern vales,
And proudly swelled the
snow-white sails !—

She thought the jour-
ney weary.
She saw her native land
grow dim,—

She saw it sink beneath the rim
Of Ocean. But she thought of him—
“ Gilbert—Gilbert !”

The tempest woke upon the sea.
The sky grew dark, the wind blew free ;
The groaning bark rolled heavily

Upon the waters dreary.
With faces pale, the frightened crew
To all the Saints for succour flew.
She called the only one she knew—

“ Gilbert—Gilbert !”

The lightning showed the seething waves
Wide-yawning into hollow graves.
Armed with true Love, her spirit braves
The elements appalling.

“She fears not,” said the seamen grim.
Ah, no! She thought, or sink or swim,
’Twas death to be away from him—

“Gilbert, Gilbert!”

Love brought her safe across the sea,
Through town and village wandered she.
The people wondered what could be
The purpose of her calling.

At last her Gilbert heard her cry,
He hastened from his casement high.—
Toil, trouble, fear are all gone by!

“Gilbert, Gilbert!”



A SONG TO THE RIPPLES.

RIVER—river—river,
Flowing so rapidly down
Making the reed-beds quiver
Under the banks so brown :—
Listen and hear my message,
Down to my Alice flow,
And whisper—whisper—whisper—
Whisper it soft and low.

River—river—river,
Murmur “I come at night,”
Safely my words deliver—
Whisper them all aright.
Then will she smile upon thee—
Bright will thy ripples run,
And glisten—glisten—glisten—
Glisten as with the sun.

River—river—river,
Give her the tryst for me.
Love is a bounteous giver,
What shall thy guerdon be ?—
Smiles I would spare no other
She shall on thee bestow
To brighten—brighten—brighten—
Brighten your sullen flow !

A QUESTION.

WHAT makes my brow to throb and ache ?
What makes my eyes to weep begin ?
What makes my limbs beneath me quake
With shooting pains ? Ah me ! The In-
fluenza !

What makes me turn my “m”s to “b”s
And talk of “chill” instead of “chin,”

And speak profanely of my “d—” s—
Instead of “knees”? Ah me! The In-
fluenza!

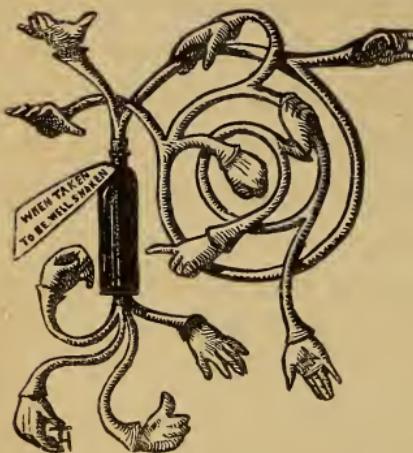
What makes my nose as red as fire?
What makes such parchment of my skin
What makes me sneeze, when my desire
Is *not* to sneeze? Ah me! The In-
fluenza!

What makes my hand so dry and hot?
Whence comes this changeless, ceaseless din—
This singing in my ears? Oh what
What *can* it be? Ah me! The In-
fluenza!



“THE ATTITUDE ASSUMED BY GREAT BRITAIN. —Vide despatches *passim*

MY DOMESTIC'S MEDICINE.



ERHAPS you don't understand what I mean by that—

"Oh yes ! all right," says the Cursory Reader, "Dr. Buchan and that sort of thing."

But the Cursory Reader is wrong.

That is no more than he generally is ; and if there were a Society for Reforming him, it would be a benefit to authors and society at large.

Your Cursory Observer is a human magpie without very much brains. In the artist's studio he hops from easel to portfolio. Skims a carefully studied piece of composition, and then snatching up a sketch, says "Very good—very good, very effective," and puts it down again. But not before the artist sees that he has in his hurry been looking at it upside down.

In the author's study, he whips up notes and

disarranges them. Scans your last poem, and misreads it. If you happen to have any picture-puns about, he laughs at them consumedly, but destroys all the effect of his criticism by misquoting them. For instance he guffaws over a sketch of a jug of hot-water, a tumbler and tea-spoon, sugar-basin and lemon, but says "Beast's Medium in Spirits—ha, ha—very neat—clever, uncommonly clever!"

As to society your Cursory Reader is the curse of it. He gives you his opinion upon all the newest works, having only read their reviews in the papers. He has experienced much pleasure in the perusal of your book (which he has never set eyes on) and especially admires that poem about "She said I am a-weary" (which happens to be written by the Poet Laureate and not by you).

Well then I repeat the Cursory Reader is wrong.

"Perhaps" says a matronly female, with a bowl of brimstone and treacle in one hand and a spoon in the other, "perhaps you allude to those drugs and medicaments, which can always be administered with safety, and which no mother of a family should be without!"

I don't mean any such abominable thing in the least, ma'am.

"Ah, then you're a homœopathist!"

No, Madam!

Now it is very strange that ladies, who are so fond of giving motherly doses, should hate Hahnemann's practice so much as they do. Every lady, who has a

medicine chest big enough for a Peninsular and Oriental Steamship, and filled with all the drugs from Assafœtida to Zingiber, will not allow any male in her household from her husband upwards to indulge in a little morocco case (nine inches by four) of glass tubes, containing what look very much like the things we called "Million sugarplums" when we were children. The antipathy has no stronger reason to back it than the old Protection one. The women like to have the Monopoly of the "motherly doses," but, unlike the farmers, they don't use it to garner up their goods.

"Then you don't approve of Domestic Medicine as exercised by wives and mothers any more than Homœopathy, I presume?" says a majestic lady in black silk jingling a bunch of housekeeper's keys.

No, madam,—I don't. And if you wish me to be candid I consider your practice to be the worst system of *Home-eopathy* of the two.

"Ah, you men are so prejudiced. But you're glad enough to be nursed when you're ill!"

True, madam, but for my part I prefer that my nurse and my doctor should be distinct. I don't want to imagine that the hand that smooths my pillow has just been pinching my pills, any more than I wish arrow-root out of the spoon I took my castor oil from.

Do you know I verily believe that Eve did not tempt Adam to eat an apple, but induced him to take a large pill. Her daughters do it to this day.

The tragedy begins with "John dear, you're not looking well. Hadn't you better take a little medicine?" Of course John, not feeling ill, declines, and then his lady proceeds from entreaty, to indignation.

"Well, when you're ill, don't expect me to nurse you!" This finally subsides into tears, and the result is that at last John gives way. I believe the strength and quantity of the dose administered is always in ratio to the length of time it took to persuade the victim. For your feminine physician argues that the more ill you are, the more you will show it in the disturbance of your temper, and since as long as you will not be persuaded by her, you are in "a horrid temper" it is pretty plain that the continuance of the argument gives an extra weight of drugs in the prescription.

Of course the wretched sufferer gets worse and worse, and finally the Doctor is called in. All he has to do is (if possible) to keep the lady from throwing in more physic. If he can't succeed in doing that, he administers antidotes. But he never says a word about that, the sly dog. The more ladies cure their husbands, the more patients he gets.

By and bye Benedict recovers, and then his wife says "John dear—only think how ill you'd have been if it hadn't been taken in time!"

No! I protest if there be one thing more than another, that should entitle a man to a divorce, it is the possession of one of those Pandora boxes of physics and pills, that women love to call their own.

In fact a medicine chest is a strong case for Sir Cresswell Cresswell.

"Very true, very true," says a little gentleman, "I quite agree with all your observations. But I am astonished that, holding those opinions, you do not agree with us." And he taps one of the small morocco cases aforesaid.

What with the "*similia similibus curantur*" party?

"Just so, sir."

Well I confess I don't object to your motto—"Like cures like." I'd much rather be cured by what I like than what I dislike. But seriously speaking I have only had the opportunity of seeing the theory carried out on a large scale in one manner. And there it fails. If you have got a few rogues and criminals in your gaols, you will find that the more you add to the number the less they cure each other,

"Ah, now you're jesting," says my little friend. and away he goes in a huff.

Another gentleman succeeds him.

"What do you think about the Morisonian system, Sir?"

When I see a systematic abuse of a body of men whose skill, whose kindness, whose zeal, and whose charity are so well known,—when I see our professional men called murderers, poisoners, rogues, and ignoramuses—in a word when I see a set of men promulgating their doctrines by personal attacks, and merely arguing according to the formulæ of Billingsgate Logic, I confess I have the very lowest

opinion not only of the theory, but also of those who uphold it.

My interlocutor disappears, looking as ferocious as the mangy lion on the College of Health in the New Road.

But his place is speedily occupied by a short stout pale gentleman with long hair and green spectacles.

"Ah, I have ze soluti-on of ze matere—you are vun Hydropath. You believe zat ze cold vasser cure every zickness?"

Most implicitly, when administered in the right way—

"By ze method of Priessnitz?"

Not a bit of it. But I believe that if you want an effectual cure for tooth-ache, head-ache, and all the other aches,—when there's nobody looking, jump into the river from the centre arch of London Bridge. That's the only water-cure I believe in, and I don't approve of it any more than Priessnitz's system as a Perfect Cure.

"Then after all you believe in the regular style of practice?" exclaims some one in an injured voice, as if I had no business to be regular, and ought to be eccentric.

Well then—to come out with it—I do. I have had a few illnesses in my time, and I'm a very impatient patient. But commend me to the regular practitioner with his good temper, his kindness, his soothing and cheering words, and his uniformly calm temper.

I have reason to thank several of them for putting up with a very fretful and discontented invalid.

But “my Domestic’s Medicine” is a story that has nothing to do with any theory, or system, and touches on no practitioners. It is simply a little anecdote that I should not have been two minutes in telling, if at my first outset I had not drawn down such a medical examination upon my devoted head.

My Domestic’s name was Martha.

Not that I have the slightest right to use the possessive pronoun, only holding as I did a limited property in her, for she was maid-of-all-work in a house where there were two other lodgers besides myself.

“The Parlours”—(for we lodgers took our titles from our residences like other noblemen) was a young man who studied medicine. He was no favorite of Martha’s, because he was always having in arms and legs and “bits of skelintons” as she used to call them—and, as I subsequently learnt for another reason.

“The Drawin’-rooms” was a cashier at a Bank, a very precise little old gentleman, with a real bald head, and false white teeth.

I was “The Second Floor.”

Now although mine was the share of her labours which gave her most trouble, owing to an extra number of stairs (and there were plenty of them, for as she used to say “The house *was* flighty”), Martha always attended best upon me, and seemed to answer

my bell with twice the alacrity she showed in obeying the summonings of the "Drawin' Rooms" and "The Parlours."

It was owing to no particular reason that I can give, except that I used to accumulate my wants for one errand so as to save her legs. But at all events it obtained for me her attention, her respect, and what is more, her confidence.

Poor Martha! Hers was a hard life, though no harder than that of many maids-of-all-work in London lodging-houses. How she managed to perform all her errands I cannot tell. I used to see her coming upstairs with a breakfast-tray in one hand, two pair of boots in the other, a coal-scuttle on her left arm, and a coat, waistcoat, and trousers on her right. I think it must have been in addition to these feats that she carried my letters sometimes in her mouth, for the covers often bore evident traces of her teeth.

She was a red-armed, rough-handed, powerfully-built woman, with a good work-a-day face, of which the necessity of cleaning steps of a frosty morning could not destroy the texture and frequent late hours coupled with very early rising could not mar the complexion. In a word, she was as thoroughly fitted for a drudge as if she had been made of cast iron and worked by steam.

Of course I never suspected such a creature of falling in love. But she had, and in a characteristically matter-of-fact manner.

The way I found it out was highly ludicrous. I had suffered from a bilious attack, and had got a modest little collection of half-emptied physic bottles by me, which led to the confession.

One evening a modest tap came at my door. I put down my book, and said "Come in," expecting to see my landlady. But it was Martha who made her appearance.

"If yer please, sir," she began, after a little hesitation, "if you'd hexcuse me the liberty, would yer give me a little drop o' physic?"

"I don't suppose I have got any that will suit you," said I; "why does not your mistress send for a doctor if you're ill?" I fancied the good lady might do that, for I knew that Martha's wages could not extend to such luxuries as medicine.

"Taint *me* that's hill," said she with emphasis.

"Who then?" said I.

"Oh no one, sir, on'y I thought you'd give me somethin' as might do 'em good!"

"Why not ask Mr. Neife (the medical student)?" was my next question. But Martha turned up her nose (the only feature in her whole face that could convey expression) at the proposition. "He put some nastyferrety or some hother 'orrid stuff in 'is gin, 'cos 'e thought I drinkt it—and I'd scorn the haction!"

I was amused at her anger, for it appeared to me that if she had "scorned the haction," she would never have discovered that the spirit had been treated with assafœtida or any other compound.

" Well," said I, " what is it you want?"

" Well, sir, then it's a little Tinker of Rewbub!"

I informed her, not without a smile, that I had no specimens of that trade among my medicaments.

" Well, then, some feveressin' draffs 'll do!" she replied.

I was very much tickled at the accommodating nature of an illness, which would suffer itself to be treated indiscriminately with these two physics; but I determined to know more of it ere I ventured to dispense for it. In fact I told Martha that I would dispense *with* the matter altogether, if she did not tell me a little more plainly what she wanted.

Thus driven into a corner, she was compelled to make a clean breast of it. Something of a brick-dust colour, that might pass for a blush, rose to her rough cheeks, as she said, " Well, then, it's for my young man. You see 'e's a baker, and, what with the 'eat of the hoven and one thing and another, 'e do suffer werry bad with it, to be sure."

" With what?"

" Why, it's the 'eat of the oven and the bakin' as brings it hon fust. And then 'e always kneads is' bread daily."

" He's not the only one who needs that, Martha," said I.

" There *his* two hothers I know, but they're honly boys," she answered, mistaking my meaning. " And

it comes hon hall of a suddint, and 'e's tooked up with it so sharp as 'e can't ketch 'is breath."

"With what?"

"Why it was only last Good Friday it took 'im so as 'e couldn't go the rounds with the cart—and cart which it is. And 'is master was as cross as hall the buns together, and 'e says 'e sha'n't keep 'im if 'e don't get better on it."

"Of what?" I repeated.

"Well, and there's so many 'ouses to go to, and—"

"But what *is* the matter with him?" I shouted at last.

"Oh, sir," said Martha, startled at my impatience, "then, sir, it's 'e suffers so most terrible from *population of the 'eart!*"



FANCY PORTRAIT. MR. BEARD, PHOTOGRAPHER.

FRIENDS.

I HAVE friends who are kind to me :
Some that I do not often see,
And some that I daily come upon,
Grasp hands, and talk with, and pass on :
And others I have, who are more distant,
And we only know we are each existent
By mutual letters, arriving rarely—
(For I'm no correspondent, to tell you fairly)
Why they like me I cannot tell—
(Some may judge ill—and some judge well)
Some for a foolish trick I may have
In smiling—or, may be, in looking grave—
Some think me jovial—and some not a testy mate—
Perchance some have formed an erroneous estimate !

Well, I won some by chance—and some well merited,
And some, that I keep, I first inherited :
And, since from the truth I am loth to swerve,
I think I have some that I don't deserve.

These are the friends that are kind to me !
As for my enemies—let them be

It may be five years ago that I took
The sudden idea of writing a book—
Full of whims, and thoughts, and fancies,
Poems, Essays, and Romances—
Just a book!—not a ponderous tome
Of Travels in Turkey—or Rambles in Rome—
But a little mind-journeying—“Not without merit”—
So say some critics; some kind hearts prefer it
To more serious volumes of weightier matter—
Just as you see in choosing a platter
Some prefer china—and some will take delf:—
However there it stands on the shelf,
And so you can read it, and judge for yourself.
But yet were some critics, be sure, made sad
ravage,
And cut it, and slashed it with sternness quite
savage—
“The author’s too young”—“The attempt was too
rash”—
“He should not have published such terrible trash!”

By and bye, however, there came
A number of letters addressed in my name,—
Letters of praise—not one of blame:—
That speaks well for human nature,
Which, they say, to hurt a fellow creature
Will go out of its way a mile or so—
But to help a fellow-creature! No,
It will hesitate, and doubt, and linger,
And never stir a single finger.

That's "what they say"—if you like to receive it :
As for myself, I don't believe it—
For trust me this fact you may down as a law stick,
Men will sacrifice truth to say something that's
caustic.

But if *I* might prescribe, without being empirical,
I'd say take the *good* humour, and not the satirical.

Well, after a time, the fire and pride
Of having published within me died—
And I settled down to the steady plod
Of the path in which I aforetime trod ;
Though still in my breast there lingered a spark
Not extinguished, but growing dark—
A spark of the flame, that kindly praise
And friendly notice can always raise—
A spark of the fire that burns and scorches
When, a mental martyr, you feel the torches
Of critical executioners.—So,
Not forgetting the joy or woe
Of laudings and blamings, I began
To settle down to my former man,
And was going quietly on, until
Something happened that sent a thrill
Of happiness into my inmost heart—
Not the less happiness, mind, that the smart
Of a solemn sadness was with it mingled :—
No wonder my tell-tale life-blood tingled—
The story's no long one—you need not fear it.
Sit down beside me, and then you shall hear it !

I met (it does not matter where,
And if I told you, you would not care)
A lady of true and tender heart,
Quietly acting up to her part
In the Drama of Life—as a gentle woman
(A part that is somewhat more than human).

One evening in a window together
We stood gazing out : it was autumn weather,
And the evening was clear, the stars were bright,
And towards the West, with a mystic light,
Over the town a Comet hung,
Like a fiery Pentecostal tongue :
While beneath that streaming celestial sign,
Out in the streets, with a smoky shine,
Glared the lamps of the booths and shows
('Twas a Fair-night, as you can guess I suppose).
Over the hoarse, low sound of the crowd
The trumpets brayed and the gongs rang loud,
But just as, in spite of the Comet afar,
And the lamps beneath, we could see each star—
So through harsh music, and ceaseless noise,
Flowed on distinctly the Lady's voice.

“ One who was very dear to me—
“ One who has left the earth to be
“ A link between Heaven and my memory—
“ Was lying on a bed of sickness,
“ When I—to give time a seeming quickness—
“ Read aloud from your book to please her,

“ ‘Mid the sick-room’s sameness and gloom to ease
her.

“ So I read it through from beginning to end

“ During the last days of my friend :

“ And I said, if ever it so befall

“ That I meet the writer, I’ll tell him all,

“ And thank him for myself, and the dead,

“ For those thoughts of his we together read !”

Tell me now if I may not lay

This to my heart, and proudly say,

“ If the volume have charmed away *some* pain

“ From one at least—it is not in vain !”

The lamps may glare—but a tiny star

Is higher, if not so bright, by far—

The Comet in newness and glory transcends—

The stars are our humble familiar friends.

The critics may praise—the critics may blame—

The style may be weak—and too low the aim—

But I shall remember that autumn night—

The Stars—the Comet—the cressets bright :

But, better than all, the gentle light

Of a graceful act, and a kindly word,

That outweighs all the blame I ever heard ! .

This is *one* of the friends, who’ve been kind to me.

As for my enemies—let them be !

GRAINS OF GOLD.

FAR away in the Pacific,
Lies Australia—the prolific—
Where are streams that glide along
With a ceaseless murmuring song,
Glistening as oceanward they run
Their golden net-work in the sun.
For, from secret caves of earth,
In the mountains of their birth,
Golden sand they bear away :
And I dreamed the other day
That each atom was endowed
With a voice distinct and loud,—
That they sang as on they roll'd
Of the future fate of Gold.

Thus sang one : “I shall be seen
In the crown of some great queen,
And shall sometimes condescend
To the shouting crowd to bend.
Yet the circlet's leaden weight,
In the midst of pomp and state,
Shall, with an incessant pain,

Press upon the wearer's brain.
Prison'd in its golden cage,
The brow shall furrowed seem with age."

Sang another, "I shall gleam
In a bracelet's dazzling beam ;
And its form shall be a spray—
Roses set with rubies gay ;
And the bracelet's golden twist
Shall encircle beauty's wrist,
While, beneath, her pulse shall measure
Seconds of a life of pleasure."

Sang another : "I shall shine
In a slender golden twine ;
And a woman thin and spare
Shall embroider flowers fair
In a costly robe of state.
Yet that woman desolate,
Has not seen a blossom wild
Since she was a prattling child ;
But with little pay or praise,
She has measured out the days
Of her life, so cheaply sold,
With the slender threads of gold."

Sang another : "I shall aid
In the pommel of a blade,
Wielded by some valiant knight
To win the well-contested fight ;

Nor rest until the weapon's hilt
Blush with blood of foemen spilt."

Sang another : " In the case
Of a watch shall be my place ;
And its voice shall whisper low
Of the minutes as they go.

In the portly sheriff's hand
Scanning the hour with moisten'd eye,
I shall time his loud command :
' Bring the felon forth '—to die !
For the culprit's time is told
By the sheriff's watch of gold."

Sang another : " I shall shine
In the wedding ring ; the sign
That shall link two hearts together
To be fondly linked for ever."—

Sang another : " I shall rest
On an aching human breast
In a locket ; and, below
A simple silky auburn tress,
Shall the life-tide ebb and flow
Of a heart dead to happiness.'

Sang another : " They will mould
Me into a coin of gold.
Bartered oft for happiness,
Bartered oft for deep distress,

Buying joy and buying grief.
Surely money is the chief
Of the uses manifold
That mankind can make of gold."

Sang the last one : "As a pen
In the hands of mighty men
I shall rouse the world to wonder,
Keen as lightning, loud as thunder.
If the sword can win and keep,
'Tis the pen can rouse from sleep
Dormant spirits of a nation
To freedom and emancipation."

Emblem of pomp, of pledges broken ;
Trinket, sword, or marriage token,
Ye are metal vainly spent
Beside the pen omnipotent !

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

"With the Blue above, and the Blue below."



WOULD I had something to do—or to think !
Or something to read,
or to write !
I am rapidly verging
on Lunacy's brink,
Or I shall be dead
before night.

In my ears has been
ringing and droning
all day,

Without ever a stop or a change,
That poem of Tennyson's—heart-cheering lay !—
Of the Moated Monotonous Grange !

The stripes in the carpet and paper alike
I have counted, and counted, all through.
And now I've a fervid ambition to strike
Out some path of wild pleasure, that's new.

They say if a number you count, and re-count,
 That the time imperceptibly goes :—
 Ah, I wish—how I wish !—I'd ne'er learnt the amount
 Of my aggregate fingers and toes.

“ Enjoyment is fleeting,” the proverbs all say,
 “ Even that, which it feeds upon, fails.”
 I've arrived at the truth of the saying to-day,
 By devouring the whole of my nails.

*

I have numbered the minutes, so heavy and slow,
 Till of that dissipation I tire.
 And as for exciting amusements,—you know
 One can't *always* be stirring the fire !



PALL MALL PHANTOMS.

What my foreign friend saw in a dark passage in the War Office.

LOVE AND PITY.

OH, let my little shallop dance
The silver waters o'er,
Its painted sides as on they glance
Are close to either shore :
On either shore the violets
In easy reach I cull.
The tiniest of brooks it is
Slender, and beautiful.

“ Oh maiden to its waters
Thy fortunes ne'er deliver ;
The streamlet in a little space
Will widen to a river.”

Oh, let my little shallop glide
Where broader grows the stream ;
I love to watch upon its tide
The water-lilies gleam—
To see the clear reflection sleep
Upon its placid breast,
As softly on the ripples creep
'Mid universal rest.

“ Oh maiden to its waters
Thy fortunes ne’er deliver ;
The stream within a little space
Will widen to a river !”

Oh let my little shallop rock
Upon the river wide,
Oh let me watch the happy flock
That wander by its side.
'Tis not the night that gathers round,
'Tis but a passing cloud :—
'Tis not the cataract's sullen sound
'Tis but the breezes loud.

“ Oh maiden, vain to save thee
My warning, and endeavour.
You will not hear, you would not stay;
Farewell—farewell for ever !”

The river reached the roaring fall,
The night closed in above.
The rivulet men Pity call,
The river it was Love.

THE GOVERNESS.

“The Spartans used to make their Helots intoxicated and show them to their children, in order to impress on them the evil of the habit of drunkenness.”—ANCIENT HISTORY.

“Mrs. C.—’s governess being ill with the fever, was dressed and sent off alone by rail to her brother—a direction was sewn to her dress by the provident lady, so that if the poor girl died on the road her body might be conveyed to its destination.”—MODERN HISTORY.

THEY call you a “*Governess*”—ah, poor slave !
Your very name there’s a scoff in ;
No birthright you have on earth but a grave,
And scarce money enough for a coffin.

If you find employers be sure ’tis best
To be humble and meek and observant ;
And as for the rest—why think yourself blest
If they treat you no worse than a servant.

Their Helot you !—that their children may—
“Thank God that they need not labour
For paltry pay (proud Pharisees they)
Like their poorer Publican neighbour.”

At their table too, poor creature forlorn,
You’re a scarcely acknowledged sitter ;

And enough must be borne of slight and scorn
To make every mouthful bitter.

And, since in a governess feeling's absurd,
All weaknesses you must dissemble,
Though a gentle word, so seldom heard,
Makes the foolish tear-drop tremble.

If weary and worn with working, still
You must rouse yourself, and awaken ;
If you choose to be ill you cannot fulfil
All the duties you've undertaken ;

And so, without doubt, you really must
Leave your place to be filled by another !
And 'tis but just that you should be thrust
In the train, and sent off to your brother.

And—since haply you may expire on the way—
Thank your Christian employers politely,
Whose foresight is able to pen you a label,
That your corpse may be “ forwarded rightly !

THE FAIR MAIDS OF CORNWALL.

“ FIVE shillings will be amply sufficient” we soliloquised, as we handed two half-crowns to the postboy who had driven us over to our fishing-station. We say postboy, because it is the usual term, and because if he was no boy, but had grey hair and three children, still he proved his title to the first half of his name, being decidedly as stupid and deaf as any post in the kingdom. He had been silent on the subject of the weather, which we introduced at starting ; he had merely given two conversational jerks about the harvest, which we brought forward after the first two miles ; and only warmed into a sentence when, at the end of the journey, we started that unfailing topic with his genus—namely matters equine : describing a tandem-drive of some length undertaken by ourself and a friend on a late interesting crisis in our university career.

Five shillings appeared to be amply sufficient, to judge from the manner in which they were received. Away rattled the gig, and we turned into the hotel in search of dinner. Of course the hotel is called “The Ship :” sea-side hotels have a habit of being called ships. Of course, too, there is a commercial room, wherein sits one of the tribe commercial. We

wonder what earthly purpose he can come down to East Outoftheway for, and conclude he is a traveller for a fish-hook manufactory, there being very little opening for any other trade. We subsequently learn he appears for a net-making firm at Bridport.

In the meantime, the darkness sets in all in a minute, as it seems ; so we order candles and a private room—the latter, we find, is a work of supererogation, all the rooms being private rooms. The traveller in the fish-net line has a room to himself, we have a room to ourself ; and the two other rooms have themselves to themselves, there being no one else in the house.

We find it not particularly lively ; so we make an excitement by ordering dinner. Mentioning a list of dishes, with the full conviction that we shall come at length to a chop or a steak, we discover the fallibility of man—we have no more varied a bill of fare than

Boiled chicken,
Roast chicken.

“ Roast *ditto* ” would be more correct, the chicken being but one—a logical *ens unum*, an individual fact subject to the contingencies of roasting or boiling. We decide upon the former, and then endeavour wildly to find amusement while Mary retires to prepare the meal.

We look out of the window, and perceive in the gloom Dinner *in prospectu*, in the shape of an ungainly fowl with a generally draggled appearance,

standing on the dust-heap. To whom enter Mary, and then ensues a lively chase, Dinner objecting to be caught, and dodging about for some time among cart-wheels, tubs, and hampers. At length, Mary hems Dinner into a corner ; and then—

We next read the paper through—even a week-old *Times*—from the first advertisement to the printer's name at the end. We try to do a little of the history of East Outoftheway, and break down after three pages ; and we are reduced to the *dernier ressort* of imagining figures and landscapes in the pattern of the paper on the walls, when dinner is announced—by a rattle of dishes, and the thump of a tray against the door. We fall to. The fowl was certainly an old friend of the family, and we cease to wonder at his reluctance to give up old associations. When we have mangled the first course to the best of our ability, the second enters. This is more hopeful. Cherry tart and cream—such cream ! Rich, ripe, real, golden cream, such as is only to be had in the west—a sort of beatified butter, that we can only believe to be the produce of asphodel-fed cows in the Elysian fields.

After this, need we say we do justice to the cream and tart ? Dinner over, we light a cigar, and call for some sherry. So we are soon wrapped in a fragrant cloud, and oblivious of things mundane. Anon through the vapours loom the forms of Bob Tobbles and Harry Poltrepen (a Cornishman of course), the two friends who were to join us in our

further proceedings. The sherry soon looks small ; and as we do not find it sufficiently inviting to call for another bottle, we sally out to look at the sea—a ceremony which superstition compels all visitors of watering-places to perform before they go to rest the first day of their arrival. With us it was a mere form, for the night was too dark for anything to be seen.

We grope through a series of alleys, under the guidance of Poltrepén, until we reach the church, which of course faces the sea. Fishing-villages always build their churches directly facing the sea. The alleys through which we have passed are entitled lanes here, the only real lane in the place being dignified with the name of street. Our employment on reaching the sea is of course that of throwing stones into the water—another sea-side superstition. It is hardly necessary to say that we fall in with a Coast-guard, and give him some tobacco, in return for which he favours us with some very improbable yarns, all of which we believe : that is another sea-side superstition.

Then we grope our way back to supper, but not without an adventure of an amusing description—a tumbling feat which long-legged Bob Tobbles (we used to call him Old Compasses at school) performs over the back of a little donkey in a dark alley. We immediately express our belief that donkeys are an emanation of the sea, which does not comfort Bob or apply salve to his bruised elbow, but is

nevertheless true, there being no sea-side place of our acquaintance which does not abound with the breed. As we approached in the gig beside the taciturn postboy, we were conscious at one and the same moment of a strong briny whiff of the sea-breeze and a donkey by the roadside ; and the nearer we came to the sea, the more asses we saw. When we have finished a demonstration on this subject to Bob and Harry, we find we are again at the inn, where we have supper, and then a pipe, and then a chamber-candle, for we have to be stirring early. We separate at our doors with mutual entreaties of "Now, mind you get up when you're called !"

We are sorry to have to record at this part of our narrative, that it is our belief that Tobbles kissed the chamber-maid, for we heard a slight scuffle at his door, and a faint "Don't," which sounded very much like "*Encore.*" Our bed-room is very cosy-looking, and the bed is so soft and white, that it raises serious doubts in our minds as to whether we shall be able to get up in the morning ; so we jump out of our clothes and into the sheets as quickly as we can, with the intention of doing as much sleep as possible in the time. We close our eyes, and hear, in a half-doze, the clock striking eleven, and then go off like a top. Now, we are morally certain, that in less than five minutes after, we were awakened by a knock at the door, and a voice that cried "Sleep no more!"—not that it exactly

used those words, its remark being : “Here’s your thick boots sir and it’s five o’clock and I’ve called the other gentlemen !” To this unpunctuated, and, to our belief, unpunctual voice, we object that “it can’t be more than twelve ;” but are put to silence immediately, by a husky, croaking, wheezing clock down stairs, which, after a long preliminary coughing and whizzing, proclaims, in the deathlike stillness of the house, five o’clock. Without another word, we get up, very sleepy in spite of a flounder in a tub of cold water, and walk in a somnambulic manner to the quay, where we find Bob, and where, in turn, we are found by Harry ; and as the *Tripos*, as Bob calls it, is assembled, we jump into the boat, and are rowed off by the two fishermen to the larger vessel, in which we are to make our attempt at the fishes.

It is very cold on the water, and the air is raw ; we all begin to feel as if we should like to be in bed again, when Bob suddenly remembers his brandy-flask, at which we take a good pull all round, and so get livelier, and begin to talk. As a matter of course, the conversation opens with an inquiry of the fishermen as to the probable state of the weather ; to which they return a favourable answer. Presently we reach and scramble into the other boat. This is no easy matter, as the sea is running pretty high, and Harry nearly tumbles in, but hangs on by the bulwarks, and only gets dipped in the waves up to his knees. He bears it heroically. Harry is

“short, stout, and seven-and-twenty,” and looks very absurd in a white jersey, which is stretched so tight round his fair proportions, that it looks like an open net. His head is surmounted by a felt-hat, broadish in the brim, and steeplish in the crown, so that he looks like Vanderdecken in *The Phantom Ship*; or rather as that worthy would have looked if he had been fed on oil-cake, or personated by Mr. Paul Bedford. Bob, on the other hand, as we have already remarked, is tall; he wears a pilot-coat that looks like a monkey-jacket, while his nether extremities are incased in a pair of waterproofs, which are evidently too short, in spite of a compromise which he has effected by not pulling them up to his waist, or down to his ankles. Our own appearance we shall not attempt to describe, leaving it to the imagination of our readers, who will be kind enough to suppose everything that is nice, and proper, and seamanlike. They will have the goodness to picture to themselves a tall, very graceful figure, clothed in a white jersey with broad blue stripes, a rough coat, a pair of loose flowing blue trousers falling gracefully over the foot, all crowned with a natty tarpaulin-covered straw-hat; and when they have done this, they will have the exact image of the figure we did *not* present on the morning in question.

“Up anchor,” and off we go, and have a very fine run of eight miles; the only incidents on the way being breakfast and Harry, who turns white, and volunteers the observation that he feels “very jolly.”

This is immediately followed by large applications to the brandy.

At length, having reached the fishing-ground, which the fishermen make out by the relative bearing of two points of land, we let down the anchor, furl the sails, and set to work getting out our tackle. We bait our hooks with pilchard and mussels, and throw them over. Down they go, with a lead plummet to them, and we keep unwinding and unwinding, until we begin to think they will never stop. At length the line slackens ; we haul in a fathom of it to prevent the bait from dragging, and wait patiently. A bet of a pint of beer is laid all round as to who gets the first fish. Then ensues a deep silence.

Presently Bob is seized with an apparently sudden fit of insanity ; he shouts, and jumps, and hauls in his line, hand over hand, with astounding rapidity. Bump ! In comes the lead over the side ; a fathom of line follows, and then at the end of it—bare hooks ! Bob anathematises the fish, baits again, and throws his line over. It is not half run out before Harry is seized with a fit of similar frenzy, and begins hauling in ; but it turns out that he is only entangled with Bob's line ; so, after a little fuss, they both set to work letting out again. We now feel it due to our dignity to haul in, but we do so only for the sake of appearances, since we do not imagine for a moment that we have caught anything. In comes the lead, and lo ! to our astonishment, half a minute afterwards in comes a small fish, like a miniature shark.

We all shout and rejoice, much to the amusement of the two fishermen, who are not inclined to be rhapsodical over a “doggy-fish,” as they call it. We comfort ourself with the idea of the two pints delusively, for we are quite certain we shall not see Bob’s, as he never pays up.

Presently the fun gets fast and furious, and we begin to haul in as fast as we can, until our hands get a little sore. In they come—bream and whiting, and cod and dogfish—dogfish and cod, and whiting and bream, until at length Harry howls out that he has got the Eddystone lighthouse, or a whale, and finishes up by handing in a large ray.

“By Jove, there’s a turbot!”

“Yes, sir, r’markable fine,” observes one of the fishermen, a wag in his way; “ony look at the *tail* of um!” Harry retires.

We amuse ourself with contemplating the last capture, as he lies in the bottom of the boat, smacking his lips, and winking his eyes, and screwing his mouth about in the absurd way in which rays take leave of life. We are tacitly wondering whether sunset-describing poets, when they talk about “expiring rays,” know what an absurd sight the moribund monsters are, when suddenly we feel an immense weight at the end of the line. We haul and tug. “We have hold of a rock—no—there it comes—no—it doesn’t—yes, it does. Yeo, heave ho! Now it moves; it must be a whale!” We give it up, and place the line in the hands of one of the men.

After a long struggle, up it comes ; we lean over, and see something, now white, now black, rising through the dim green waters. “By Jove ! it’s a shark !” The fishermen grow vindictive immediately, and are bent upon his destruction. “Where’s the gaff ?” “Here it is ;” and Bob insists upon doing the honours. He “will introduce the gentleman to the party in the boat.” The shark reaches the surface. Bob makes a lunge at him, but only succeeds in giving him a poke in the ribs, and the shark, seeing the sort of treatment he is likely to meet with on board, objects strongly. There is a great splash and a jump, and the fisherman finds his level rather suddenly in the bottom of the boat, and off goes the shark with a couple of hooks in his mouth. We all abuse Bob roundly—ourself in particular—and retire to our stations very glum ; but the sport still going on well, we soon brighten up.

Now we have a false alarm. Harry vows he has got a shark, but it turns out to be only a very large ray, which comes up, the sly dog, presenting himself flat to the water, and so offering no slight resistance to all attempts at close acquaintance. But we soon overcome his scruples ; and, in spite of his retiring disposition, he is gaffed by one of the fishermen with a skill that makes us regret that we allowed Bob to make an attempt by which he deprived us of a great triumph. After this, we light the fire—we have a little grate on board—and produce the provisions, and make a sort of dinner. We had, on our way out,

laid a ground-tier of breakfast, but we find the sea-air appetising, with the exception of Harry, who is off his feed, and evinces a strong dislike to the sight of eatables. Of course we chaff him cruelly—"the sea-sick have no friends."

Dinner over, we set to work again, and begin hauling away ; by this time the appearance of our hands is not exhilarating. Nevertheless, we stand to our lines like men, and haul them in of all colours, red, and pink, and blue, and black, and brown. But at length a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream. There is an ominous sameness in our catches. Bob hauls in a dogfish ; Harry lands two more ; we haul in our line minus the hooks : verdict of the fishermen, "Bit off by doggy-fish." And so it goes on, until the fishermen, seeing we are in a regular school of them, advise us to "about ship," and go ashore ; so in less than five minutes we are scudding along before a nice fresh breeze. There is a heavy swell rolling, and by and by Harry is discovered to be leaning over the side, as if, Narcissus-like, he was in love with his reflection in the water. He rises presently with a white face and a vehement desire for brandy.

The tide is running in, so we sail up alongside of the quay, and land amid the admiring populace. We place our spoil in the hands of an elderly lady, with a promising beard and two eyes that are not a pair, and give orders that the whiting may be cured. After this, with a queer sensation in our legs, as if the street were tossing and tumbling about, we walk

towards the hotel, and are nearly run down on the way by some score of eager fellows who are going out after a school of mackerel which we saw leaping and flashing in the bay as we came into port. Before we get to the end of the quay, we see them jump into the boats and pull away with a heartiness that bodes ill for the future happiness of the mackerel. Watching all this, we are very foolishly walking one way and looking another, and therefore we soon found ourselves seated on a heap of what seems to us grey sand ; but we are speedily undeceived by Harry, who informs us that we are seated on about a hundred pounds' worth of copper ore. So we rise with a profound respect for the heap, and begin to wish we could sing—

“Who 'll buy my gray sand ?”

The quay-master, a very curious specimen of the Quaker, and a friend of Harry's, comes up, and we fall into conversation with him, and learn that the heaps of ore we see on the quay are worth altogether nearly a thousand pounds, and are about to be shipped for Wales. New quays are being built, for East Outoftheway is a rising little town, and does an immense deal of business in this way. We look into the hold of one of the vessels lying alongside, and see the ore lying in great heaps there on the way to its destiny—kettles and penny-pieces.

Harry, who is *blasé* in the matter of copper, and has just regained his appetite, insists on an adjourn-

ment to the hotel, where we make a very substantial dinner.

Of course, over this meal there are great disputes. Each of us is certain that he has caught more than "the other two put together." We argue in an amicable manner as to who caught the finest fish, and when we venture to observe that, at all events, we caught the first fish, Bob and Harry, who have become a little more knowing than they were when we started, observe coldly ♦ "Ah, yes—only a dog-fish." We quietly "involve ourself in our virtue," and resign the pints tacitly, being sure we should not get them if we asked for them.

When dinner is over, it is time to go and see the "seine shot," as there are pilchards in the bay.

We sally forth, and scramble up the hill outside the town, arriving, after a tedious climb, at the look-out post. Here we find a crowd of persons, who hold shares in the seine; for a seine, boats and all, costs when new about a thousand pounds.

Borrowing a glass, we perceive two large boats and one small one rowing out. Presently the little one shoots ahead, and goes on a voyage of discovery to find the fish. Just at this moment, an excited gentleman behind us knocks our hat over our eyes with his glass, and commences a wild war-dance, yelling, "I see colour!" "Where? where?" "There—not far from the vollier!" Vollier is the boat which attends on the one which contains the seine; its name is a corruption of the word "follower."

When the excitement has subsided a little, we get hold of a sailor, who points out to us a spot in the sea which is of a reddish colour—this, he tells us, is caused by the quantity of fish.

This dark red spot in the glassy surface of the sea is the first warning the fish give of their arrival on the coast, and inexperienced eyes would overlook it, though, perhaps, they might perceive the fish leaping in another place, turning the water into a flickering sheet of silver. But the experienced eyes would have the best of it, for a better shoal is shown by colour, with perhaps one fish flashing out here and there, than is betrayed by the leaping or stoiting, as the fishermen call it, of a hundred.

In the first case, the fish lie dead—a steady shoal, so large and leisurely as not to be easily frightened by a boat sailing almost over it. The stoiting school are called skirmers, and consist only of a few hundred scattered fish with very few below the water.

Three boats belong to each seine. The largest contains the seine itself; the second is called the vollier, which follows the seine boat; while the third—a smaller one—contains the master seiner, or director of the whole, an experienced pilchard-fisher.

The general complement to each seine is eighteen men or thereabouts; who, besides their wages and allowance of eatables and drinkables, have a share in the fish caught; not a bad plan, as it ensures their best endeavours to catch all they can. Long after the other two boats have been got ready, you see

the string of men staggering down with the seine, coiling it up in the boat until you begin to think there is no end to the net. It is not quite endless, but is about two hundred and forty fathoms in length and fifteen in depth, and being, moreover, heavily leaded, it is by no means an easy task to get it into the boat. As for the getting it out again, that is a different matter altogether, as you will learn presently.

When at length the mortal coil is all on board, the boats start. The seine boat pulls out about two or three miles, the vollier about a quarter of a mile closer in shore, and a little astern of the other. The little boat skims about in search of a school in a favourable position where the bottom is clear of rocks. This office of dodging about and hanging near the fish gives this boat her name—the Lurker. At some places on the coast men are stationed on the hills, who, by hallooing or telegraphing by significant gestures, point out the shoals to the boats.

But generally the master seiner does this work, and when he has found the fish, is to be seen signalling frantically with arms, legs, and hat, in a manner eccentric to the uninitiated, but quite intelligible to the crews of the two boats, which come creeping quietly up to their prey. Three men in the seine boat divest themselves of every strip of clothing, preparatory to shooting the seine when the signal is given. The vollier pulls up to the first boat

and receives the rope which is attached to the end of the seine, and then ships its oars.

As soon as the master-mariner sees that all is ready, he dashes down his hat—if he is an excitable man he generally dances on it too, but that is not a part of his duty. In a second the sturdy unencumbered three begin to heave over the net. The boat shoots ahead, and makes a wide circle round the shoal until it reaches the vollier again, when—in a well-managed shoot—the seine is all overboard.

It seems hardly possible—even to those who have seen it—that a seine should be shot in a time a little under five minutes, but so it is! Four minutes and a half is considered a good shoot, anything the other side of five minutes is reckoned clumsy.

When the two ends of the seine have met, the vollier men lash them together with ropes for a short length, forming what is called the goose neck, which reduces the circle of the seine to a smaller compass. Looked at from above, the seine now looks like the outline of a common peg-top—the body of the top being represented by the line of corks in the circle of the seine, while the peg is formed by the aforesaid goose-neck. This done, they attach grapnels to different points in the circumference, and then row ashore until the time comes for taking up the fish.

At about eleven at night—if there be no moon so much the better, for at sea it is never absolutely dark, and the fish are not so easily scared in the

absence of light—the boats set out with a small net, entitled a tuck-seine, which they cast inside the other and bring up to the surface, dipping the fish out in baskets and throwing them into the boats. The stop-seine is still left in the water, until by successive tuckings it is emptied. If only a small quantity is believed to be caught, the stop-seine itself is hauled up; but if otherwise, is not removed, as there would be a chance of breaking it.

The seine, in the case of a good haul, stops down two or three days. You can discern it from the hill by the circle of corks and the glossy appearance of the sea around it, caused by the oil of the fish.

But this is only looking on the bright side of pilchard-fishing, for it has its dark side too. Not to mention such accidents as the fish escaping while the seine is being shot, or a huge marauding shark making breaches through and through the net, occasionally a heavy ground-swell sets in in the night, and the net drags, and is torn to pieces on the rocks. After such times as this the shore presents a busy scene; all available hands in the place are at work patching, letting-in pieces of spare net where the breach seems otherwise irreparable, or netting together the edges of less formidable rents. Hard work it is, too, to get the seine in trim to shoot again the same day, and harder still, when it is ready, to find the fish are gone or the weather too rough for fishing.

For many years seining has been a losing speculation, but formerly it was as great a mania as mining

is now, in the same districts ; but many successive years of failure damped the ardour of the adventurers, and seines were sold for a song. Many owners of seines, who sold them the beginning of this year, are lamenting their folly ; and it is really hard that, after struggling patiently against loss so long, they should part with their nets just at the very time when the fishery begins to promise well again.

A seine with boats with all the belongings costs, when new, very little less than a thousand pounds ; and when we come to think of repairs and wages (not to mention the expense of salting) the success must have been very great to make it a profitable speculation.

To return to Outoftheway ! The cry is, “They see it—the lurker sees it.” The master-seiner, whose duty it is to give orders to shoot the seine, &c. at the present moment, is standing up in the boat, making frantic signals with his hat. The seine-boat rows on ; three men in it are busily assuming the Adamite style of dress : when they are ready the frantic gentleman in the lurker dashes his hat down, and the Three Graces begin heaving over the seine. Immediately the spectators pull out their watches—“Five minutes to seven!” The boat commences rowing a large circle round the fish. The end of the seine is attached by a warp to the vollier, which remains stationary. Vigorously, and without stop or stay, the three men heave away at the net—the boat

completes the circle, having reached the vollier again, and the seine is all out!

"It wants half a minute to seven—not a bad shoot." We think not, considering that the seine is about 200 fathoms long, and 15 deep, and leaded heavily. The three men sink exhausted in the bottom of the boat. We observe it is terrible work. "Ah, sir, I knew a man as killed hisself—he were short-winded, and he lost his breath shooting the seine, and didn't get it again—died in the boat." We are horrified. And now the ends of the seine are hemmed together with a rope, and the net is kept extended and held in its place by grapnels, or "grapes," as the East Outofthewayans call them.

We retire to grog and pipes, inviting an old fisherman to come with us and deliver us a lecture on pilchard-fishery.

He informs us that he supposes the seine just shot contains from 300 to 500 "hosgeads" of fish. We learn in time that it is the fashion to say "hosgead" instead of hogshead in East Outoftheway, and we are almost inclined to believe it the more euphonious name of the two. He assures us there has been no such season as this for the last thirty years—the fish during that period having never been so numerous, so fine, or so close in-shore. He also tells us that, as there is a great scarcity in the market, they will fetch fabulous prices (he does not say fabulous, but we suppose that word to be equivalent to the sentence he

uses—"a brave deal more nor you'd reckon"). All this we gather with difficulty, for the old man chews tobacco, and has acquired a voice more or less as if he had been in the habit of swallowing hobnailed shoes ; besides this, there is an immense clattering of glasses and plates, and talking and shouting, going on in the next room. We learn from the Phyllis of the inn—who is not "neat-handed," but, on the contrary, red and chappy about those extremities—that the noise arises from a sampling dinner of mine-captains.

East Outoftheway rivals America in her captains—most of the old fishermen claim the title, to say nothing of the skippers that trade in the port, and the mayor, who is an old naval officer, and a whole bevy of mine-agents. The mayor of East Outoftheway is a relic of the departed grandeur of the borough, which before that absurd and iniquitous Reform Bill sent two members to parliament, and West Outoftheway used to do the same. West Outoftheway is separated from East by a bridge built in Edward I.'s time—we say separated, not connected, after mature deliberation, as being the most expressive. It is not a bright specimen of architecture, the last arch on the east side being made of wood, for the purpose of easy destruction, if the West Outofthewayans attempted to make a descent on the East Outofthewayans—not that such a step would be necessary, for one man could effectually resist a thousand, the bridge is so narrow. If two carts met

at the bridge, one has to wait at the end while the other comes over, as it would be a bold attempt for two horses to try to pass, not to mention the word cart. Their patience during the operation would be a bright example to abusive drivers in narrow London lanes—to be sure, at our bridge the thoroughfare is not great, and the meetings of carts can scarcely number hundreds since the bridge was built. Indeed, there is a tradition that such occurrences were used as dates in the two Outoftheways, people saying, “So-and-so happened about three weeks after Bill’s cart and Bob’s wagon met at the bridge.” We grieve to say that a new ugly but wider bridge is being built, and our old friend will be pulled down altogether. Of course, as the two Outoftheways are such close neighbours, they are almost always at enmity—the East pilots are always racing with the West to get the pilotage of the ships running into port; and whenever you are on the East side, you hear the West men abused as the idlest, dirtiest fellows under the sun—a character which transfers itself to the East men as soon as you get over the bridge.

But this is not to the point, which is, that when we heard of the convivial meeting of the mine-captains, we managed to make our way among them, and found vehement speechifying going on on the subject of rating the mines. These men have for the greater part been mere working-miners, but have risen by their own exertions ; and when we come to know them, we are not surprised at it, for they are

a clever, shrewd, practical set of men. Sampling is the periodical sale of the ore, which is bought by the samplers, who are sent to purchase for the smelters in Wales, and are very inferior men to the mine captains.

After their day's work is over, they love to adjourn to a good dinner, and consume champagne, not so much because they like it, we believe, as because it is an expensive wine, and sounds very grandly. This evening, they were more at home over gin-and-water and pipes, and warmed into eloquence. This is very good fun if you can keep your countenance—which is not easy, as they have an ingenious way of speechifying for a quarter of an hour, with a nominative at one end of the oration, and the verb belonging to it at the other, the interval being filled up by a parenthesis and various eccentric branches from it, like a genealogical tree or a Greek verb.

But, in spite of the amusing features of this meeting, we are obliged to seek our couches, for we stole so much from our sleep this morning, that nature, like the nurse-maid of our youthful days, imperatively beckons us to bed; so we bow our heads—Harry has been doing so literally for the last half-hour, utterly regardless of dislocation of the vertebrae—and obey her commands.

We are happy to be able to state, as a fact, that Tobbles did *not* kiss the chamber-maid this evening; but we found him next morning asleep outside the bed, with nothing on but his collar and his boots.

He complained of headache, which he attributed to pickled pilchards at supper. Of course, with our usual originality, we quoted Bon Gualtier—

“Bless your soul, it was the salmon !”

We beg to recommend this quotation as quite new—one that we are sure can never have occurred to anybody before !

By the way, gentle reader, did you ever taste pickled pilchard? If not, just take our advice and a carpet-bag containing a clean collar, a screw of tobacco, a tooth-brush and a night-cap, and come down at once to East Outoftheway, and eat some of that delightful fish. They are delicious—exactly like sardines ; in fact, in two points they are, we humbly submit, superior,—firstly, because they are not so oily ; and, secondly, there is no leaden case to break your knife and scarify your fingers in opening.

After breakfast, we take Bob out for some fresh air and soda-water, and then set out on our way to be introduced to the Fair Maids! The Fair Maids are more properly called Fumadoes, because they were smoke-dried. The Outofthewayans, like the old Greeks, call all that is good and beautiful by feminine names ; so they entitle salted pilchards “Fair Maids ;” and we can assure you that a Fair Maid of East Outoftheway would hardly yield precedence to the one of Perth.

They are very beautiful fish to look at,—not very

large, but silvery bright, with a tinge of pink in the scales here and there, and with very large, lustrous, gold and black eyes. But, to add still more to their beauty (according to that very old proverb, "Beauty is as Beauty does"), they are called the poor man's fish.

As we approach the salting-cellars, we are told that the operation is performed by women—a gratuitous and unnecessary piece of information, for our ears tell us so distinctly. Such a screeching and calling, with an under-current of female tongues running like—like—female tongues : we can find no higher point of comparison ! *N.B.*—Of course, dearest young ladies, we mean elderly female tongues.

As soon as we enter the cellars, there is a mysterious whispering among the women, who are on their knees piling the fish in layers ; and presently one lady approaches us, and daubing our boots with a fishy cloth, informs us that she has wiped our shoes, which of course implies a fee, which we give as readily as we would have dispensed with the preliminary defilement of our clean boots with a scaly, oily rag. *N'importe*—we were served in the same way when, after bumping our heads, skinning our elbows, and bruising our knees, we arrived at the lowest level of a seventy-fathom mine ; and we conclude that "wiping the shoe" is the Cornish for "paying your footing." (*N.B.*—For the information of travellers. Never go down a mine. You can see just as much in a damp coal-cellars, without the terrible fatigue of the descent.)

But to return to our Fair Maids. After the ceremony we described is over, we have time to look round us. The fish are stacked against the walls in heaps, formed, as we saw, by placing a layer of fish upon a groundwork of salt, then sprinkling more over that, so as to make, in short, a series of sandwiches of salt and pilchards. Each layer is made smaller than the one beneath, to prevent them from toppling over, and the last layer is saline, so that nothing is to be seen but innumerable heads sticking helplessly out of the salt. This operation is called *bulking*, and in this state the fish are left for about four weeks, in the odour of anything but sanctity (except it be that sanctity which refuses the thirsty man a drain of beer, or a strain of music on Sundays). During this time, the oil is slowly exuded and caught in gutters, which lead to pits in the floor, called train-pits, whence it is conveyed away to be sold,—no despicable part of the profit of pilchards, which contain an immense amount of oil. The poor people collect the entrails and scrapings of the fish, and melt them down, preserving the oil so obtained for winter consumption.

After the fish have been bulked about four week they are taken down and washed in tubs ; the water, rich with oil and salt, is afterwards sold as manure, for which purpose also are employed the damaged and useless fish thrown aside during bulking, for beside pilchard, a great many scad or horse-mackerel, chads, &c., are caught in the net.

When washed, the fish are put into hogsheads, pierced at the bottom to let what oil still remains ooze out. These hogsheads are ranged round the cellars, and covered with round heads called *bucklers*, which are pressed down by levers—long poles fixed into holes in the wall at one end, and weighted with heavy stones at the other. When the buckler sinks level with the edge, a block of wood is placed under the lever, and when, by these means, a vacancy is made in the hogshead, fresh fish are put in, and pressed down again, until the cask will hold no more. When all are ready, the hogsheads are headed up, and start off on their travels. The greater part, if not all, go to the Mediterranean.

One of the shareholders of the seine we saw shot last night invites us to go and see them “tucking” to-night. We are for a moment at a loss to perceive what amusement we can possibly derive from seeing other men “tucking,” having heard from our sisters—who sat in the gallery at Freemasons’ Hall once during a dinner—that it is not an exhilarating proceeding. Harry comes to our rescue, and explains that “tucking” is casting the *tuck-seine*, inside the fixed one, in order to catch a portion of the enclosed shoal. We do not at first see why the seine itself should not be hauled up bodily; but we are told that when a great number are caught, it would be difficult to get hands enough to bulk them before they got bad. The seine, therefore, is in fact a

preserve, not without a poacher either—no other than our friend of yesterday—the shark, which darts through and through the nets in a most reckless manner, doing no end of mischief. Having received this description of “tucking,” we eagerly accept the invitation, but discover that, as it does not come off till eleven or twelve, we shall have to vegetate about East Outoftheway all day.

We poke about among the rocks, and bully inoffensive crabs, and try experiments with sea-anemones and shrimps in the pools, until, at length, in scrambling over a rocky promontory, Tobbles meets with an accident, as regards his nether-clothing, occasioned by his seating himself too suddenly upon a sharp limpet.

The only remedy which at first presents itself is to sit where he is until he has a new pair made—(of course, we, none of us, brought a very extensive wardrobe) but this scheme having its drawbacks—among which we may mention the rising of the tide—he is compelled to walk home. As we near Outoftheway, poor Bob’s evolutions are painfully laughable. He sidles past everybody he meets like a crab, and backs upstairs with a grace that would kill the lord-chamberlain with envy. Harry sallies forth with “the garments” to the tailor’s, while we undertake to amuse Bob, as he sits shivering in his bed-room, by playing écarté with him. To our great satisfaction, we win a pint, which consoles us for the

one we were defrauded of in the “first fish” matter. Need we say we call for it on the spot, and drink it in triumph?

Presently Harry and “the garments” make their appearance. The tailor is certainly colour-blind. “The garments” are decidedly dark, almost black, while the patch inserted is of so light a shade as to suggest to Harry’s mind, when he sees Tobbles once more incased, that he “would make a capital pair to the governor’s black mare—only the white star isn’t in his forehead !”

Dinner, and a long chat over a cigar afterwards, are followed by an excursion in a boat, and then a scramble up a hill to see a splendid view. All this brings us on to dusk, when we get up a convivia party at the Ship, until about half-past eleven, which find us in utter darkness out at sea.

We venture to wish it was moonlight, but are reduced to insignificance by the information that night is chosen for tucking because the fish are less scared in the dark. We see very little at present except a lot of black figures, but the sea when broken has the luminous appearance of naughty boys’ fingers when they have been playing with matches. The rope, as it is hauled up, looks like “a glow-worm—to be continued.” There is no necessity to inform the reader that there was plenty of noise, for no one connected with the sea can possibly do anything without an immense amount of “yo heave hos,” and “cheerily, my boys, cheerilies,” as every-

body is well aware. At length in comes the tuck-seine—and there is a great splashing of fish and a glittering of scales, and a general phosphorescence in the water round the boat, that lights everything up in an astonishing manner. The fish are dipped out of the net in baskets, called in East Outoftheway “moans”—we judge of the spelling from the sound. Bob, with his usual recklessness, observes that “the moaning of the sea” seems rather profitable than otherwise in the present instance ; for this, however, he is rewarded by a retributive Providence, which, when he falls asleep in the stern of the boat on our way back, precipitates his hat into the sea. We never beheld it more—it was lost in the surrounding darkness. Perchance on the wide ocean some homeward-bound vessel will pick it up ; and emigrants returning after long years to their native soil, will welcome, as the first token of Old England, that weather-beaten hat with the name of Tobbles conspicuously inscribed in the crown !

We make this cheering remark to Bob, but he is not consoled, saying that he is “very unlucky—downright fate-spited—that he shall return to his domestic hearth minus his hat, and plus an incongruous patch in his ‘garments !’”

Next morning we turn our backs upon East Outoftheway. We went there for a day’s fishing—we come back wiser, and perhaps happier men—knowing a great deal about the fisheries, and not least—

* The word is really maund, but is pronounced moan.

being assured that the fish we have seen brought on shore will bring hundreds of pounds into East Out-oftheway—not to be engulfed wholesale in the pockets of wealthy speculators, but to go by driplets to support the poor fishermen and their families, and keep the wolf from many a poor cottage-door during the coming winter.

And so in the evening over our quiet bottle of port we give the toast: “The Fair Maids of Cornwall that feed and clothe the poor !”



Conductor. "Now then, 'Angel'!"

Lovely and interesting Female. "Here I am."

THE SECRET OF THE STREAM.

WHEN the silver stars looked down from heaven
To smile the world to rest,
A woman from all refuge driven,
Her little babe caressed,
And thus she sang :

“ Sleep within thy mother’s arms,
Folded to thy mother’s heart,
Folded to the breast that warms
Only from its inward smart,
Only from the pent-up flame
Burning fiercely at its core,
Cherish’d by my loss and shame :—
Shall I live to suffer more ?
Shall I live to bear the pangs
Of the world’s neglect and scorn ?
Hark ! the distant belfry clangs
Welcome to the coming morn.
Shall I live to see it rise ?
Is’t not better far to die ?
Shall I gaze upon the skies
Gaze upon them shamelessly ?
Clasp me, babe, around my neck,
Do not fear me for the sobs,

That I cannot, cannot check.

 Oh ! another moment robs
Life of all its painful breath,
 Wak'ning us from this sad dream,
E'en the wretched rest in death.

Hark ! the murmur of the stream !
Nestle closely, cheek to cheek ;
 Let us hasten to the wave,
Where is found what we would seek,
 Death, oblivion, and a grave."

And the tide rolls on for ever
Of that dark and silent river ;
And beneath the wave-foam sparkling,
'Mid the weeds embowered and darkling,
There they lie near one another,
Youthful child and youthful mother ;
And the tide rolls on for ever
Of that swift and silent river.

TO * * * *

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

OH, welcome is that merry month,
The merry month of May ;
When blooms in every shady lane
The snowy hawthorn spray.

O, welcome is the month of June ;
When bonnie roses blow,
And load with perfume every breeze
That wanders to and fro.

Oh, welcome is September too ;
When fall the russet leaves,
And in the ripen'd Autumn fields
Are ranged the golden sheaves.

But of all fairest months that are,
Sweet March the foremost ranks,
When first the purple violets
Peep forth on sunny banks.

And doubly dear to me the month
That saw my lady's birth :
And when my life—in loving her—
Began again on earth.

The dearest month in all the year
That twice its title proves !
That brings two birthdays in its course—
My lady's—and my love's !

PRÆRAPHAEelite RHYMES TO A PICTURE
OF MY NATIVE SEAPORT.

(PAINTED AND PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY.)

HAIL, thou scene of memories sainted,
Deeply printed in my heart :
And in water-colors painted
By a lady :—Dear thou art !

Here, in childhood's free emotion,
Did I ramble o'er the rocks,
Wreathed my brow with spoils of ocean,
Scratch'd my knees, and spoilt my frocks.

Oft in yonder cove, that nestles
Round that corner of the coast,
(Where you see the fishing vessels
Lying bottom uppermost)—

There—secure from all invasions—
Have I wept my childish woes,—
As, for instance, on occasions
When the sand had filled my shoes.

* * * * *

Lo ! the sun among the daughters
Of the sea his chariot cools,

Gilds the glassy-looking waters,
Gilds the looking-glassy pools.

Calm the sunset sea, and placid,
With its foam-line long and straight,
Fizzing, like tartaric acid
Mixed with soda's carbonate.

* * * *

Sail the vessels outward—toiling
Round the headland crown'd with flame ;
And the vessels, home recoiling,*
Also toil around the same.

Smooth the sea as any dish is,
Not a whisper—scarce a sound—
Save the leap of playful fishes,
(Weighing often several pound).

(Not that fishes leap in pictures,
But in that *real* scene they used,
So don't pass ungentle strictures,
Saying that I get confused.)

* * * *

When I left thee I was older,
Whisker-fringed my cheeks were grown,
But my heart no whit was colder
Toward thee—native seaport town !

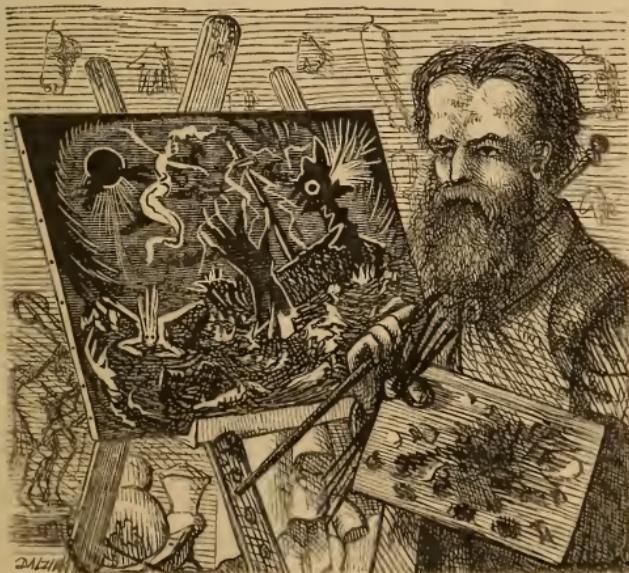
* “Recoil, *v.a.* To rush back, fall back, *come or go back.*”

Walker.

As from out thy bay I floated,
 Proudly on the deck I trod
 Of a little bark, devoted
 To the fishery of cod.

Swift it bore me to the steamer,
 Which soon landed me in this
 Babylon—an idle dreamer
 In a great metropolis !

From whose tumult, dust, and scrimmage
 Gladly I for peace would fly,
 Fondly gazing on thine image,
 Town of my nativity !



Pigment has been reading Ruskin on Turner. He is now engaged in painting
 "That fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark."

SO FAR AWAY.

So far away, so far away, so distant as thou art from
me,

How can I tell, Sweet May, the change, the chance
that has befallen thee ?

Another now may call thee his, may watch his image
in thine eyes,

And list love-whispers from the lips that should
be breathing sighs.

Yet, no ! Though thou art far away, I will not dream
of thee estranged,

For oh, my heart had ceased to beat—had ceased to
beat if thou hadst changed !

So far away, so far away, I know not whether cruel
Death

Has stolen the light from eyes so bright, from lips so
sweet has sucked the breath.

Oh, dreary, dreary, dreary thought ! Ah, dream too
dreadful to be told !

Can such bright eyes be closed for aye, such rosy lips
be cold ?

Ah, no ! though thou art far away—so far away, I
fear no ill,

For, oh, my heart had ceased to beat—had ceased to
beat if thine were still !

AUTUMN.

A DIRGE OF SUMMER.

Ah me ! so soon the Summer dies
Above the gathered sheaves !
The gold that tinsel'd Summer skies
Now tinges Autumn leaves.

Night sooner draws her starry veil
Across the swooning Day ;
The Robin's song grows clear and strong—
The Swallow is away !

The Summer air no longer sighs
Like lover's whispered vows,
But ruder breezes now arise
To shake the rustling boughs.

The leaves fall ever more and more
In Autumn's sullen wrath ;
And what was Summer-shade before
Will be a Winter-path.

Ah me ! so soon the Summer dies !
So short her happiest hours !—

All pale and motionless she lies
Among her fading flowers !

“She’s dead !”—Speak softly ! Not aloud
Let those sad words be said :
Till winter weaves her snowy shroud
We cannot think her dead !

THE OLD YEAR’S RECORD.

OLD friend, you go a journey long,
You leave us with a sorrowing heart,
Reach forth your right hand, staunch and strong—
One grasp before we part !

Close up the volume—shut its clasps ;—
Our friendship is recorded there :
When backward yawn the sullen hasps
May it be written fair !

For, ah, old friend, a time will come
When I shall meet you face to face,
And in that volume’s record dumb
My history shall trace ;

Shall read of hopes that never came
To their fulfilment on the earth,
But died—as dies the Yule-log's flame
Upon the darkening hearth,—

Of high intents—that failed and fell,
Of good resolves—that came to nought,
Of lessons—learned too bitter-well
And very dearly bought,—

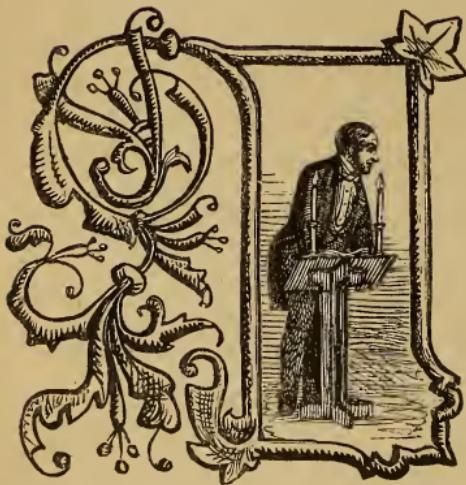
Aye ! and of blessings unforeseen
That did from sorrow take their rise ;
Of Heaven-sent trials—that have been
But blessings in disguise !

Yet, though from good it oft hath swerved,
I know this life of mine will prove
In tenderness by you observed
And chronicled in love.

I know within a distant land,
To human vision ne'er revealed,
Your brethren—gone before you—stand,
Each with a volume sealed !

They wait you ! Time must intervene
Ere, when my heart has ceased its strife,
From those dread pages I shall glean
The Record of a Life !

READING ALOUD.



N Byrd's collection of Psalms and Sonnets, bearing date 1588, that quaint old fellow, endeavouring to impress on his readers the moral obligation they lie under of learning music, makes use of the

following arguments.

“Firstly:” says he, “it is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scholar.

“Secondly: the exercise of singing is delightful to Nature, and good to preserve the health of man.

“Thirdly: it doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.

“Fourthly: it is a singular good remedy for a stutting or stammering in the speech.

“Fifthly: it is the best means, whereby to procure a perfect pronunciation, and make a good orator.

“Sixthly: it is the only way to know where Nature hath bestowed a good voice. And in many that excellent gift is lost because they want the Art to express Nature.

“Seventhly: there is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made by the voices of men, when the voices are good, and the same well-sorted and ordered.

“Eighthly: the better the voice is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith: and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end.”

Our friend winds up with two doggerel lines.

“ Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing.”

For my part I do not wish to rob singing of its due honor, especially the singing of Byrds, whether with a “y” or an “i.” But I do think what he says applies twice as well to Reading.

I leave out of the question his “Firstly”—for it is not unusual that a knowledge should be easily and quickly learnt when the master is good and the scholar is apt.

As regards the rest, I hold the exercise of reading to be as delightful and healthful as singing—nor is it so violent an exercise. It opens the chest, and clears the pipes, and is recommended as the best cure for hesitation of speech.

If the human voice too surpasses all instruments, surely it is in reading that its compass is best ascer-

tained, and its various intonations of pathos or fun, mirth or sadness, most pleasingly, because most naturally, drawn forth.

And surely the voice of man cannot, in my humble opinion, be better employed secularly in the worship of God, than in reading aloud to others the works of those great and good writers to whom He has confided genius and inspiration. Thus may we assist, though but slightly, the spread of civilization, education, and the humanizing influences of literature among our fellow creatures.

So, to conclude with a parody of Byrd's lines,

“If Reading be so good a deed
I wish all men would learn to read !”

Man is a gregarious animal, and all his pleasures are enhanced by the participation of others. Hence many who cannot get through a book themselves, will hear it all read with delight.

The result of this sociable disposition is to be seen in Clubs, Dorcas Societies, Debating Forums, and Smoking Room gatherings.

Now I would not have the upholders of these Institutions imagine I am underrating them. But why is the chief of the Sociable Social Societies allowed to lapse from memory. The very costermongers have something of the sort implied in a rule that any coster, having a scrap of print and education enough to spell it out, shall read it to the assembly at the public-house he frequents.

A very excellent Society of the sort has been started in London, and does much good, and gives much pleasure.

But in the country, people are backward in this, though they have more time and opportunity than we in England's Heart.

Every town has a town-hall, and with the new Municipal Act surely the enlightened Corporations will universally lend those public buildings for such public benefits. Numbers who could not find leisure to compile a discourse or lecture for a Literary Institute, would be able to give their voice to the Reading Society. ==

I do wonder at one thing, which is, that the large, busy body of Temperance Advocates have not thought of this as a substitute for their lectures, which are either mere repetitions of doubtful physiological and other facts; or deductions, from the experience of one reformed drunkard, that the rest of the moderate world are what he was; or,—worse than all,—the buffooneries of a too sober jester, like some man whose name began with R, and whose sorry fun I once underwent.

But, without a separate organisation, Reading Aloud might be almost universally adopted.

When Misses A. B. C. &c. are asked to tea by Mrs. D, and are told "to bring their work," suppose they appointed one of the number to read aloud! It would be well—even if it were only a novel, and from some of W. M. T.'s novels the sex might gather

much information. Better to do this, than to rip up reputations while they are "unpicking bodies,"—lashing their friends while they are "whipping edges," or weaving fictions while they are working antimacassers.

I throw this out as the merest hint, and in an utterly hopeless frame of mind, being informed on good authority that that irresistible sex is far too gifted with conversational power ever to supply good listeners.

Now for the gentlemen! When they meet together for relaxation—indulging even, let us say, in the depravity of "a pipe and a pint,—wine and the weed," they would do well to nominate a reader. If he read only a newspaper it would be far better, than trusting to chance for topics of desultory conversation. What generally happens is that matters of business and the shop are brought up, and remasticated—just as cows and other ruminating animals do, and that is a style of digestion neither natural nor healthy in the two-pronged intelligent animal.

But there is a third way in which Reading Aloud may be useful. How humanising would it be if the clergy generally copied a priest I wot of (and of the much-abused High Church party too), who devoted one night a week to reading to his labouring flock some book of present interest. When I was at Cowley the book in course of reading referred to the war in the East. It was pleasant, yet melancholy, to see the surprised delight with which the audience

listened. They seemed astonished and awakened (and that was a rational Revival) to find that they were regarded as something more than necessary appendages to spades, rakes, and hoes, something better than mere machines to be kept in repair and working order at about seven or eight shillings a week.

But in spite of all these uses, sources, and resources, Reading Aloud is not more neglected as a rule in the Cannibal Isles where there is no written language, than in Great Britain, where to number the books printed annually would carry me out of my depths in numeration, as I am not a Cambridge man, much less a Senior Wrangler.

The reason is that reading is not taught in England.

The Universities, as seats of English knowledge and wells of English undefiled, cannot of course be expected to teach it. The only collegiate attempt at anything of the sort is that which ordains the scholars, more privileged than the commoners in this respect, to read the lessons in chapel. But as they have to read at a hand gallop in order not to be at discord with the celerity of the rest of the service, the advantage is a dubious one.

No wonder is it that it is to the stage, where it is a matter of business, that we must turn for a masterly rendering and refined pronunciation of English. And sad is it that in the pulpit least of all do we look I will not say for elocution, but for the plainest rules of pronunciation, the simplest grammar of

reading. Why there is not one clergyman in a thousand who reads the Lord's prayer, and does not violate common sense even in the sentence relating to the forgiveness of trespasses. What are we taught at school? Among our teachers and governors there is a vain superstition that a round black dot means that you are to count four; two dittos one above the other that you are to count three; a black dot with another curly-tailed under it that you are to count two, and a curly-tailed one by itself that you are to count one. About the words occurring between these marks you are taught nothing except to read louder than usual any that are printed in that eminently feminine text, the Italic.

The consequence is that the pupil is ever nervously watching for the all important full stop, standing for four, the colon representing three, the semicolon equivalent to two, and the comma going for one; or exhausting his breath in roaring italics, instead of thinking of the sense and sentiment of the words he is politely supposed to be reading.

Better than teach such nonsense as this it would be well if schools did not pretend to more than Colleges.

To read properly we must read without rules.

It is my belief, and I have listened to many good readers, that a pause of four may often represent a comma, and a pause of one a full stop. Why a full stop is often only a comma in sense. Who can tell the gradations of three and a half—four—four and

a quarter that a good reader at times finds necessary between the close of one sentence and the beginning of another, in order to give the writer full expression.

As for italics, an emphasis is better given by a slow distinct pronunciation, with an indescribable intonation that seems to stab you with the word, than the combined roar of all the beasts in Regent's Park at three o'clock.

In a word, to read we must understand. It is only by throwing ourselves heart and soul into the recital that we can come to read even passably.

Study is necessary to attain correct pronunciation, and that certainty, which the knowledge, that we can meet with no word to puzzle us, gives to add solidity to our style.

Nerve and coolness are the necessary consequents of the identification of self with the subject read. We are so absorbed that we forget ourselves, and self and vanity being the origins of nervousness and shyness, we lose all that uncertain fluttering and fidgetty feeling so common with beginners in reading.

There is one piece of advice I would give to aspirants.

Because you are not perfect in reading, do not shrink from doing so whenever you are asked.

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

So wrote Sir Walter Raleigh. And his Royal Mis-

tress put his pipe out, as effectually as his servant did with the bucket of water.

"If your heart fail you do not climb at all,"

wrote she, and Sir Walter sat himself down at the foot of the tree without a scramble.

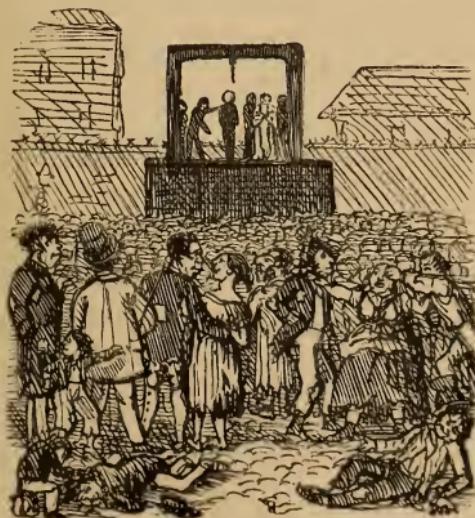
Those who would perform gymnastic feats must be prepared for a few slips and tumbles. If they cannot bear those they had better give up their acrobatic ambition at once. Last week I stood for half an hour watching an urchin in the Green Park teaching himself "a cart-wheel." He flung himself over frantically, and bruised all the bones in his miserable little body, but he persevered in his attempts at the desired gyration. He had not accomplished it when I left, but I have no doubt he went on, and is going on at this moment if he has not succeeded. All this for the possible proprietorship of a few uncertain halfpence ! Surely embryo readers must blush after that to be disheartened by a stumble or a stutter. As for those who will not do anything unless they can do it well, they had better give up the idea of doing it at all. Everything must have a beginning. Look at Children ! They learn to walk by slow degrces. First sprawling, then crawling, and then staggering on their feet at last,—not without many falls productive of much anguish to anxious mothers.

If they fall, they get up and try again, without

any shyness about it. And so must they do, who would learn to read.

To take an illustration from music at the close, as at the opening, of my essay.—I once heard a singing master say to his pupil, “ Whenever you are asked—sing. You don’t do it well at all now, but the more you sing before people the more confidence you get, and that is half the battle !”

Readers—do as the children do ! Follow the musician’s advice, and all your mental bruises will be amply salved over, by the gratification which invariably falls to the lot of those, who minister in ever so small a degree to the benefit, the improvement, the pleasure of others.



POPULAR EDUCATION.—A GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.

THE BRACELET.

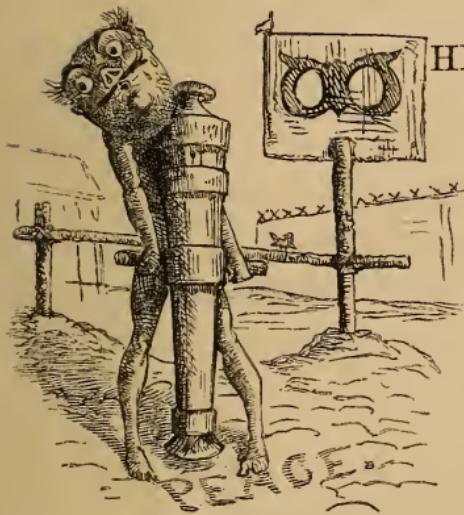
(FROM ABROAD).

TAKE, dearest one, this golden band,
And clasp it round thine arm for me—
Who fain would link with mine own hand
This token of my life to thee.

Oh, may thy pulse beneath it beat
One measured rythm with thy heart,
Beat quick with joy, Love, when we meet—
And only slowly when we part.

And may thy moments, free from pain,
And full of joy, pass calmly by—
Links, dearest, of a silver chain,—
Beads in a golden rosary !

IN THE TRENCHES.



HEN the snow lies on
the ground ;
When the cold wind
whistles round,
And the rain with
sullen sound
Downward drenches ;
When of fuel there
is none,
Though the frost cuts
to the bone :

Oh how drearily the time goes in the trenches !

When the watch-fires as they shine,
With their glow-worm sparks define,
Where the far-extended line
Of the French is :
When around the fires we sit,
When the evening pipe is lit,
Oh how merrily the time goes in the trenches !

And when to arms we stand,
To repel the hostile band,

Each his weapon in his hand
Firmly clenches :
When the wild alarm is given,
And the pickets in are driven !
Oh how wakeful are the watchers in the trenches !

When the trumpets loudly peal,
When we meet them, steel to steel,
Oh what deadly blows we deal ;—
No one blenches !
Not a single cheek grows white,
Not a single thought of flight ;
Oh how bravely goes the battle in the trenches !



ACTIVE SERVICE IN CHINA.

THE TWO TWILIGHTS.

ONE Twilight there is, ere begins, grim and murk,
 The Night of Oblivion, when no man may work ;
 If this be the Twilight that holds us its slaves,
 In its gathering gloom let us steal to our graves :
 We have wasted the day, and neglected the task,
 'Twere vain for unmerited mercy to ask ;—
 No—cowards and faithless, let's slink to our graves,
 We deserve this Last Twilight, to which we are
 slaves.

But a Twilight there is, ere the Morning appears,
 As the sun rises slowly the mist-vapour clears ;
 If this be the Twilight, that o'er us holds sway,
 Then hail, the brief Twilight, that ushers in Day !
 We have toiled—and still toil, pressing on to the
 light,

Nor long shall this darkness o'ershadow our right.
 No—strivers and workers, we chase it away—
 This dim Prophet Twilight that goes before Day !

Dark, silent, uncertain, dim Twilight, and grey,
 Shall we let it still linger, or drive it away ?
 Shall it herald Oblivion, Sloth, Slumber, and Night,
 Or the Day of new Life, broader Freedom and Right ?

Shall it linger and cling, like an evil Old Cause,
Or give way, as old Wrongs, to true Rights and free
Laws?

Soon the time will arrive for the choice, Brothers!
Say,—

After Twilight so long, will ye choose Night or
Day?



THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.
ONE OF THE "BORED OF WORKS."

AN UNTOLD STORY.

THERE stands a Tower on a lake,
Wherein some crime was done,
For evening ever sees it red
As with the setting sun.

The sun may hide in mists of grey,
Or murky clouds, his head :
And yet at evening glows the tower
Blood-tinted, brightly red.

For long ago a shriek there rang
Within that lonely tower,
A shriek that told a life was ta'en
Before its timely hour.

Then in the lake a form was cast,
And ever since, they say,
At eve a ripple curls the lake
As on that dreadful day.

A shriek is heard, and in the wave
A gleam of white there falls,
And the ripple, trembling, seems to shun
Those grey polluted walls.

The fisher as he sees it curl
Upon the lake's calm face
Withdraws his line, and breathes a prayer
For hapless Lady Grace.

A GATHERED BUD.

SPRING cometh over wood and wold,
And fills the world with glee,
The primrose opes its paly gold,
The violet's on the lea,—
Spring cometh, merry as of old ;
But comes in vain to me !

For, when, in Autumn's slow decline
They reaped the rustling grain,
And pressed the gushing grape to wine,
By deadly blight was slain
A tender blossom, half-divine ;—
It will not bloom again !

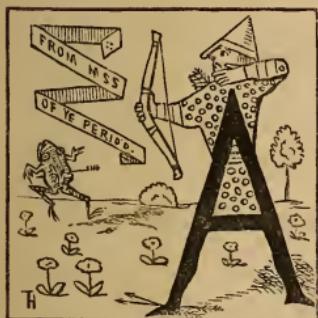
When Winter chained the gliding wave
Our hearts' life-torrent froze—
In vain to us the dear one clave !—
Amid the winter snows
We hollowed out a tiny grave,
Wherin to lay our Rose.

Yet God is good. His will be done !
Be patient—wait and pray !

He gives—he takes. Nor that alone—
 He will restore some day,
 When pain and sorrow shall be gone,
 And joy shall last alway.

“CHILDISH LITERATURE.”

AN AUTUMN ESSAY.



ND is this really Autumn? Can that be the Harvest moon that is looking down upon my labours?

It really seems as if we could scarcely have arrived at the Fall of this year.

Summer was so summary that we appear to have jumped from last Winter into this Autumn with only a very short Spring.

But Autumn it is—and everybody is gone to a watering-place. Papas and Mammas are making most uncommon objects of themselves on the Sea-shore, in all sorts of free and uneasy costumes better fitted for the Swell of the Tide than the Swell of the Town.

Oh, you happy little mortals down there by the sea! Scooping out fortifications, unaided by a Commission, and planning Cherbourgs unwatched by

jealous eyes—filling your jovial little shoes with that companionable sand—you merry little urchins, running up to your white knees in the effervescent waves, and leading the Crabs and Anemones such a life of it in your pursuit of Natural History ! Do, there's good children, turn a few thoughts, and blow a few kisses this way, towards a solemn old lover of yours, who is sitting in smoky London, conning his brief, and arranging his pleas. *

For I belong to a “Society for the Protection of Children of Tender Years,” from the insidious attacks and encroachments of over-education.

Juvenile literature has gone as the world's see-saw goes—

“ Here we go up, up, up ; and here we go down, down, down ! ”

Some time back, ladies were wont to sail along in hoops, with stomachers down to their kness, and skirts up to their ankles, to show their “high-heeled shoon.” Then came a revulsion of feeling ; and they wore their waists under their arms, and their “skimpy” skirts down to their toes, as graceful as a tablecloth hung on a mop-stick.

Hey, presto ! The world gives another turn, and what do I see ? Skeleton petticoats, and military heels—aye, and velvety cabbage-nets for the hair, just like those that the ladies of the middle ages (not the middle-aged ladies) wore.

It is something like this with children's books—once they were all amusement, and now they are all

instruction. And of the two I think the latter alternative is the worst, as infinitely more productive of "dull boys," than the former was of "idle Turks."

The myth of Greece and the legend of Rome, growing with the nation's growth, flowed on ever, we are told, in their old channels, into which the increase of civilization turned one by one fresh streams of knowledge, until they became by the slowest and most imperceptible degrees lost in their abundance.

So, alas! has "the old spring of English child-lore undefiled" become diluted by the mainpipes of modern science.

Where, oh, where, are "Goody Two-shoes" and "Cinderella"—the only two women I ever truly loved?

I wish the see-saw of Time would bring round its revenges in this matter, for I am sure it is high time. Upon my word "Instruction has been blended with Amusement" (as the cant phrase goes) to such a fearful extent that it is absolutely necessary to blend Amusement with Instruction, so much has the original matter in children's lore become overlaid by the additions.

Charles Lamb once said, "Is it at all necessary that knowledge should come to a child in the shape of knowledge? * * *" Science, it seems, has displaced Poetry in the walks of little children. Is not this a sore evil?"

What would our Elia have said to see Knowledge

now coming and calling itself Amusement, and Science declaring itself to be Poetry, in the most bare-faced manner?

I can't for the life of me imagine what is meant by "Fairy Tales of Science." Is it an account of the marriage of Prince Hydrogen and the Princess Oxygen—or of the persecution of Manuel Laber by the stern enchanter Bustumbiler?

But this is a title professedly scientific, and *caveat emptor!* If Paterfamilias buys it for his children, he does so with his eyes open, and fixed on the word "Science," to which no meretricious addition of "Fairy Tales" ought to blend him.

But in this profundity of cruelty to children there is yet a deeper gulf. They are actually deluded with the "History of a good little boy" to be stabbed from behind it with a life of the inventor of the steam engine. Or they are cozened by the "Story of an Apple" into a lecture on Sir Isaac Newton and Specific Pravity.

Go to! it is worse than passing a bad note! I, a child for the nonce, go out for a stroll in Fairy Land, or the Fabulous Country of Good Children. And you go and take me into the middle of the Pons Asinorum, and plunge me into pure Mathematics. I protest against such false pretences and forgeries upon fiction. Take me back to the legends of my childhood! Restore to me "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Yellow Dwarf," and "The Ruby Girl and the Toad Girl."

Keep your modern literature for those good children, who, I firmly believe are only to be found in its pages—for Little Evas and Master Williams, who are nauseatingly perfect.

Ah, Miss Edgeworth, your Harry and Lucy, who are the very nicest fictional children I know, were far from perfect; they had their faults, and were true to life, because you had studied from the life.

But as for Evas and faultless Williams, I don't believe in them, except as sheer inventions wanted either to fill up gaps, and form links in novels, or to parade morals and deportment in little tales.

They are the most odious, detestable little wretches I ever met with.

Of course it is an unpardonable crime to promulgate this doctrine, or to hint that it is better to amuse children than to instruct them.

Instruct them by all means, but be very careful to give little doses, and at decent intervals. But of all hideous crimes in the world, avoid giving Lessons and calling them Recreations. Children who have taken powders in brown sugar, or black-currant jam, hate those inexpensive sweeteners of life for ever afterwards. If you disgust the little ones with reading as a recreation, Heaven have pity on you, for if Jack without play be, to a proverb, a dull boy, Jack without a taste for amusing books, is a very sad boy to think of.

I wish people would study the old models of children's lore more carefully. In the ancient legends

the good fairy always turned out to be most powerful in the end, and the bad one was sure to have made a mistake in the charm. The wicked step-mother generally got rolled down a hill in a barrel of vipers; and the good steward, or the tender-hearted scullion got made a Duke.

But modern writers lose this broad morality in making nice sectarian distinctions between right and wrong—as if those limits were not puzzling enough for us oldsters?

We know, at our mature years, that good does not always visibly overcome evil, and that wicked step-mothers avoid the barrel, while good stewards and tender-hearted scullions very seldom rise even to the dignity of Lords Mayor.

But who would have this hinted at to young children? To introduce recondite and not immediate punishments, in lieu of the vipers would be dangerous—almost sinful.

When a lunatic was shown the prisoners at Dartmoor, working on the treadmill, he did not find much to admire in that triumph of penitentiary ingenuity.

“If,” said he, “you set men to go up steps, let ‘em go up steps. But if you let the steps come down to meet ‘em, why it’s encouraging idleness!”

I am quite sure some of the refined punishments in modern “good juvenile books,” are quite as unintelligible and contradictory to children, as this was to the madman.

If children’s books are to be made the vehicles of

party views and sectarian notions, where will it end? We shall have a new version of the "Sleeping Beauty," where, instead of the story ending with the Handsome Prince waking her with a kiss, we shall have a little dissertation on marriage with a deceased wife's sister, or the Registration style of union. And then the old finish of "they married, and lived happily ever after," will have to give way, to admit of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's appearing on the scene.

Do let us go back to the old Rhymes and Legends. I believe they are the oldest, as they are the best literature we possess. I believe they were the Nursery Rhymes of Nations, and that a Babylonish mother was the authoress of "Bye Baby Bunting, Daddy's gone a hunting," composed for, and dedicated to Little Master Nimrod.

As for "The cat and the fiddle," I believe that to be at least as old as the pyramids. I give a sketch (from memory, so I cannot vouch for its accuracy,) of



NURSERY RHYMES FROM THE PYRAMIDS

some hieroglyphics from one of the pyramids, which seem to bear me out in my theory.

If we only imitated the broad principles of these compositions more, our children would be much the better for it.

There are no puzzling refinements in that, for instance, which describes how the historian wandered

“Upstairs, and downstairs, and in my lady’s chamber.”

Why was the punishment of precipitation down the whole flight awarded to the old man therein spoken of?

Because “he wouldn’t say his prayers.” This only, without any reference to his having neglected to turn east or west, or to express a belief in Mr. Spurgeon, or any other catchword of cant.

I rejoice greatly in this rhyme, and am glad to record that, after long research at the British Museum, among all the authorities on the point, I have been unable to trace any latent sectarian dogma, in the somewhat suspicious preference of the left leg for the purposes of precipitation.

Look now at “Little Jack Horner.” He sat in a corner, we are told, and when he pulled out a plum, he exclaimed with childish, innocent, self-laudation, “What a good boy am I!”

Don’t you see the premises and the consequence—that rightful old moral, teaching the reward of goodness thus—“Goodness meets a reward. Whatever meets a reward, is goodness.” Not logical, but very healthy is Jack’s conclusion. He finds a plum, and

argues therefore that he is a good boy. Let the children think this, they will learn otherwise soon enough.

Of all sorts of stories, I hold Fairy Tales to be the legitimate Child-Literature. I regret to see the uses it is sometimes put to.

Of all things in the world, Religion should not be dragged into these legends. It is exactly like the figure of the River God of Nile, whom the old masters used to paint in their pictures of the finding of Moses. It is out of place. It is dangerous of introduction. For there is the chance that as the child grows older and finds the mythology is not meant for actual credence, he may possibly throw the other belief aside with it, and that is a frame of mind we should not originate. Doubt and wavering come soon enough of themselves,—worse hap!

It is just this injudicious mixture of fact and fiction, that destroys the Child Lore of our days. It clips the wings of Fancy, and puts Fun in fetters. For instance, in the History of a certain Pig pretty well-known in Nurseries, at the suggestion of Pas and Mas of misguided opinions, the young porker's ghost had to be cut out (I suppose they thought it a Buddhist tract), in company with a gentleman masquerading as a demon in tail and horns. I don't think my parents (and there never were better) would have objected to the book on that account.

I know some one, too, who in a tale concerning three notable Giants was told, as touching their

breakfast, mentioned in one passage, that “the Spirit of the Age would not admit of babies being eaten on toast!”

Such is the result of this same latter-day spirit.

No doubt in the next “Champions of Christendom,” the dragon will be herbivorous; just as they wanted to make my friend believe that Giants were fed on spoon meat.

This is a sickly sentimentality that but ill accords with the bold and graphic style of the old fairy tales.

Depend upon it, the legends of the days when we oldsters were children, are the true sort of things. As a sign of it, let me remind you that no one grows too old to read Cinderella, Puss in Boots, or Jack the Giantkiller.

But what sane person of mature years will venture on the stories that are now foisted on the little ones.

Instead of talking-birds and silver fountains—glass slippers and pumpkin coaches, we have scientific machinery and railways. Where, oh, where are the paper-covered, quaint little volumes, with grotesque woodcuts, that used to delight us? Let their simple philosophy be the philosophy we teach our children. Theirs is the only safe plan to go upon.

Many other devices may seem praiseworthy, but the old method was best. They taught a broad moral, and showed it in unmistakeable colours.

It is all very well to say nowadays that we must have a little of the *utile*, wrapt up with the *dulce*. Even if you don’t put in more of the former than

the latter can sweeten, which is generally the case, you take away from the full enjoyment of the book.

You may say that the particular doctrinal spirit instilled into your book is so homœopathico-infinitesimally small that it is imperceptible,—that it is hardly worth a button.

Listen to the value of a button !

A young friend of mine, a clergyman, and a most exemplary worker in his schools, could not cure his class of a peculiar abstraction and wandering of thought which had seized on them, in spite of his clever and interesting discourses anent the various subjects they had to consider.

Punishment was of no avail—entreathy was powerless.

At last a little curly-pated favourite, who came with a note, unintentionally let him into the secret.

The fact was my friend wore a long black waistcoat of the High Church style of architecture. And this same vest plunged the little scholars into endless theories as to how it was fastened.

The village school of Foodle Monachorum was divided into the Hook-and-eye and the Button factions, and the minds of the infants were engaged all school time in endeavouring to decide between the rival schisms.

And that is what a button may be worth.

Beware then of introducing even a button's value of irrelevant matter, or party spirit, or doctrinal arguments, or philosophical theory into the children's

books, or you may originate difficulties in their minds as difficult to set at rest as the great Button and Hook-and-eye controversy, which raged among the fry of Foodle Monachorum.

Again I repeat—adhere to the old models. Set “Goosey, goosey, gander,” and “Little Jack Horner,” “Hop o’ my Thumb,” and “Jack and the Beanstalk,” before you, and don’t be led away into new-fangled pedantry and cruelty to children.

So shall you take an honourable niche in the temple of juvenile literature—a temple whose worship, let the critics say just what they please, is one of the most difficult in the world.

And now, my dear little friends, down there by the sea, you are all sound asleep and snug in bed, with your great playfellow’s voice mingling with your dreams.

The harvest moon has set long since, and the stars are shining cold and bright.

Good night, little sleepers! If your great playfellow, the sea, loves you only half as much as I do, he will whisper to you all night long such beautiful dreams—fairy tales like the dear old legends of my childhood, invented and written long before people had devised that specious form of knowledge made unpleasant, and pleasure made too full of knowledge, which passes under the name of “Juvenile Literature, or amusement combined with instruction.”

THE BIRDIE.

OH cease your songs, ye warblers,
Lark, Linnet, Finch, and Thrush :
Cease, Nightingale, thy mournful tale,
Thy pipings, Blackbird, hush !

For sweeter, dearer, better,
Than e'er your lays can be,
Is the low sweet song that all day long
One Birdie sings to me !

Ye sing to every comer,
And rove on faithless wings :—
But for me alone is each sweet tone
That Bonnie Birdie sings.

Ye sing but in the woodlands,
In the happy Summer-tide,
This Birdie's song, the winter long,
Makes glad my own fireside.

I need no cage or tether
My Birdie to retain :—
But a slender golden circlet,
And affection's viewless chain.

And my Birdie does not wander
To seek a distant nest ;
For her home is fixed for ever
Within my loving breast.

And a gentle light and blessing
She sheds around my life—
My Bonnie, Bonnie Birdie,
Whose other name is Wife !

THE LAST OF THEM ALL.

The Past will not return again.
Cold in its grave and still it lies.
My heart aches with repining vain,
And dimness gathers in mine eyes.

Some friends are changed, and some are dead,
And some are dwelling far apart.
The echoes of kind accents fled
Wail through the chambers of my heart.

As on some lonely shore I stand
And list the heaving Ocean's moan,—
A stranger in a desert land
I dwell in misery—alone !

TO MY DOG.



COMPANION of a lonely
wight,
The only friend that's true
to me,
(Go, and lie down!—I can-
not write

With *you* upon my knee,)

You've been my faithful friend and true
While many a year did wane and wax,
And (though twelve shillings yearly due
Is a tremendous tax)

You still shall share my “sup and bit”—

My scanty plate, my water-jug—

(Oh, come, I say,—I can't permit
Those bones upon the rug)—

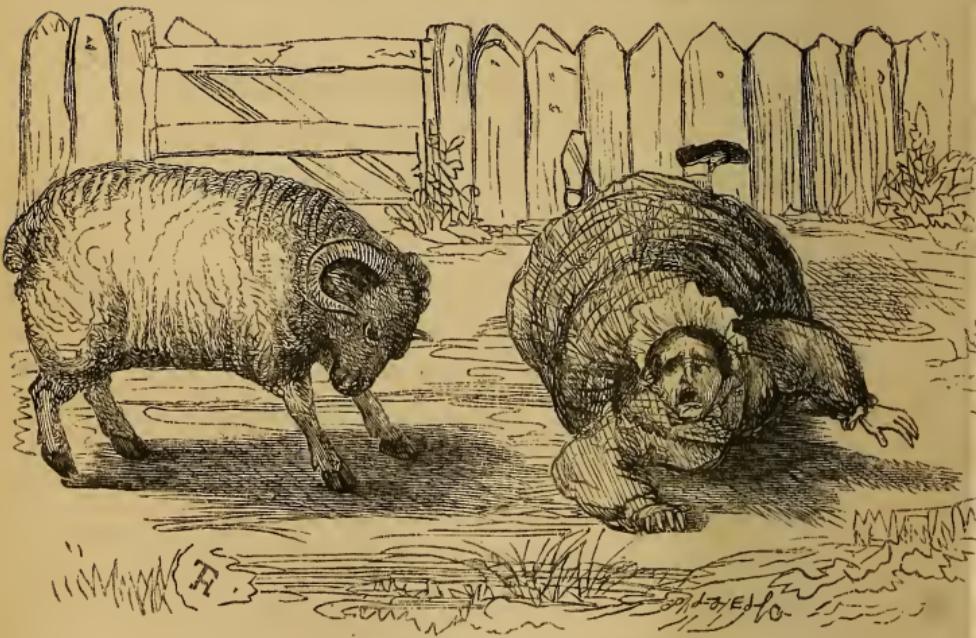
And while a bed I sleep on, I

Its foot to you will still devote,

(Hullo—by Jove, you must not lie
Upon my “Sunday coat”!)

Long converse with a master kind,
Who makes your every want his own,
Has so improved you that your mind
Is almost human grown,

Of all dog-habits you've got rid,
Or Doctor Watts is far from right :
(Although I think you never did
Delight to bark and bite)—
Well ! if I come to grief and woe—
A beggar's lot—*you* shall be fed
On my last crust ! (Only I know
You never *will* eat bread.)



ROLL AND BUTTER.

SONG.

Joy is shining in your eyes, oh Lady mine,
Joy is ringing in your laugh so sweet and clear,
And its music in your speech I can divine
So familiar is each cadence to mine ear.
But my thoughts they have wandered far away—
Back—back into the past they all have fled,
And my heart whispers low, “ Ah, well-a-day !
Oh give me back the years that are dead—
That are dead !”

Then I loved ! Not as now I love, mine own.
Then, like wine, flowed the passion o'er its cup.
Now the strength of love is left to me alone
All the bloom of its youth is withered up.
Ah, I think of what is gone with fond regret,
Though your love on my life its light has shed.
Yet my heart sighs, and never can forget,—
Oh give me back the years that are dead—
That are dead !

HER FOOT-STEP.

THE blackbird whistles in the croft—the tiny lark is
in the sky,
And musical with tinkling falls the merry brooklet
hurries by,
The lays of linnet, finch, and thrush, are loudly ring-
ing in mine ear,
And chapel'd deep in lily bells, the drowsy hermit-
bee I hear,
But I am listening for a step, and though as light it
touch the ground
As falling snow—its tread I know, and hear o'er
every other sound.

Then babble, brooklet, on thy way—your piping,
blackbird, still prolong,
And in your cells of lily bells, ye drowsy bees
chant matin song,
In woodland chorus, soaring lark, and quiring
finches, still bear part,
I hear your music in mine ears—Her lightest foot-
step in my heart.
It trembles now ! My lady's near—oh, countless,
warblers of the grove !
Her presence greet with anthems sweet !—she comes,
behold she comes—my Love !

THE TIDE-LINE.

THE storm had passed off some hours when I paced the ocean shore, but lingering stragglers, dark tattered fragments of cloud, were driving rapidly overhead in pursuit of the main body of the storm-army. The waves had not yet laid aside their foamy crests ; and the sea-birds flying low, and hoarsely screaming, were but just re-issuing from their refuges in the cliffs.

Many and most unmistakeable were the traces left by the fierce battle of the elements, of which the beach had been the arena ; sea-weeds of all shapes and kinds were scattered along the shore, the *Zostera* and sea-grasses looking as if the startled sea-nymphs had been tearing their snaky tresses, the broad oar-weed flapping helplessly over the ridges of rock, while the beautiful and delicate red and purple *Ptilota* and *Rhodymenia* lying around in profusion told that the very inmost depths of ocean had been convulsed, and rifled of their treasures.

Here sprawled a helpless jelly-fish, there lay a mangled star-fish, or a dead crab, while the very sand looked lacerated by the savage waves, and could not conceal its wounds under the thick shower of rainbow shells that was strewn lavishly upon it, some deprived of their tiny inhabitants, others whose little inmates were alive, but not yet sufficiently recovered

from the effects of their violent exile from the twilight homes beneath the soft green crystal sea, to make any attempt to establish the fact of their existence.

Looking first at one, then another of these strange objects I wandered on beside the hoary sea, now turning over some rare denizen of the deep, revealed to me now for the first time, now gazing over the scarcely-peased waters at the distant sails, and anon musing audibly on the recent awful tempest.

“Aye, roar!” I murmured, “roar and shout to your caverns, wave thy thousand flag-like wracks and tangles, oh sea, for thou hast fought fiercely. Wild defiance hast thou growled back to the thunder of the heaven, and mad grapplings and furious wrestlings has thou held with capes and storm-worn headlands of the shore. Yea, and moan too, oh sea, moan and murmur low; for many a gallant vessel has gone down into thy mysterious deeps, gone down with all on board. Oh the cries! the helpless, hopeless struggles! the wild, the deep despair, wild as thy fury, deep as thy abyss.

“Shriek, ye discordant sea-birds, and mock the flying foam with your white breasts! Shriek and flutter, dart and dive,—your ungainly nestlings and insensate eggs are safe beneath the friendly ledges of the cliffs and in sea-beaten caves. Shriek and flutter in your thoughtless gambols, for you have lost no dear ones. There shall be in many a home the echo of your wailings, birds of plaintive note!

“Mothers shall wait, vainly striving to choke back their laments, until the hope deferred shall cease to make the heart sick, and sorrowful certainty shall slay it.

“There are voids in many nests, and vacancies by many firesides, and mighty grief in many hearts, oh hoarse-voiced hoverers of the sea.

“Sail! sail on swiftly into your hundred ports, ye distant white-sailed fleets, for ye need to hurry, to bear home beloved ones to anxious hearts that the storm has set so terribly a-tremble, that the waves, not yet forgetful of the storm, are calm in comparison to the throbbing life-tide in those aching breasts. Sail on! sail on! and glimmer white as stars to tear-dimmed eyes grown weary with long watching. Swell out, then, snowy sails; lean forward, tapering masts, and ripple, gurgle, whiten before swift-speeding bows, you dark green waves,—for yearning hearts are waiting to see their beloved ones’ ships once more beside the busy quays, and tears in loving women’s eyes are waiting to be kissed away.”

As I thus spoke I seemed to see before me a vessel just lying-to by a crowded pier. As in a dream I saw the eager faces of that crowd scanning the vessel’s deck, and I beheld, as each boatload landed, the speechless embraces, the long lingering kisses that welcomed home the storm-tossed weary mariners.

Here was the portly mate with his little wife hanging round his neck, and his sturdy children

clinging to his knees. Here a tall seaman clasped his sweetheart to his breast, or a sailor-lad flung his arms round his widowed mother ; while others, pushing through the throng, grasped the friendly, hard, rude, right-hands of great strong burly men, whose fears, though unacknowledged and unrevealed, had been no less agonising than those of the women, who now wept for joy around.

Each one there, sailor, or sailor's wife, knew the real amount of the danger that was past, and could realise accurately all the perils of the storm, and so none felt ashamed of fear or cared to disguise joy, joy that was certainly not lessened by the true knowledge of the by-gone danger and distress. And I exclaimed, as I looked on the wave-washed sand at my feet, "We are like the sand. Placed beyond the tide-line of circumstances, our life is a dull monotonous grey shore, dull as the dry sand, shifting and uncertain. But when the sea of trouble rises over us, and for a time buries us beneath its surges, we grow strong and firm ! and when it recedes reflect the light above, attaining somewhat a closer likeness to Heaven, as the wet sands, when the tide retreats, mirror back the blue sky, and harden beneath our tread."

As I spoke, I looked down ; the gleaming sands beneath me were darkened by the reflex and shadow of a passing cloud that toiled in the wake of the storm ; and there at my feet lay a sailor's hat, drenched with the salt water, that, trickling from it,

flowed down the sloping shore in a myriad of tiny rivulets, that seemed like tears.

My visions shattered and scattered like a rainbow, when the sun disappears behind low trailing storm clouds ; and then methought I beheld driving, drifting, plunging between sea and sky, a rudderless, mastless hull,—between sea and sky, so seemingly close together, that wave and cloud seemed to mingle.

Heavily the dismantled bark rolled and tossed, fearfully spotted here and there with clinging forms —forms that grew ever fewer and fewer as each quickly succeeding lurid lightning-flash revealed the battered vessel plunging headlong down endless slopes of black and foam-mingled billows into yawning graves in the ocean.

Bright flashed the livid gleams on glistening bulwarks and soaking decks—bright on the streaming sides and trailing cordage—bright on those swiftly thinning forms of hapless mariners clinging for dear life to slippery ropes and treacherous planks, that shook, and gave, and, crashing, broke away. Bright gleamed the blue levin, too, on a few storm-overtaken gulls that flew wildly in their fear around that fated bark, and amid the roaring wind I heard the shrill cries of those terrified sea-birds—cries of horror and alarm yet sounding only too fearfully like the mocking howls of demons.

Nor less brightly shone the awful momentary glare upon the sides of the huge mountain waves, upon whose gleaming slopes, few and rare, could be

seen struggling figures, vainly battling with the maddened waters. The picture was so vividly presented by my imagination that it ceased to be a picture ! Fearfully close, rolled on one awful wave —upon whose angry crest, amid the boiling surge, one form was feebly striving. That ghastly face—those helpless outstretched arms ! Oh, cruel sea ! spare, spare him. Gleam, glisten once again, fierce fire of Heaven—let me see once more that hapless wretch ; perchance some floating spars, some providential rope may save. Ha ! another flash, blue, bright, revealing all. No, not all !

I see the awful wave—closer and still closer it rolls. I see the angry crest ! I see the boiling surge ! But the sailor—where is he ? Half-way down that dreadful slope of death, half-way down the side of the wave, almost lost in the Valley of Death's Shadow, between this billow and the next, I see a hat floating and whirling downward. It is over—he is lost ! *He* is lost, and who is he ? Perchance, a son, a father, a well-beloved ! Beside what desolate hearth sit the bereaved parents of that wave-whelmed wretch ? For him some prattling babes are, it may be, helplessly calling, some woman waiting and watching ; and all that the sea returns of him to earth is this sodden relic—this tattered waif.

I paused, looking at the soaking straw-hat. As I raised my eyes I beheld a woman approaching along the sands. One glance sufficed to tell me she was a seaman's wife. As I saw her coming towards me

with her eyes fixed on the ground—"Even thus," I mused, "might that waiting, watching woman pace the utmost shore, looking for the vessel that can never return—expecting the husband she will never see again." She treads the extreme edge of the sands, the waters lave her feet, but what cares she? She is as near as may be to her beloved. What is it that the tide casts at her feet? The hat so often seen, oh, too, too well known—the hat, that was waved so hopefully as—

At this moment the woman had reached the place where I was standing. Her eyes caught the hat upon the shore—she started. Ha! she recognised it! Good heavens! my heart stood still; she knew the hat! What, oh what will be the first wild cry of her agony? Hush, my heart; be still! She speaks—

"Why, Lar! if there bean't our Bill's hat, as was blowed off the pier-end yesterday!"



CÆTERA DESUNT,

DYING LOVE.

WHEN Earth becomes a living tomb,
And Mirth for ever flies the heart,
When Day becomes an endless gloom,—
When Love from Love must part:—
How wild the grief of that last Day !
How vain to strive the thoughts, the bliss
Of happy moments, dead for aye,
To sum in one last kiss !

When Sighs steal all that we would speak,
And Eyes for tears can nothing tell,
When Hearts first learn what 'tis to break,—
When Love bids Love “ Farewell ! ”—
Of all deep sorrows of True Hearts
The crowning anguish sure is this,—
When Love from Love in silence parts
With one long lingering kiss.

OXFORD BY NIGHT.

NIGHT floated downward to the Earth, and furled
Her dusky pinions o'er the drowsy world,
As sinks at eve the dove into her nest,
And hides her tender brood with downy breast.

Through solemn aisles of old majestic trees
The diapasons of the midnight breeze,
Like sacred music 'neath cathedral roof,
Trembled, and died—and echoed far aloof.

Cloudless the sky. No fleecy wreaths were driven
Across the deep serenity of Heaven :
While the pale Moon, Night's gleaming silver lamp,
Stole slow and silent through the starry camp ;
And strangely fair, in light and shadows bent,
Stood pier and buttress, tower and battlement.
And far away, amid the moonlit meads
Old Isis whispered to his rustling reeds :
But the low murmur to the aching sense
But made the solemn stillness more intense.
So slept the city, when in spire and tower,
Deep-toned, or silver sweet, with varied power,
The myriad bells awoke, and rang the midnight hour.



OXFORD CELEBRITIES—A MODERATOR.

DEATH AND SPRING.

SONNET.

I SAT in early Spring the fields among,
I saw the green blade bursting from its prison ;
And, viewless as a spirit newly risen
From Death's dark house, the lark was lost in song.

Night on Earth's bosom silently had wept,
Till merry Morning came to wake the world ;
Then—not to see the Sun—away she crept,
And left the fields with dewy sorrow pearl'd.

Alas ! that ever we in tears should sow,
And blind with too much grieving, earthward gaze,
Forgetful of the golden Morning-glow
That waits to greet us if our looks we raise.—
Alas ! that we on graves should fix our eyes,
Nor see—on wings of Love—the happy Spirit rise !

LIFE.

TWO SONNETS.

I.—THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

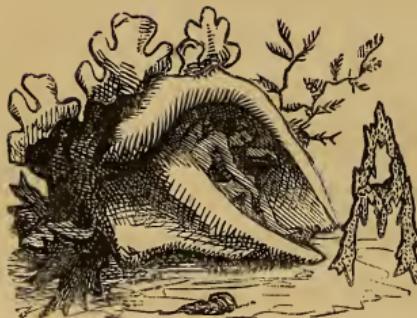
AH, why should Man be proud of his estate—
Because he breathes and moves : and other things

Unto his bounded eyesight seem less great
Which breathe and move as he does? He but brings
His unit to the sum of Life ; of which
These lesser things the greater portion have,
Being in breath and motion not less rich ;
In number far exceeding ! Why, the grave—
The earthly frontier of Death's silent coast—
Is the last boundary of this empty boast !
Mere breath and motion all the earth pervade,
And yonder lawn, so fresh and dewy-pearl'd,
Has little lives enough on every blade
To animate with men another world !

II.—THE SCORN OF LIFE.

“ MERE breath and motion all the earth pervade,
And yonder lawn, so fresh and dewy-pearl'd,
Has little lives enough on every blade
To animate with men another world !”
Yet scorn not Life—the general gift—but use
As not abusing it ; and humbly crave
For a true knowledge of its aim, and choose
Proud hopes, that end not only with the grave :
Thinking with awe, that in this single leaf—
Of all that people it—no life is done,
With tiny toils, and pains and passions brief,
But it is known and noticed by that One,
Who sees alike, in love o'erlooking all,
The Monarch's death-bed, and the sparrow's fall !

THE SHELL.



S does the hollow shell
In mournful murmurs tell
Of ocean, once its own
belovèd home,
And mimics faintly the melodious swell
Of the far distant foam :

So, when away from thee,
Does mournful memory
Amid my heart's deserted chambers moan,
And sings sad songs of what may never be ;—
When I am all alone !



BULL'S EYES AND SHEEP'S EYES.

PROFESSOR STEINHERZ.

CHAPTER I.

YES, the Professor was in love !

For five and twenty years, all the female beauty and talent of the University Town of Dummeppuchen had exerted every wile to make him a prisoner.

In vain ! He entrenched himself in the stone fortresses of geology and mineralogy. Behind these defences he retired before the artillery of brilliant glances, and the very Armstrongs and Whitworths of loveliness could not pierce through them.

The Professor had long yellow hair—so long that it coiled on his shoulders. But then, to make up for it, it did not begin from the top of his head. It grew in a line round his head, just above his ears, leaving the upper hemisphere of his skull smoothly polished as a billiard ball, though presenting phrenological irregularities, which would not be admissible in that “round of amusement.”

His eyes, small, and lacking lustre, resembled pig’s eyes, as some mischievous wag of Charles the II.’s time translated *yeux des marcassins*. His nose, symbol of his mind, was aspiring, and bestridden by spectacles riding as comfortably as on a Spanish saddle,—his chin rolled gracefully over his turn-down collar in unstudied folds of obesity.

His complexion was sallow, his height about three feet nine inches. His legs were thin, his body was huge. A greasy bright brown coat with brass buttons—a waistcoat as brilliant as a kaleidoscope pattern, and a pair of trousers of a rich purple, formed his ordinary costume.

“But, sir,” exclaims a fair reader, “is it possible that such a monster should have been the idol of a German University town?”

Why not, madam? Idols are not always the most lovely things to behold. And besides, there is no accounting for tastes. In some parts of Africa, no fair negress can hope to captivate an ebony beau, unless she have a ring through her nose. An American brave lays a bundle of scalps at his intended’s feet.

“Ah, yes, but then that is among savage nations.”

Very true, madam; but young ladies in civilized nations put gold rings through their ears and steel hoops round their waists in order to catch the eye of marriageable men. And as for the other sex, is not the red coat of the soldier the most “killing” with the ladies—and do not those tender beings like a man, who has fought a duel or two, besides breaking a score of women’s hearts?

“Well—it’s all very easy to talk like that, but you won’t persuade me that any girls could be so lost to taste as to run after that little dwarfy, oily, smoky, horrid little Professor.”

Nevertheless such was the case, madam, and, what

is more, they admired him precisely for those qualities, which you have described in those very epithets.

"Oh, impossible!"

Not a bit of it. Just listen to the following story.

CHAPTER II.

PRECISELY five years ago Jacob Potter, Drysalter of Thames Street, found himself at the foot of the Alps, possessed of an alpenstock and a strong desire to climb.

Poor Albert Smith's Mont Blanc was the motive power which drove Jacob from his desk in the city to the Swiss glaciers.

Potter was one of those men, who never do things by halves. On the Alps he was a Switzer—he believed in all the "Tell" tales he heard, and he whistled the Ranz des Vaches from morning till night. As for costume he had discarded hoddern grey and British homespun. His jacket was of the true mountaineer cut and material—and as for his breeches—why there was nothing like leather—especially chamois leather.

It is no wonder then that a gentleman, so thorough in his adoption of the habits and manners of the country in which he found himself, should fall in love with a Swiss peasant girl.

To be sure there was every excuse for him. Annette was young and blooming. Her cheeks were as

round and red as two apples, and seemed to throw out a perceptible warmth, and that, let me to tell you, at the height to which Jacob had climbed before he fell in love is no small recommendation.

Never was there a more devoted lover than Jacob. He hovered about her all day, and watched the light in her window all night from the gallery of the châlet at which he was quartered.

He climbed precipices, and crossed yawning crevasses to gather a blue gentianella to wreath among her black tresses.

“And how did Annette appear to regard him?”

Well, at first she seemed rather to look upon his behaviour as one watches the gambols of an unknown animal. But by degrees she seemed to gain confidence, and her rosy cheeks were crumpled with perpetual smiles like frost-bitten pippins.

There was one drawback to the course of true love. The language spoken in this very high mountainous region was a patois which it took Jacob a long time to master.

In vain did he engage an old curé, who inhabited this eagle’s nest of a hamlet as his teacher. That worthy old gentleman began his lessons after the Greek model, with a verb representing “*tupto, I beat,*” instead of, after the Latin, with the equivalent of “*amo, I love.*”

At last Jacob, weary of beating about the bush, told his learned friend straight out, that all the vocabulary he wanted was just enough to show to

Annette Dorgat that he was head over heels in love with her.

The good father assured him that it was in vain—she was betrothed to a young man, at present absent as a guide with a party of young Englishmen, who were exploring a new region.

But Jacob was not to be so easily turned from his purpose. Armed with enough patois to make his passion intelligible, he sought his Dulcinea. He found her driving home some dozen gross of the best Parisian gloves in a living form—namely, a flock of young kids, who were butting, and jumping, and skirmishing about so wildly, that Annette was really grateful for his arrival. Between the two, the skittish beasts were safely housed at last.

The moment had come !

Jacob poured out his love in a tolerably successful speech—and asked in a fond whisper—" Could she return his passion ?"

Alas for the fickleness of the sex ! The guide was forgotten, and for a moment it seemed as if the girl were about to return his avowal. She said "she liked him—but"—and then she cast a look at him, and hid her face in her hands.

" What was the *but*?" he inquired, " He was wealthy !"

" Yes, she had heard that—but"—

" Was he not attentive, affectionate ?"

" Yes—a very pattern for lovers—but"

" Did she not think him worthy of her ?"

"Oh—yes indeed he was—but"

"What then—was he not good looking enough?"

Now Jacob was a little vain, and not without reason ; he was a strong, fine, handsome fellow—a very Adonis of drysalters.

Why then did Annette pause ? She hesitated—she blushed—she turned away her head.

Imagining this to be a signal of consent, Jacob drew her (without much resistance too) towards him, and then when her head was resting on his shoulder, he, for lack of a better, repeated his former question.

"Was he not sufficiently good-looking ?"

"Ah !" was the whispered response—"Handsome—lovely—all but perfect—all but perfect. Oh how I should love—worship—admire you—if you had but a goitre !"

Jacob returned to Thames Street, and married the daughter of Alderman Figgins—but he declares that to this day that goitre has stuck in his throat.

CHAPTER III.

How the Professor did hate the Sex !

That is to say rather—how he avoided it—how he fled at the sight of a petticoat, and vanished at the sound of female voices.

It was the hardest matter in the world to get him to come to a conversazione. It was only by the

express command of the Prince Katzengraben, High Chamberlain, and Grand Buff Ribbon of the Duchy of Ganserichberg Smelitz that he was dragged forth once a quarter to attend the great meeting of the University of Dummepupchen, held in the Town Hall.

For two months and twenty-nine or thirty days, as the case might be, Steinherz dwelt in his gloomy rooms on the Grasse Platz. There, surrounded by the fossil remains of by-gone ages, the Professor revelled in the brightness of his collection of minerals, whose glances he preferred to all the oglings that the Dummepupchen ladies were capable of.

But for the one day out of the quarter, like an owl suddenly hustled into daylight, the poor man was to be seen blinking and glaring in the most secluded corners of the Great Hall, looking feebly at the wax-lights, and giving fidgetty frightened murmurs in answer to the numerous cooing addresses made to him by his flocks of female admirers.

And how numerous they were !

There was the Princess Schwarzengele. She was fifty if she was a day—but then her rank prevented this from being observed. Half the young Officers quartered at Dummepupchen, and all the middle-aged ones, were sighing at her feet—and a pretty good size they were—so there was room for all.

The four daughters of the Burgmeister, Herr Klootz, were the next in rank after the Princess. A nice little fortune of some millions was to be

divided among them at their father's death. And Rumour said that he had divided it already into four unequal portions. Of these the greatest was to be handed over to her, who should be fortunate enough to become Mrs. Professor Steinherz. The other dowers were to be given according to the rank in the University held by the various future husbands. If either of the girls married out of the collegiate body her portion was to go to found a scholarship. If this were true it was quite sufficient to account for the devotion which the four daughters of Klootz paid to the Professor.

Need I enumerate the nine daughters of the three chief tobacconists—the five and twenty of the seventeen silk-mercers, or the fourteen of the six sub-professors, who swayed second ferules in the University of Dummepupchen under the beneficent rule of Herr Steinherz?

One—my heroine—I must attempt to describe.

Miss Wilhelmina Grethel Katarina Amelia Clausen was five and thirty. Thalers in the bank she had plenty, for her father had been agent to the University of Dummepupchen in the capital city of England. And that was a very lucrative post.

Of course beneath the thin veil of Dummepupchen my readers have discerned the real place I write of. Behold, are not all its sons wise and all its daughters lovely—"Know you the land?"

Why, the University was so famous that hundreds of men, British-born and bred, had heard of its great

renown. Many of them were, alas, too closely bound by fetters of business and interest, so that they could not bathe in the stream of wisdom at its source. But sooner than have no sweet tie to connect them with the German Olympus of Learning, they paid to the late Mr. Clausen immense sums of sterling coin in return for certain papers, which he obtained for them from that seat of erudition—papers allowing them to suffix the proud letters “Ph. D.” to their otherwise humble names.

Such was the celebrity of the University of Dummeupchen, and such were the sources whence the fair Wilhelmina Grethel Katarina Amelia Clausen derived her thalers.

She was not tall—no maypole of a woman, So far below the standard was she that the Venus could have given her a neck and beaten her. But what she wanted perpendicularly measured, she made up for horizontally meted. So that after all it was as broad as it was long. To speak literally and literarily she was to the average run of her sex (not that she ever did or could run) what Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge is to a Pamphlet on the Currency. She made up by her ponderosity for other sterling qualities such as grace, form, and carriage. As to her neck, it was neck or nothing, and inclined to the latter alternative, for her chin was double and her shoulders high. Her hair was a silvery flaxen, and her eyes were of a subdued emerald tint.

"Dear me," says Curiosity, "how I should like to see her likeness!"

I have no doubt of it, my dear Madam (of course Curiosity, like all the other virtues, is personified as a female). You would like to have a photograph of her. And between you and me Wilhelmina did sit for one.

"Well, sir, let us hear all about it—I'm thinking of having myself taken off soon."

The sooner the better, ma'am. But Grethel's portrait would not have been any incentive to such an act.

"Why, sir?"

Because what with the lady's proportions and the very dingy colour, which that foggy art flings over the face, she was only fit to hang in Messrs. Guinness' Brewery.

"What for, sir?"

A personification of Brown Stout.

CHAPTER IV.

"THEN I presume, sir," says a gentleman, the normal state of whose fingers seems to be of a scorched and volcanic nature, "that the art of photography does not meet with your approval."

Not with my entire approval certainly. The infliction it is to the sitter is terrible—both mental and bodily distress.

Happening to have affectionate friends or relatives you are compelled to go to the slaughter-house, which is at the top of a house, whither you climb by a tedious winding stair (you may pronounce the "i" in winding long or short as you please), and then torture begins.

First of all it is necessary that your hands and face should be in one plane—(and they generally succeed in getting your face plain enough)—so that you are forced into an uncomfortable attitude and then told to "look as easy as you can."

Absorbed in the idea of handing your own face down to posterity, you get grave. You are told to smile, and—as any one knows, a "laugh to order" is the most grim contortion in the world,—you look as pleasantly unpleasant as you can.

Just at this moment sitting in the un-Easy chair, with some one manipulating at your back, you are strongly reminded of the dentist's, and the recollection casts a cheerful expression over your features. To carry out the illusion, a couple of brass knobs are screwed up against your head behind as if your teeth were to be extracted backwards. These knobs are horribly uncomfortable, and in trying to escape you thrust your neck forward, and look, when photographed, as if you had swallowed a half-crown and it was just passing the epiglottis.

But there is another thing I detest, that some photographers will thrust upon you.

Why should I go down to my children's children

with a great vase of flowers at my elbow? If ever I have flowers in my room I put them in a tumbler. Bless my soul, that vase would take up three parts of my little Brompton dining-room.

Then again I'm not in the habit of sitting in my massive balcony without my hat. If I did I should deserve to catch a cold from a draught from that very purple mountain that I can't see from any window in my house.

But even these adjuncts are not so painful as some I know of. When a photographer does you "in character," oh my good gracious, what a character he makes of you. Because I have written a book, is that any reason why I should be represented as playing at scribbling on a little round table not big enough to hold a sheet of foolscap. And when I do write, it is with the magnum bonum of everyday life, not with that silver-mounted porcupine's quill that I should only poke my eye out with, in a fit of abstraction.

And then to finish the joke, when I am turned out half murderer and half sweep, with a black smudge for a mouth, and two odd sides to my face, all my friends tell me "*it must* be like."

"And so it must," says my friend of the fingers—"the sun never lies!"

"If he sets, I don't see as how why he shouldn't lie," says Ignorance.

And Ignorance is right. Not that I blame the sun. It is not his fault,—it is the other members

of the firm with faulty glass, dirty lenses, or bad collodion that make the sun such a fib-teller.

"That is a dangerous assertion," says Prudence; "only think of the hundreds and hundreds of photographers there are, with every style of art from the five guinea portrait down to the Whitechapel four-penny one with a hot potato given in."

True for you. I shall be hoccusSED and focussed to death. I shall be drowned in a bath, I shall be burked with a sheet of albumenised paper, or be burned in holes with lenses. I shall have my life "taken by the last new process."

But I can't help it. I must speak the Truth. And by the way if Truth lives in a well, it is not the one whence they get water for their photographic baths.

"But have you," says my photographic friend, "any other objections to the Art besides those prompted by personal vanity?"

That's severe, but you photographers never flatter —there's that much to be said for you.

I *have* another objection. I hold that it is utterly subversive of our bump of veneration, as well as horribly confusing to one's organs of identification, and indeed the fruitful cause of mild insanity and idiocy.

"As how, sir?" says a lady reader.

Why, my dear madam, if you will have the goodness to come and look into this shop-window with me I will give you ocular demonstration of what I mean.

That white-haired gentleman is a well-known pulpit orator: that little gentleman in an ostler's dress is an equally well-known actor. There they are both standing in the same oriel window, by the same table, and the same chair. That figure with the intelligent face and fine forehead is our Chancellor of the Exchequer. You may possibly have admired the genius and concentration that framed the Great Budget. Look at that background and double your admiration. It is the oriel window again. And there is the Bishop of London, and here is Mr. Keeley, and there is Mr. Clarke, and yonder is Lord Elcho, and below that Mario, and above that the bewitching Piccolomini, and beside her Mr. Leech, the right hand (and cunning right hand) of Punch. And there is for ever that same oriel. Why it gives you the idea that they all live in one house! What a happy family! Wit, talent, nobility and piety all looking out of the same window.

Upon my word I think you may *treble* your admiration of the mind that conceived the Budget.

“Why?” asks snappishly a little gentleman, whose Income Tax does not seem to agree with him.

Because, sir, I would defy most men to frame such a stupendous piece of machinery in the same bow window where Mr. Bellew was singing Vilikins and his Dinah, and Mr. Robson was lecturing on Milton and Palestine—or *vice versâ*, for the very thought is confusing, and I'm afraid I have transposed their performances.

"Very well, sir," says a young lady who flourishes a photographic album, consisting of numerous card Punch-shows for the insertion of friendly photographs.

"Very well, sir, I will not put *your* picture in my book."

"Very likely not, Miss, and for the best of reasons."

"And pray why not?" retorts the damsel, firing up at the accusation of having a reason for anything she does. "Why shall I not put your likeness in my book?"

Because, my dear young creature, you haven't "got the face to do it."

CHAPTER V.

"BUT you have not given us Miss Clausen's likeness yet," interposes Curiosity.

No I haven't, I confess. But I have been thinking the matter over, and find it impossible. Words cannot paint her. There is perhaps one form in which I might give a description of her face and figure, and that is—

"What sir—pray what?"

A circular, madam.

"I can't for the life of me see," says a stout gentleman, who might be Daniel Lambert, "why you should make fun of the young German for being fat. Fat is a thing not to be made light of!"

I believe, sir, the Greenlanders burn it in their lamps.

"Pshaw, sir, you're trifling in a most improper manner!"

Not a bit; if I did laugh at the width of her person it was not a broad joke.

"Let me tell you, young man, that such levity is only fit for shrimps of boys. When you reach my time of life you will have a more becoming gravity."

Well, and if I do, sir, I'll try to get rid of it. If I find my habit deposits too much fat upon me, I'll make fun of it, and see if I can't take it off.

"But," again interposes Curiosity, "how about Miss Clausen?"

Well, about thirteen stone, ma'am. That is to say before she fell in love with the Professor. After that she declined in weight and size. Why, the band of her apron would have gone twice round her, so it was evident she was waisting away.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT could be the matter with the Professor?

For five and twenty years the ladies had besieged him, and now here he was rendering himself up a voluntary captive.

The Princess could not believe her eyes. That The Schwartzengel should be neglected for a little dump-

ling of a woman with nothing but a few thalers to recommend her.

As for the Misses Klootz, they were furious—with the exception of the youngest, who having become desperately in love with Lieutenant Blutegel of the 19th Polish Infantry, was not sorry that a *deus ex machinâ* should remove the Professor from the competition into which she was compelled to enter.

How those dear ladies all slandered poor Wilhelmina!

“Oh!—The bold thing—look how she is flirting with him!”

“How could he be taken with such a plain piece of goods!”

“Well! what he can see in her *I can’t tell!*”

“She’s bewitched him!”

“She’s put a philtre in his choppe!”

“Do you believe in philtres, Mr. Author?” interposes my old friend Curiosity.

Most implicitly—my dear creature.

“What in Canidia’s philtres?”

No, in Lipscombe’s,—for if anything could make me in love with cold water as a beverage they would do it.

But we must not forget the Professor.

There was no mistake about it. He was clearly regarding Miss Clausen with looks of interest.

When he first came into the room, he was as

silent and abstracted as usual. He saluted the Prince, chatted with two or three under-Professors—but only bowed very shyly and distantly to the ladies. In vain did The Schwartzengel level the artillery of her black eyes at him. He fled to the table whereon were arranged some splendid specimens of copper, lead, and tin ores, lately sent to the Dumme-pupchen Museum from Cornwall.

Then amid his favourite minerals the Professor forgot the outer world. He did not hear the three Klootzes admiring the peacock ore in loud voices designed to attract his attention. Even when The Schwartzengel, tired of the long range, joined issue at close quarters it was useless.

She laid her hand on his shoulder, and pointing out some attractive specimen, asked him about it. Without looking up, the student pored over the mineral, giving a rapid résumé of its component parts, and its whole history. But this was rather spoken to himself, than intended as an answer to the Princess. She had but touched the spring and the automaton had run down.

She turned away in disgust and despair, and the four Klootzes sailed after her, heaving tremendous sighs. But at length the Professor's eyes grew dim with long admiring and examining. His feelings were almost too overpowering—the pleasure of these wonders was too great.

His hand accidentally fell upon the tube of his pipe, which protruded from his pocket. Happy

thought ! He would go and smoke—it would calm his agitation.

He rose, and moved towards the door.

At that moment, her fortune, good or evil—or (as the other ladies averred) a deep-laid design—brought Wilhelmina Grethel Katarina Amelia Clausen face to face with the object of her hopes—the idol of her dreams—the lord of her heart—the ruler of her destiny—in a word with Professor Steinherz.

Most elaborate had been our heroine's toilette this night. Flowers were festooned in her hair, jewels glistened on her breast, and gold bracelets encircled her round arms. Her dress was of pure white book-muslin, with fourteen rows of flounces, and trimmed with little blue bows.

It was very clear she had come determined to conquer or die.

And Fortune seemed about to smile on her boldness.

Steinherz stopped short—his eyes fixed on Wilhelmina, whose colour rose to a brilliant poppy tint.

It was done ! A sigh escaped from the Professor's lips. He thrust his pipe back into his pocket, and for the rest of the night he never quitted her side.

What rapture ! To have brought to her feet the man for whom all female Dumme-pupchen was sighing. She sat, and walked, and ate, and drank in a dream.

Why was he so constrained ? What was that question that, she saw, rose so often to his lips, but was as often strangled at its birth ?

She longed to tell him that he need not fear. Her heart beat so fast! Oh it was indeed happiness! He did not talk of love it is true. His conversation was of the most commonplace order—nay, (must she admit it to herself?) even stupid. But then what matter? Was not that question for ever rising to the surface of the sluggish stream, even though it was only to disappear again?

The great hope of her life was realised. That question would come at last. The volcano of passion would bear it out of the Professor's bosom on a lava-stream of love. She planned where it should be made. It should be in the conservatory among the emblematic orange-trees. She would fling herself into his arms exclaiming, "And I too love, my Steinherz—my first last love—for this I have lived. I am too happy, let me die!" Yes, that question would be asked before the night was over.

Again and again did the Professor begin it, and again and again it died on his lips. It was very trying. The fact was his sole and undivided attention to Wilhelmina had attracted the notice of every one. The men saw and wondered. The women saw and fumed. The men stared stupidly at him. The women frowned viciously at him. And men and women alike hovered round the pair, and watched them so closely that no wonder the question was never asked.

Fifty times that question trembled on his lips. It rang in her ears, it ran in her blood, her

heart kept beating in tune with it—"Question—Question."

It was impossible to bear it any longer.

She murmured a few hasty words. "She must go. She was ill." He started up. It was almost spoken. But no—he would wait. "Might he shawl her?" "Oh, it would be too pleasant."

Arm in arm they descended the broad staircase. He would ask her there! But no—he could not muster courage.

He led her along the passage to the door. Her dingy little carriage was waiting to jolt her home. He would ask her in the passage! But no—it got no further than his lips. She saw it must soon be spoken. She sprang into the carriage, and threw herself back, and waited for his words. At last they came.

"Might he ask her a question, only one—one he had wished to put all night—ever since he saw her."

The voice in the back of the carriage said in faint hoarse accents—"Yes! yes!"

But the question must have a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER VII.

AND LAST.

"What is that stone in your brooch?"

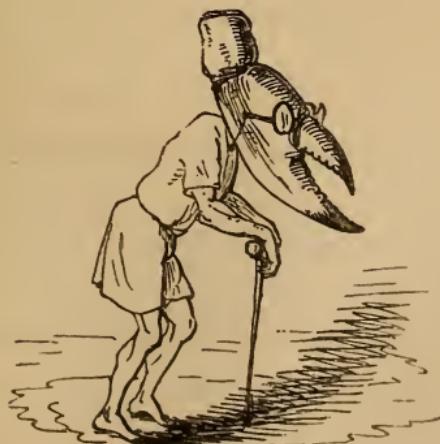
LONG AGO.

You and I—ah ! you and I,
We were children once together—
Out among the gorse and heather
In the bright and blowing weather—
You and I !
In the North—'mid moor and wild-wood
Singing through our happy childhood
In the days so long gone by.

You and I—ah ! you and I,
We look back now on the distance
O'er long years of bare existence,
Weary struggles for subsistence,
You and I !
Then no trouble for the morrow—
Not a thought of pain or sorrow
In the days so long gone by.

SONNET.

SEE, if the Roses, heavy with the rain,
 Do not fresh beauty from their burden borrow,
 And soon erect their drooping heads again;—
 So should we draw a secret strength from sorrow.
 For falling tears should foster, and not kill,
 The Buds of Hope that lurk within our bosoms :
 Some good from bitterness we should distil,
 As bees find hidden sweets in poison-blossoms.
 Though now 'tis dark, yet will the Dawn appear,
 Seeming from Night to gather light and gladness :
 And future happiness will be more dear,—
 And sweeter—for the sense of bygone sadness.
 ' Look how the dewdrops glitter on the thorn ;
 So, Love, the tears of night become the gems of
 morn ! '



“CRABBED AGE.”

BEYOND THE SEA.

AH, sweetest May ! the Shade within thine eyes
Is dearer far to me than is the Light
Of glances less beloved. It takes its rise
From tender thoughts of me, that make less bright
Eyes, that would else excel all others. So,
When we are severed, love, by sea and land,
I prize far less the golden beams, that glow
Around me here, than that dark distant strand
(Ah, happy shore !) that thy dear footsteps press.

And thus, though kind the eyes, and sweet the smiles,
That brighten here, I think, Beloved, less
Of all their witcheries and pleasing wiles,
Than of those eyes, that, by a distant sea,
Gleam forth—in tears unshed—their gentle thoughts
of me !

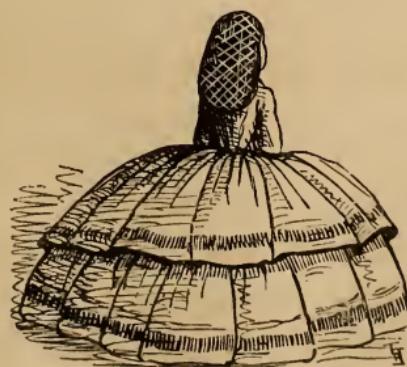
THE DAYS OF POWDER.

“THE good old times !”—how much they prate
Of those old days of fashion,
So stiff, and cold, and formal. Zounds !
They put one in a passion!
When Sir to Madam stiffly bent
As to her “Chair” he bowed her,—

A lamp-post is as graceful as
The men in Days of Powder.

And Madam too was quite as prim,
No stateliness allowed her ;
They must have been quite starched to death
In those old Days of Powder.
They spoke in mincing tones genteel,
Then whispers little louder,—
A sugar-loaf's as graceful as
A dame in Days of Powder !

But then this artficial life
Caused such extremes atrocious,
There were the Mohawks,—Captain Stabs,—
And Highwaymen ferocious—
And (greater thieves !) the Thief-takers.
Such times ! Of nought I'm prouder
Than that I was not born in those
Confounded Days of Powder !



"COME WITH A HOOP AND COME WITH A CAUL."

A VERY REMARKABLE DREAM.



EREIN I am about to relate, from my own experience, one of those peculiar premonitory visions, which occur in the life-times of individuals of a particular frame of mind, but which by the generality of the world are disbelieved. For

the truth of the following marvellous story I can, without hesitation, vouch, strange though it may seem and even supernatural.

There are connected with the narrative, in addition to the dream, one or two of those extraordinary psychological facts, which I find others know and recognise as well as myself, but of which I have never seen or heard an explanation.

In the year 18—, I was placed at the Grammar School of Lowthorpe cum Clay, in the North of England. The reason for the exile of a boy of weak constitution and excitable mind, like myself, to those unhealthy fens was no more nor less than the friendship, which existed between my uncle and the Head Master, who was a very intelligent man, as well as a good scholar, and a gentleman to boot, so that it was, it may be, the best tuition to place

me under, as I was intended to distinguish myself at Oxford.

It was rather to finish my education, I should have said, that I was entrusted to the care of the Rev. E. Barclay, LL.D.: for I had passed several years in the junior school at King's College.

On my arrival I was placed in the sixth form, and immediately arrogated to myself all the privileges of that favoured class. I enforced the services of two smaller boys as fags—I bought a pipe, and I wore a tail-coat on Sundays—on which occasions I also exhibited (whenever it happened to be home from the wash: *i. e.* once a fortnight) the stick-up collar, which I had purloined from my elder brother's drawer.

I looked forward to making a similar raid, unnoticed, during the next holidays, and pictured to myself, with pride and pleasure, the time when I should be able to wear a “proper collar” every Sunday: for I am afraid I was in those days rather vain. On mature consideration, I think I might venture to say—very vain.

I was just between boyhood and youngmanhood—standing, as Longfellow says of the maiden,—

“Where the brook and river meet.”

I had begun to have an intense admiration of the fair sex (as personified by Miss Walshingham's school in general, which sat next to our pew in church—and a certain Miss in particular, who managed to

give me glimpses of her face through the gap in the red curtain), and yet I had not given up my devotion to tarts and toffy. Between these two feelings my pocket-money suffered seriously, as well as my mind. Hours of the solemn night I spent in doubt and anxiety, trying to decide whether I should have a pot of pomatum or some of the sausage rolls at the confectioner's in School Lane. Similar struggles were perpetually going on between my person and my appetites, the outer and the inner man divided as to the respective merits of a new neck-tie and a veal-pie,—or of a pair of gloves and a bottle of grape wine.

I grieve to have, in addition to this, to own that, in order to bedizen myself in trinkets—jewels and barbaric gold,—I ran up a large bill with one Richard Bull, a jeweller, who was foolish enough to give me credit.

Every half-holiday I used to adorn my person with care, and accompanied by two chosen friends, sally out with a double purpose. We used to walk past Miss Walshingham's—so timing our visit as to meet the damsels setting forth for their afternoon walk—and then, turning into the fields, lie down under a hedge, and enjoy the furtive pleasure of tobacco. We returned after frequent pipes, just in time to meet the girl-school once more on its return, and to have another gaze at our respective fair-ones: for we each of us had one of the pupils in our eyes.

Oh, Anna Wyse! How devotedly did I adore you!

Like you, I thought, were *all* the pictures in the Book of Beauty, without an exception—after you I named my meerschaum pipe, and your initials I carved on every tree, and gate, and form, that my knife could approach.

I once wrote an Acrostic to you, with much labour and little poetic merit, and sent it on Valentine's day, but I fear it never got further than Miss W.'s fire-place.

Ah well! "I never loved a bright gazelle!"—Anna, Anna! Why did you marry lanky Doctor Blogg? But I suppose I must not complain, having myself, since my Lowthorpe days, been engaged five times, and married once.

Of course, as our walks were invariably in the same direction as far as Miss W.'s, and of the same duration,—they generally terminated in one place:—a field, on the borders of the town, with a plantation in one corner, in the centre of which stood the remains of a small cottage, and a garden fallen into decay.

One of my two companions was a native of Lowthorpe, and from him I learnt the history of these ruins.

At the time of the French Revolution in 1792, an Emigré, who called himself Le Cocq, purchased this cottage and field: and here he lived with his only child—a girl about six years old. They were attended by an old female-servant, whom they brought with them. At first the inhabitants of Low-

thorpe were very curious indeed to learn who the new-comers were—but to no avail. They saw no one—and indeed no one ever saw them, for father and child never went beyond the house and plantation, and the servant only visited the town of an evening, every now and then, for the purpose of purchasing provisions. They seemed to live well, and to lack no means of procuring any comforts, so it became after a time the general belief that the old man was immensely rich—but as nothing further was ascertained, the good folk were obliged to pocket their inquisitiveness, and be contented.

This went on for many years, until a tall fine-looking foreigner, a military man, arrived in a very handsome carriage and pair—drove straight to the Tuileries (as the Lowthorpers called the Frenchman's cottage, somewhat spitefully, on account of his not mixing in their society), and was seen to drive away, taking with him the young girl. This made another nine days' wonder, but nothing more was then learnt of Le Cocq than before.

Not long after this, however, the tradespeople, with whom the old servant had been in the habit of dealing, having missed her for some time, at length acquainted the constable with the fact, and he told the Mayor, who in turn told the Corporation, and so, after some discussion, it was determined that the Worshipful the Mayor should pay an official visit to the cottage, and enquire into matters.

Of course his errand got bruited abroad, and half

the town was at his heels before he arrived at Le Cocq's.

He knocked repeatedly, and called on the inmates to open, but obtained no answer. He was just on the point of returning to the Hall to hold another council, when a man, who had climbed over the garden-palings, came up, and informed him that the servant was lying apparently dead on the floor of the kitchen. This was quite enough to warrant what followed. A dozen sturdy hands and shoulders soon burst open the door, and the Mayor walked in: the Constable standing in the entry, and permitting only a chosen few to follow in the steps of the Dignitary.

The servant was discovered as described, lying on her face. She had apparently fallen off her chair in a fit of apoplexy—at that time it was usual to account for all sudden death by apoplexy, but I dare say in this case it was disease of the heart.

“Where was old Le Cocq?” was naturally the next question.

They proceeded up stairs, and there they found him in bed, reduced to a skeleton. At first they thought him dead, but he opened his eyes, and endeavoured to sit up, when he heard their voices. They raised him into a sitting posture. He looked earnestly at the Mayor, and in a barely audible voice said, “The money—the money—I have buried it all there—out there!”—He raised his arm, as if to point out the spot, but before he could do so,

his hand fell back powerless on the coverlet, and life was extinct.

It was supposed the poor old man had been confined to his bed, and that, on the death of his servant, being unable to rise through illness, he had literally been starved to death !

Of course a search was instituted for the money, but it was unsuccessful. For years and years, one person after another was bitten by the gold-hunting mania, but to no purpose. An Irishman came from Dublin to try his hand, and hunted everywhere ; and a Scotchman walked from end to end of the field—over every inch of it—with a divining rod. But the charms of treasure-fertile Ireland failed, and the twig even gave never a sign of hidden gold.

Such was in effect the story my schoolfellow told : his words I have not attempted to give, for they were no finer in composition and finish, than schoolboys' tales are wont to be.

We were all three seated on a fallen tree in Le Cocq's plantation at the time, and, when he had done, the other fellow said, "I wonder the old boy did not chew up the sheets, or tear open the pillow and eat the feathers!"

As he uttered the words, one of those remarkable —those mysterious psychological revelations, that I have hinted at, occurred to me. As I sat there, it came into my mind that "I had heard those words before, and that we were all sitting on this tree, when they were spoken"—but more I could not

remember. It was just a glimpse through a cloud vague and indistinct! Surely some of my readers have met with such. It seems as if we had acted our life previously; as if we had rehearsed it before in dreams, awaking from which, we totally forget what has passed in them, except at times, when some chord or nerve of memory is touched, and, we remember that we have done, or said, exactly what we have just done, or said, under precisely the same circumstances, in a previous state of existence—or else in some dream, foreshadowing our life.

At that moment I could have—and would have—sworn, that in a former state, or a prophetic sleep, I had sat with the same companions, in that same spot, and heard those same words,—but what happened before, or was to happen after, was lost in obscurity and confusion.

I had frequently felt this sensation before, but this time it was stronger than ever, and, together with the story, it caused me such disturbance that I lay awake nearly all night, puzzling my brain for a solution of the mystery, and vainly striving to remember the precedent and consequent actions in the pre-existence or foreshadow of which memory had brought back only a snatch—a glimpse. This enquiry after a time began to shape itself into a desire to discover the lost gold, and I almost gave way to the belief that I was fated to discover it.

I believe, if I could have got away unobserved, I should have dug up, and searched the plantation, but

I could never have managed to steal off, and if I had done so, half-holidays would have been my only opportunities, and then I should have been discovered by my two companions, who, even when I was not with them, were accustomed to go to the ruined cottage.

My mind was incessantly occupied by this one subject, and at length my anxiety and awe were still further increased by a series of dreams which I had. I seemed to be wandering, night after night, in the plantation, always seeing it as clearly as if awake—every tree, and stone, the same—not (as often happens in dreams) even a *slight* variation from the real scene.

I seemed to traverse the ground backward and forward, but to no effect. Still I whispered to myself “Patience—have patience, and you will yet succeed !”

After having dreamt this same dream for some nights, it underwent a change. I was, as before, wandering in the plantation, I thought, when I saw an old man, drest in the costume of the last century, seated on a fallen tree : he was deep in conversation with a young girl, who stood before him. I paused and listened : the girl was speaking. “Surely, mon père,” she said, “he has watched enough—he has passed the ordeal—reveal the gold ! He has well won it !” “I will !” replied the old man, “My vigil is at an end, my duty done ! I will reveal it to him !” He rose, and turned towards me. I rushed forward—“Oh, thanks, thanks !” I cried “tell me

where—where is it concealed?" The old man opened his lips, and raised his arm, as if to indicate the spot, when I woke suddenly to find the boy, who slept in the same room with me, shaking me violently. It seems I had groaned and muttered so much in my sleep that he got alarmed and roused me.

I cannot describe how angry I was with him. I stormed, I raved at him, until he was glad to slink off to bed again, quite at a loss to account for my passion.

That night I did not have another wink of sleep. I laid my plans, I made my determination. I counted the number of nights since the first dream I had had on the subject—and found that this was the ninth ;—mystic number! I must then watch nine nights, ere I could hope to discover the treasure. How was I to get out at night? That was a difficult question : but my mind was so bent on making the trial, that I soon hit upon a scheme.

During the day I could procure some large nails, and drive them in between the bricks, under my window, so as to form a species of ladder to the ground—or rather a set of steps, which would be effectually hidden by the leaves of the pear tree, which was trained against the wall underneath, and whose fruit I had often feloniously gathered by means of an umbrella and knife, each at the end of a fishing-rod, minus the top-joint, cutting off the pears with the knife, and holding the umbrella beneath to catch them, as they fell. Until morning I lay wide

awake, determining on the road I should take to the field, and how to get back again unperceived. I thought too, prematurely numbering my brood before it had chipped the shell, what I should do with my prize. I would buy a house near London, furnish it handsomely, and then procure a very fast horse and gig—drive past Miss Walshingham's, at walking time, and when the girls came out, jump down, lift Anna Wyse into the trap, and rattle away to Gretna Green! Ah, Miss Wyse! You little thought how nearly you were being the partner of such a romantic match!

Next day I managed, unperceived, to drive in the requisite nails, and at night, for the first time, I clambered down, and hurried off by the back lanes to my destination. It was a very dark, and solitary place, and my heart beat violently,—I broke out in a cold perspiration, but I compelled myself to complete my task! Three hours I waited, and then stole swiftly back, and, unobserved, got to my bedroom.

In this way passed a week: I had but two more days to wait! But, lo, my plan was crushed—my labour lost! The morning of the last day but one, I was called into the Master's study. I trembled, for I feared I was detected,—but it was not so. Dr. Barclay was standing before the fire with a black-edged letter in his hand. In a few kind words he prepared me for a shock I had little expected—my mother's death! Almost before he had finished speaking, my brother arrived. My box was hurriedly packed, and in an hour's time I was rattling London-ward, in

that stunned stupified condition, in which a great and sudden calamity leaves us. I had been passionately fond of my mother: my father had died the year I was born, so that this was the first time I stood face to face with Death.

The grief, in which I was plunged, entirely obliterated all memory of my treasure-seeking from my mind: and when I at length rallied from my sorrow, absence and time had effaced my passion for gold-digging, as well as my love for Miss Wyse; and so I heard, without a sigh, that I was not to return to Dr. Barclay's, but to live with my uncle in London, and read with a private tutor.

In time I went to the University. My career there was not marked by any striking peculiarities, except that, now and then, I experienced those inexplicable dim recollections of a pre-existence or foreknowledge (I do not know which to call it), of which I have given an instance.

While at Oxford, I fell in with a young man called Gilbert Markham. Our tastes coincided on all points, and we soon became firm friends. He was somewhat my senior in the University, but of my own age to a month. After we had been acquainted for a short time, I discovered that he was the nephew of the Rector of Lowthorpe. We talked a good deal about the old place, but I avoided any mention of my gold-visions. The morning after this conversation had taken place, I felt, when I woke, a firm conviction that I had been dreaming of Low-

thorpe, but what the circumstances of the dream were, I could not call to mind. I puzzled my brains over and over again, but in vain :—I could recall nothing further than that Lowthorpe had been the scene of my vision.

I have frequently found this difficulty in remembering dreams, and this it is that has strengthened my belief, that the recollections of a previous acquaintance with our life, which I have spoken of, arise from prophetic dreams. They resemble very strikingly those fragmentary recollections of dreams, which occur to us of a morning, although we are unable to remember the whole.

Well, during the day I forgot all about this dream of Lowthorpe, and did not dream of it again. Just as I was passing my degree examination in the first school, Markham put on his bachelor's gown, and left Oxford, with the intention of getting a curacy, to take title for ordination, as he was going into the Church.

We wrote tolerably often to each other, until I took my degree, and began to keep my terms at the Temple, at which time a break took place in our correspondence, owing however, I must confess, to my negligence.

However, just at the beginning of one long vacation, I got a letter from Markham, saying that his uncle had offered him the curacy at Lowthorpe—that he had accepted it, and had been there already three months. His letter concluded with an invita-

tion to me “to come down to his bishopric, and stay with him.” The invitation was just the thing ; I had no place to go to, and I did not desire to stay in town ; so I packed my portmanteau and set off.

I arrived at Lowthorpe late on Saturday night. Markham had just finished his sermon, so we sat over the fire, smoked a pipe, and talked over old times. Lowthorpe soon became the theme of conversation, and I heard of many changes.

Barclay had got a mastership at Eton ; the old school-house had been burnt down ; one of the town boys, who sat next to me in the sixth, had committed a forgery, and was off on one of those

“—travels, that nobody hurries
To publish at Colburn’s or Longman’s or Murray’s.”

Miss Walshingham had given up school ; and finally—perfidious Anna Wyse had married lanky Dr. Blogg, who used to attend us boys at Barclay’s, and physic us through our ailments !

After we had consumed much tobacco, we retired to bed, and I began again to suffer with my old Lowthorpe disease. I wondered and thought over the Treasure Field. Had old Le Cocq’s money been discovered ? It was not probable, or I should most likely have seen it in the papers. With my head full of these thoughts, I fell asleep, to see once more in a dream the old plantation and ruined cottage, as distinctly as in my schoolboy days.

Next morning I was up only just in time for

church, for my sleep had been disturbed, and I had passed but a restless night. Markham told me that he had procured a seat for me, in a friend's pew, in the gallery: and thither I accordingly went.

This was the first time I had ever been in the gallery of Lowthorpe Church. The Grammar-school pew was down in the aisle, close to the chancel, and, as I never went to Church except with the school, I had never been in the gallery: so that I looked round with some curiosity, as I went towards the pew, in which I was to sit. How strange—how very strange! The place seemed as familiar to me as if I had been there every day for twenty years. I must have been there before! But when? I sat down completely at a loss. All of a sudden, a light burst in upon me! I had seen it in a dream—the dream, which I had dreamt at Oxford, but had been unable to recall at the time. Wonderful to tell, the whole of it now came back to my memory, as clearly as if it had happened but yesterday.

I had dreamt that I went into the gallery of Lowthorpe Church, and had seated myself in the very pew, in which Markham had procured me a place—that opposite to me was Anna Wyse, smiling to me, and beckoning me to come to her. As I remembered this part of the vision, I looked at the opposite gallery—and there, exactly facing me, sat Mrs. Blogg—as pretty as ever, and apparently quite disposed to renew our old smiling acquaintance. However, to go on with my dream. In it I had

seen everything as it really was—the lamps the same—the pews the same—the very monuments on the wall the same! I seemed to hear the service through, and then to quit the church, with one last gaze at Anna. Then followed one of those awful visions, which it is painful even to think of when awake. As the people came out of the Church, a loud bellowing arose—the crowd began to fly, and I heard the cry of “Mad Bull! save yourselves!”

All those around me made their escape, but I, with the dreadful impotence of dreams, could not stir: my feet were glued to the ground, my arms hung powerless, I tried to scream, but no sound came: and, when at length I was able to run, I was fearfully conscious that, though I strained every muscle, I did not make an inch of ground!

After this my dream became confused more and more, and I could not remember anything distinctly.

When service was over, I joined my friend in the vestry; while he was disrobing, I told him of my dream, and how strangely it had come back to my memory. As we left the Church, he said, laughingly, “Well, the first part has come true: let us hope the last won’t!” “It’s not very likely:” said I. “You don’t have such infuriated animals running loose in Lowthorpe of a Sunday, do you?”

Before he had time to answer, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder: I turned, and saw before me a little fat angry-looking man, who was eyeing me sternly. “What do you want?” said I. “Your

name is ——?" he said, half-enquiringly. I bowed. "And a nice fellow you are," he broke out, "to try and cheat an honest tradesman. But I knew you again. You owe me ten pound:—You'll excuse my talking business on Sunday, Mr. Markham, but this gent's a slippery customer!"

"What is your name?" I enquired brusquely, for I was getting angry in my turn.

"I'm a Jeweller, and my name's Bull; and you owe me ten pound, and you sha'n't go till you pay me!"

When he mentioned his name, Markham and I looked at one another, and burst into a roar of laughter! The little man got more infuriated than ever. Markham however appeased him. "See!" said he to me aside, "this is the infuriated Ox of your dream!" then turning to Bull he added—"If your claim is just, I will guarantee its settlement; in the meantime I should recommend you to conduct yourself with greater propriety on Sunday, and treat a gentleman with more respect:" and he read the irascible little fellow a lecture, that sent him off humbled and abashed.

He was quite right though! In the hurry of leaving, and in my subsequent sorrows, I had quite forgotten the bill I had run up with him. On the Monday I paid it, after frightening my savage little friend, by threatening him not to settle the bill, as more than the requisite seven years had elapsed since I incurred the debt.

The dream was a remarkable one, both Markham and myself agreed. Had the forewarning been less figurative, the wonder would have been less !

To return once more to the Treasure field. I found that the site of Le Cocq's house, and the adjoining field, were now occupied by the Lowthorpe Baths and Wash-houses ; during the erection of which, not a penny was discovered, although the foundations were laid pretty deep.

Markham told me that, a short time ago, the Mayor got a letter from a French lady, stating that she was the daughter of the Emigré Le Cocq (as he had given out his name to be), that she had passed through great troubles, but had reached her 68th year. "She had lately heard," she wrote, "that there was a belief prevalent in Lowthorpe, that her father had concealed treasure on the premises. This," she said, "was not possible, as he only received small remittances from France, and could not have left any considerable sum behind him." He must, therefore have been wandering in his mind, when he spoke to the Mayor—and no wonder, after all his sufferings, poor old man !

So there was an end of my Fortune hunting !

I have headed this paper "A Very Remarkable Dream." I leave my readers to apply the title to whichever vision they prefer—either the one about Le Cocq, or the one about the Bull.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

"TENUIS FUGIENS PER GRAMINA RIVUS."

Look how a slender rivulet steals along
In windings devious through a meadow's grass ;
Its waters all too scant to yield a song
Of murmurous pleasure unto all that pass.
Therefore with humble aim it does but seek
The thirsting herbage to refresh unseen,
Whereat each tiny leaf,—each flow'ret meek,
Doth clothe itself with sweets and livelier green.

Thus the Good Heart, who has no store of wealth
His poorer brethren to endow withal,
Doeth all Little Kindnesses by stealth,
That so the World may not perceive at all.
Nor should we know the virtues, which he hath,
Save for the bright'ning looks that mark his humble
path.

A PARTING SONG.

HEAVENS, keep watch above her
'Gainst all care and strife,
For I love—I love her
Better than my life !

Parted—yet united,
Hoping through our fears,
Look we on, love-lighted,
Down the coming years.

I can find none better
Whether far or near ;
How can I forget her,
Who is all so dear ?

Heavens, keep watch above her,
Mine elected wife,
For I love—I love her
Dearer than my life !

A CONSTANT MIND.

*“Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis.”*

As you have seen a cliff to seaward front
Calm and unchanged—immovable alike,
Whether the Ocean with fierce ceaseless brunt
Against its broad bare bosom wildly strike,
Driving the foam of the tumultuous waves
In mist-clouds inland ;—or with gentle flow,
One living emerald, the smooth Sea laves
Its moveless feet—whereat wave-fringes throw
A lavish hoard of pearly bubbles. Know
That, as the rock the tempest-billow braves,—
And scorns the fawning tide—of the great Sea
With equal calm and majesty,—so we,
Without excess of joy or sorrow, still
Should face, with steady heart, our fortunes good
or ill !

L'ENVOI.

KIND Reader, when the spring is dry,
 And all is told I had to tell,
 I pray you put the volume by
 With this kind word —“ His meaning's well !”

I've drawn you funny men and things,
 The flying fancy photographing :—
 At times I've aimed at Social stings
 To mingle purpose with the laughing.

I've sung you gay and solemn rhymes,
 I've told you sad and merry stories
 Of ancient days and modern times—
 “ Nunc vino”s and “ Memento mori”s.

And if some good, a thread of gold,
 Amid the web of fancy lingers,
 It is enough ! For then, I hold,
 Not vainly toiled the willing fingers !

* * *

And you, kind Lady, too, whose name
 My dedicative page rehearses,
 Hoping to gain your praise, I frame
 My varied chain of tales and verses.

* * *

Good Temper, bearing much despite,
 But ne'er returning good for evil,—

And open Candour, clad in white,
That "speaks the truth, and shames the devil,"

True Charity, that hears no ill
Of any friend or neighbour living,—
And active Goodness never still,
For ever planning, ever giving,—

These virtues form the daily round
Of duty, which your life engages.—
Their teaching may, I trust, be found
Reflected in my volume's pages.'

* * *

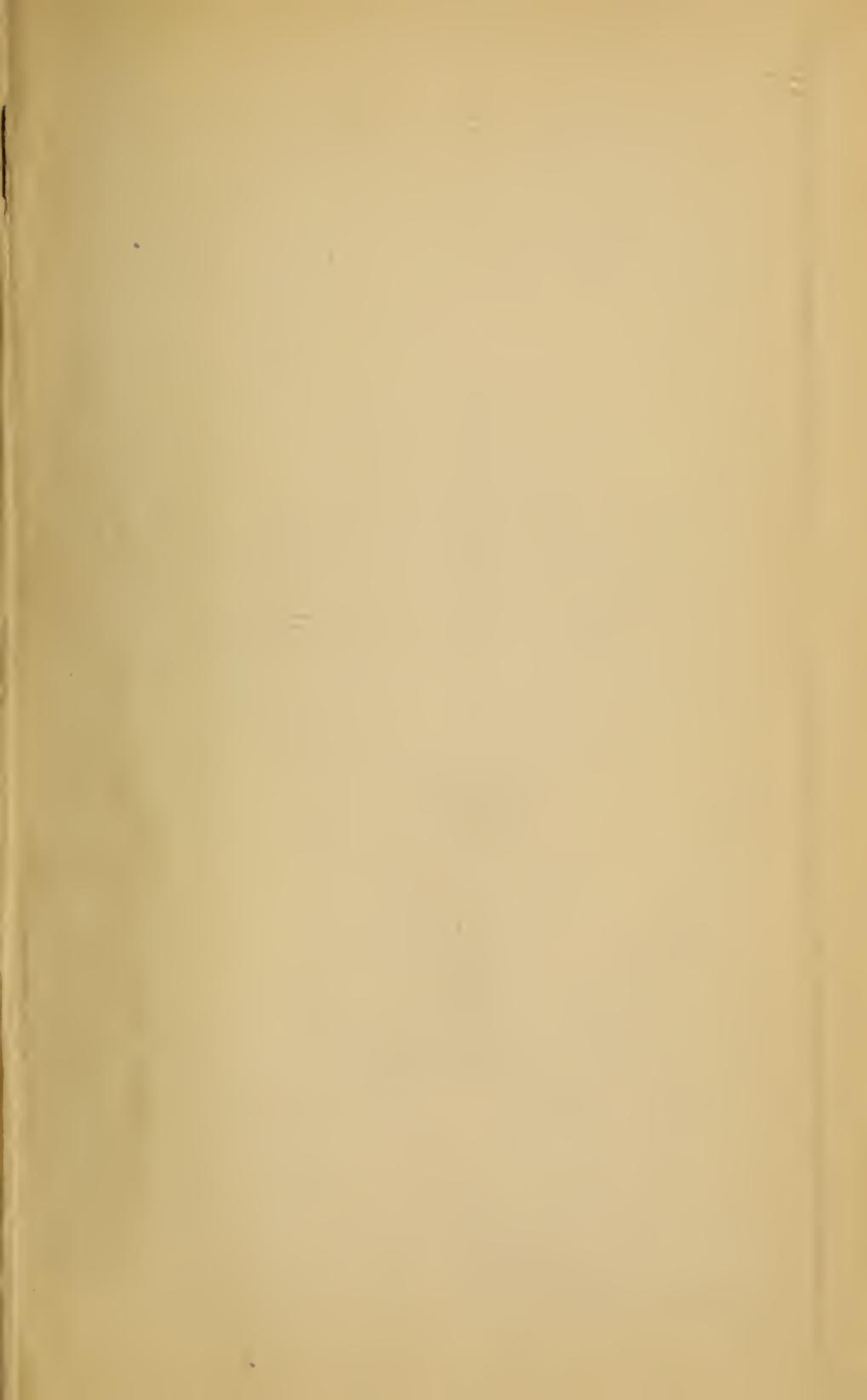
To your kind hands the book I trust,
With all its faults, its end is true :—
Were not its purpose good and just,
It had not been inscribed to you.

THE END.

160'3!

LONDON :
PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 493 161 0